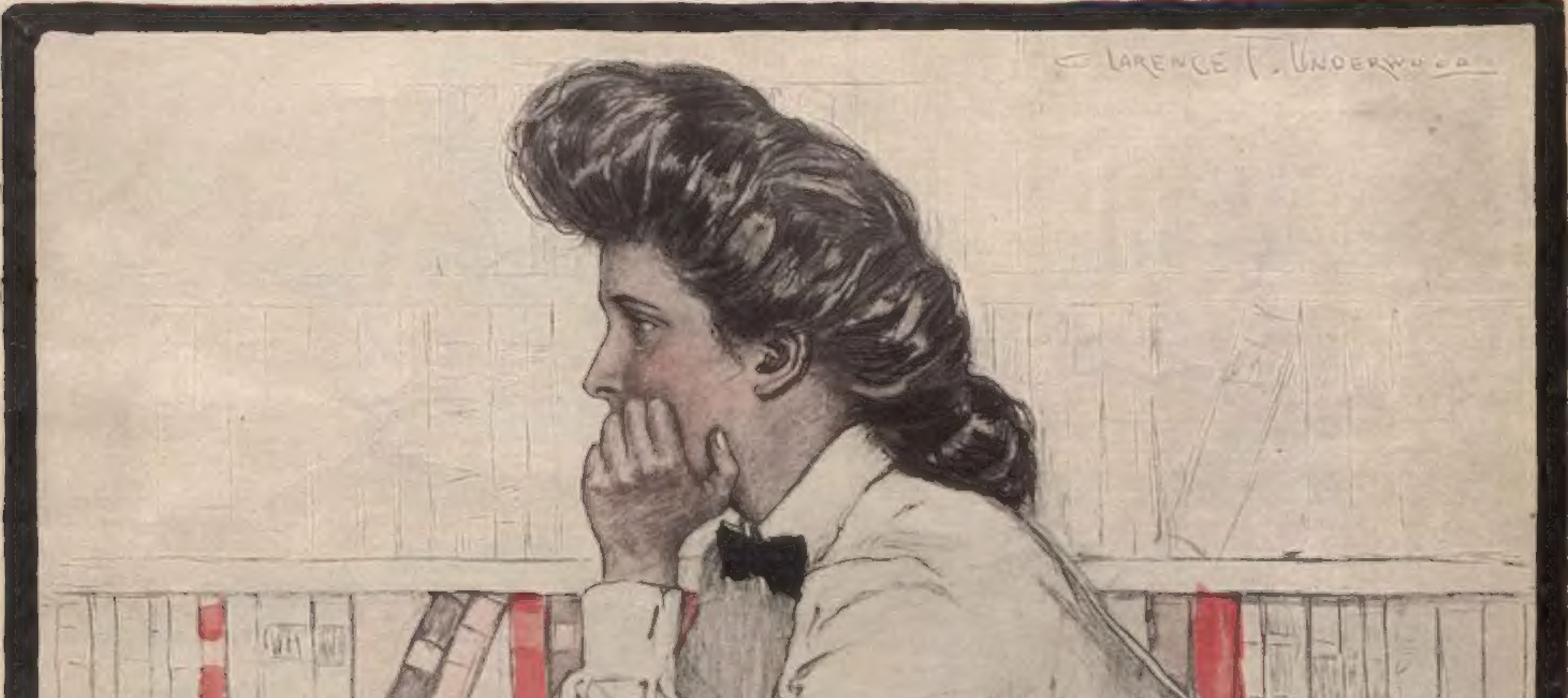
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

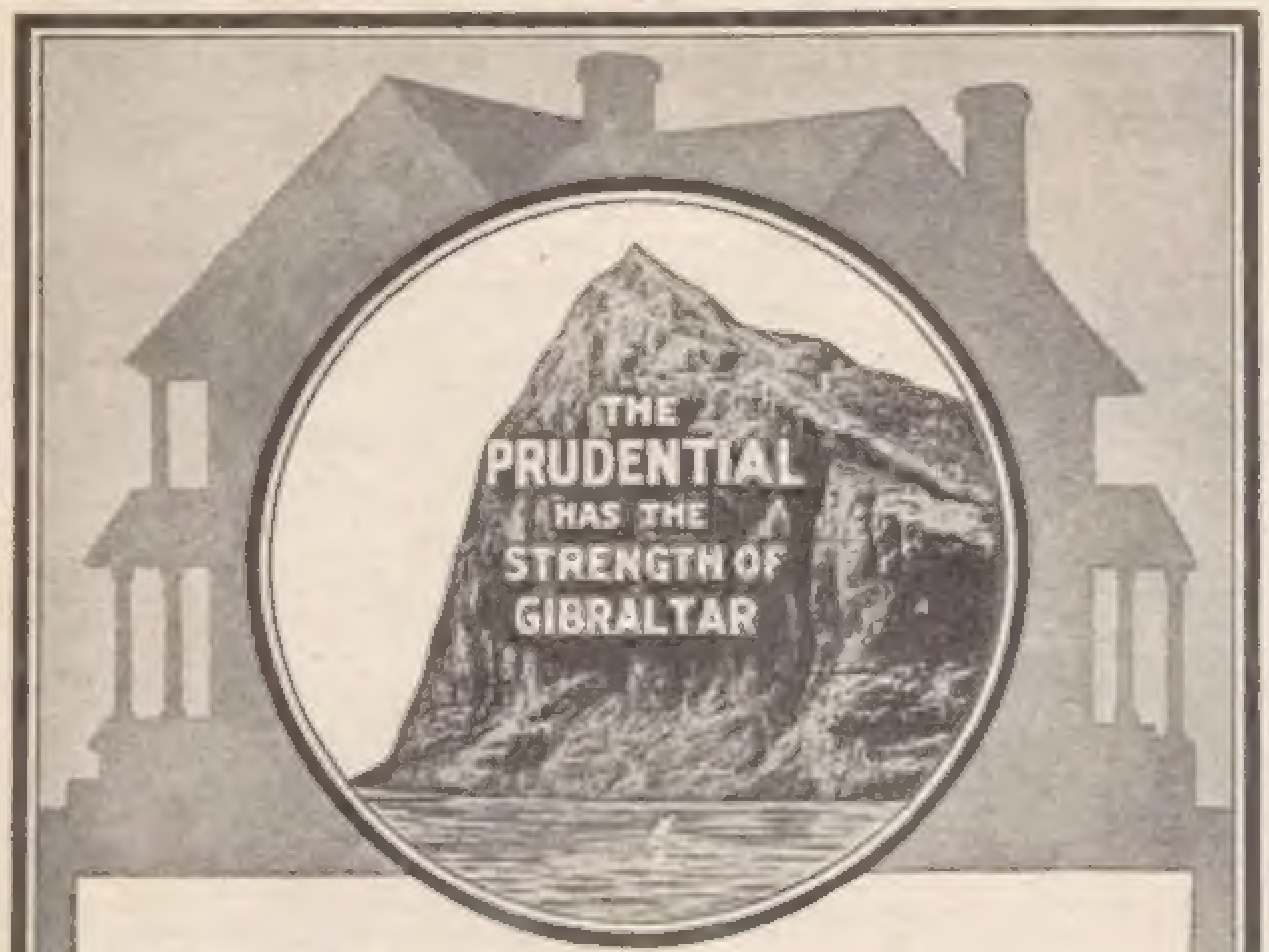
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 25, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



Beginning A SOCIAL SECRETARY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA


THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

You Value Your House

and Insure its Contents.
You Value Your Life, too—
Then why don't You Insure
it? Its Loss Would be Far
Greater to Your Family.

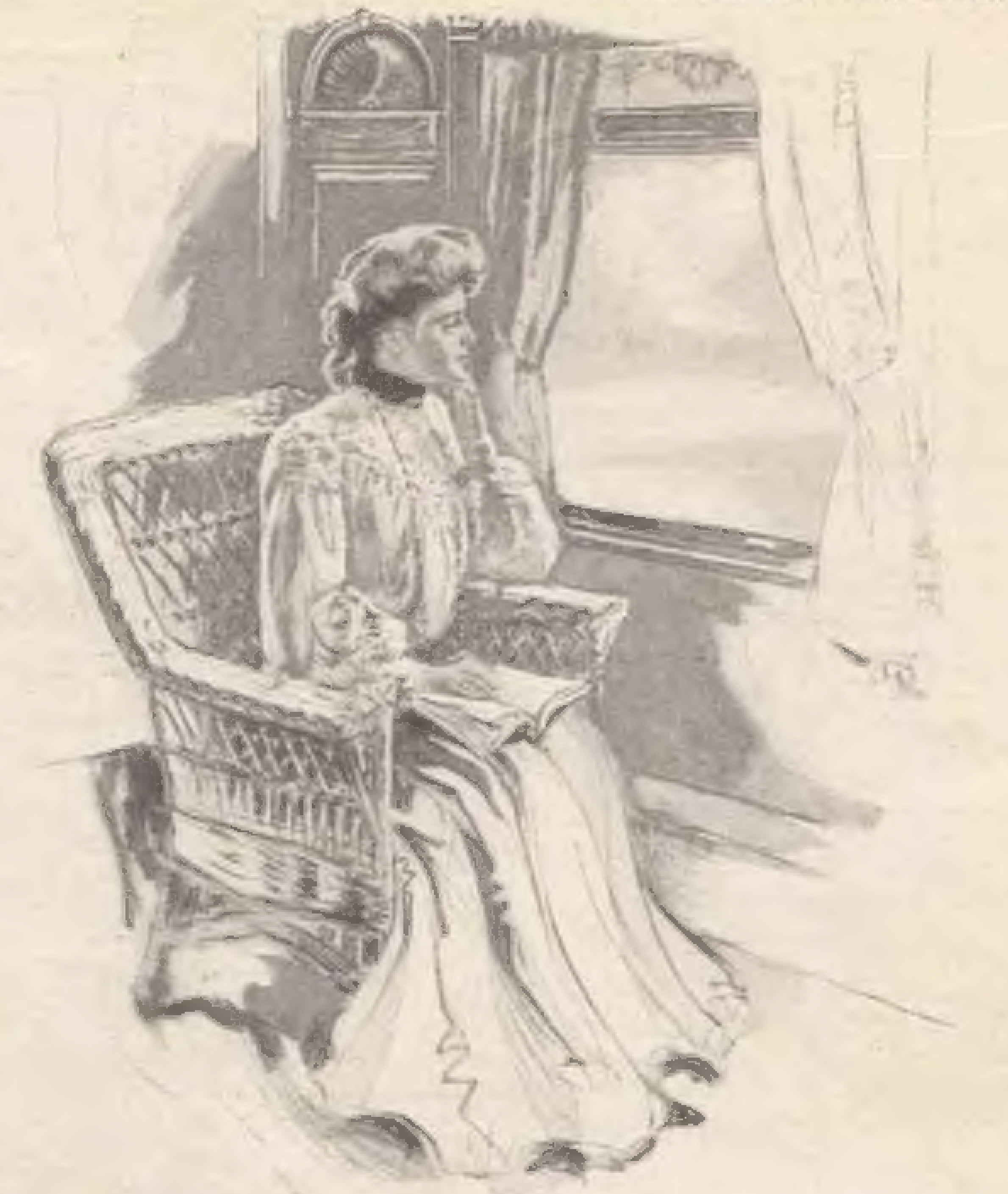
Write for Information of Policies—Dept. M.

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

"Awarded Grand Prize at St. Louis Exposition, 1904."

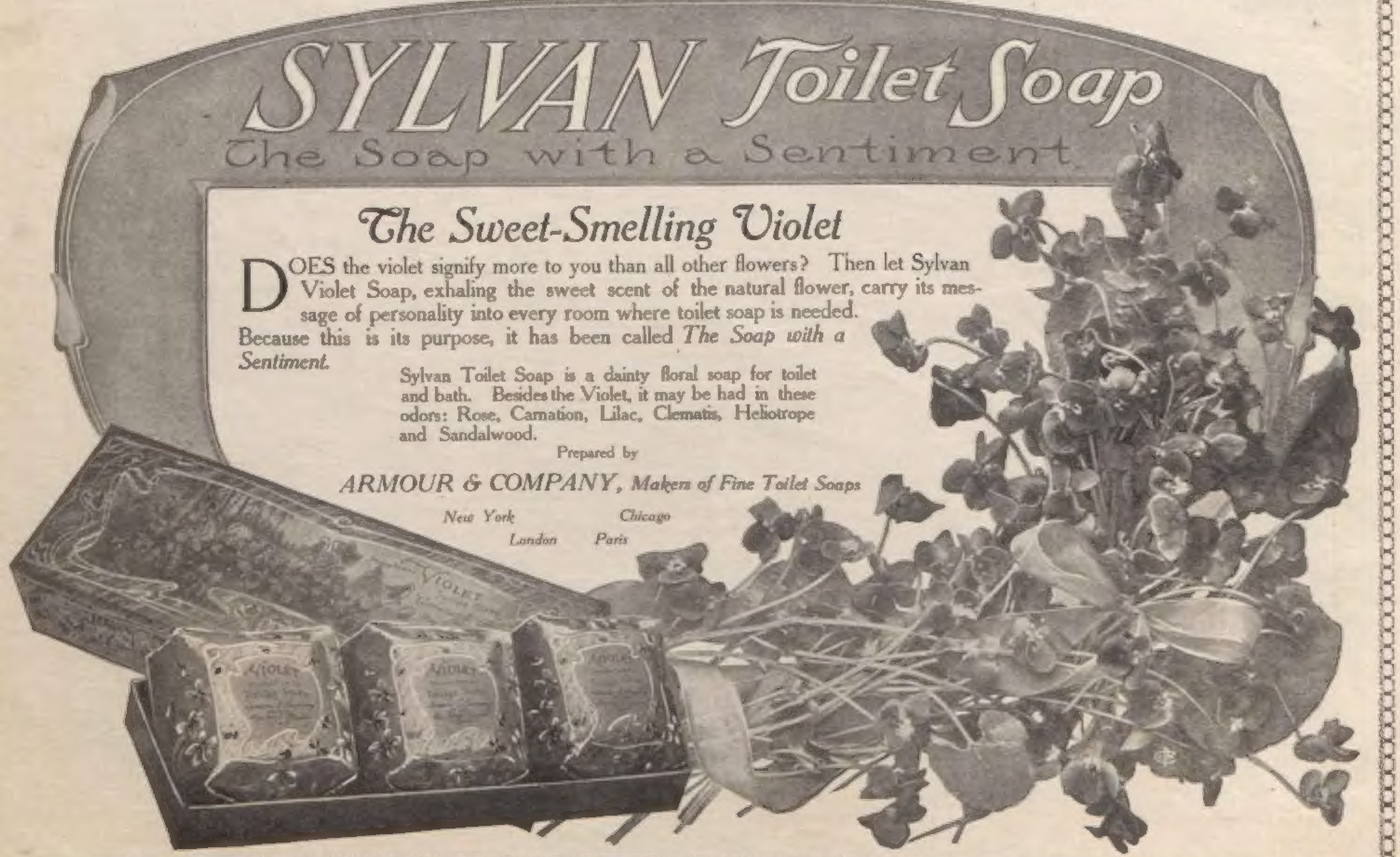


The best protection against the minor annoyances *of* travel, chief among which are wind, dust and extremely hard water, is—a half cake of Ivory Soap in your toilet case.

For a long trip, by rail, it is almost indispensable. Used frequently *and* liberally, it will go far toward mitigating the discomforts *of* the journey.

Lathers freely; rinses quickly; leaves the skin cool *and* sweet and clean.

IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS.



SYLVAN Toilet Soap

The Soap with a Sentiment

The Sweet-Smelling Violet

DOES the violet signify more to you than all other flowers? Then let Sylvan Violet Soap, exhaling the sweet scent of the natural flower, carry its message of personality into every room where toilet soap is needed. Because this is its purpose, it has been called *The Soap with a Sentiment.*

Sylvan Toilet Soap is a dainty floral soap for toilet and bath. Besides the Violet, it may be had in these odors: Rose, Carnation, Lilac, Clematis, Heliotrope and Sandalwood.

Prepared by

ARMOUR & COMPANY, Makers of Fine Toilet Soaps

New York *Chicago*
London *Paris*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 25, 1905 Number 35

Copyright, 1905, by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

MEDICAL MIRACLES

How the Great Wonder-Worker Blazed the Way for His Followers

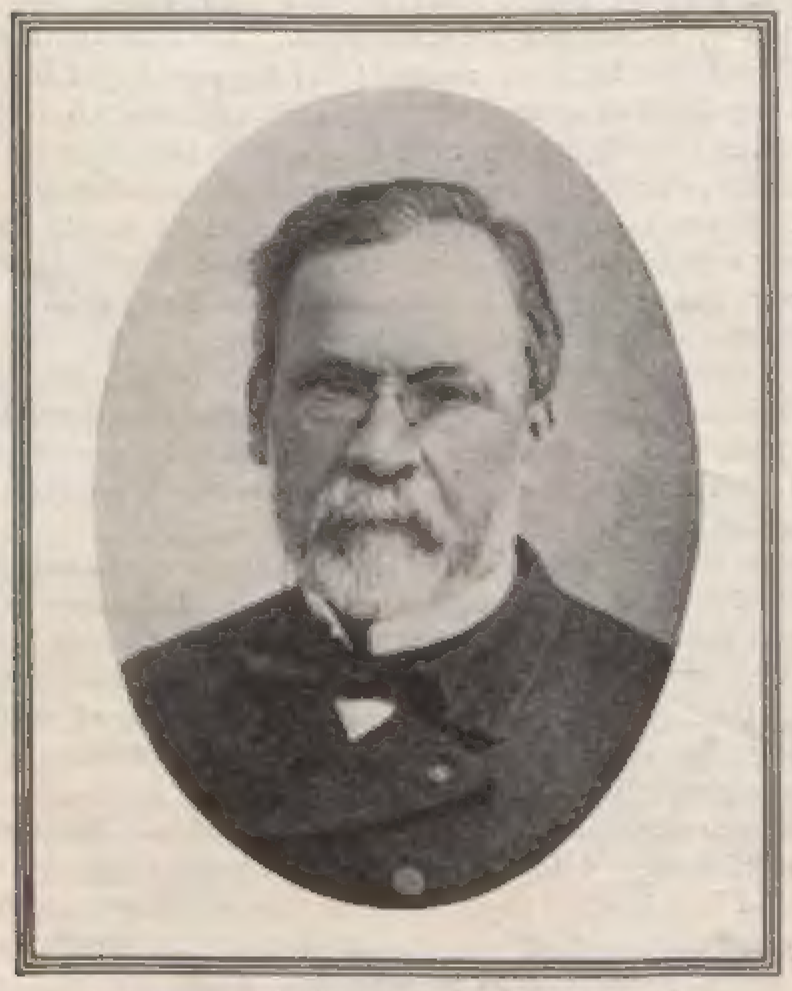
BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

IN THE legitimate pride of moderns, we would willingly believe that only with us there first came into the world the real knowledge of how to save mankind from infectious diseases. In 1796, we tell ourselves, Edward Jenner "discovered" vaccination. In 1879 Pasteur learned the secret of attenuated virus. In 1890 Von Behring and Kitasato made the first antitoxin, that of tetanus. Four years later Roux and his fellows inaugurated the use of serums in their cure for diphtheria.

Alas for us, not a whit did they! Certain unpleasant practices upon the part of our primitive ancestors in the too generous use of human blood show that the serum idea, in some ghastly fashion, has been in the world since the beginning. According to Greek tradition, too, a certain king of Pontus, by absorbing gradually increasing quantities of snake venom, so accustomed himself to it that from the bites of adders and cobras he received only a kind of pleasing stimulation. Calmette's serpent antitoxin of the present day can hardly do as much.

And the truth is even more staggering when we come to vaccination. It was medical knowledge which had its birth in that cradle of the human race, Baluchistan; and in all probability it came over into Europe at the epoch of the great barbarian invasions.

What Jenner did was to bring the thing under the test of scientific experiment. Having inoculated small James Phipps with secondary cowpox, as it had developed upon the hands of that stout wench, Sarah Nelmes, some days later he inoculated him with the terrible variole itself. It was certainly one of those Rubicon crossings which may be counted upon either to hang a man or to make him immortal.



LOUIS PASTEUR, THE GREAT PIONEER

Jenner received the immortality. But with hard-headed, English straightforwardness he gave the rest of his life to the making of pure vaccine. He was the practical man, and because he *was* that practical man our impulse is to give him unqualified glory.

Well, it is a case of our impulse being wrong. Great scientists have to have in them something more than the practical. Louis Pasteur — the man who came after Jenner, and who did for the physical welfare of humanity what the whole French Revolution tried to do for the mental welfare of a single nation and failed — was an idealist. He could never stop when "sure enough for all reasonable purposes." He sought for truth itself. He would, in his own words, "cross-question Nature and *force* her to reply"; and he would cease only when his mind was utterly satisfied.

He was always the theorist, too. He worked often with living creatures which he could not see, many of which probably no human eye will ever see, and which in Pasteur's struggling years not one savant in a thousand believed in; but he had absolutely no doubt in their existence himself, and he gave his mind to learning, by inference, their character and habits. When he was jeered at with all politeness by the Academy of Medicine — "You say that in my conclusions I go beyond demonstrable facts," he answered passionately. "You are right. For I have placed myself within a circle of ideas which, in your absolute sense, cannot be demonstrated at all."

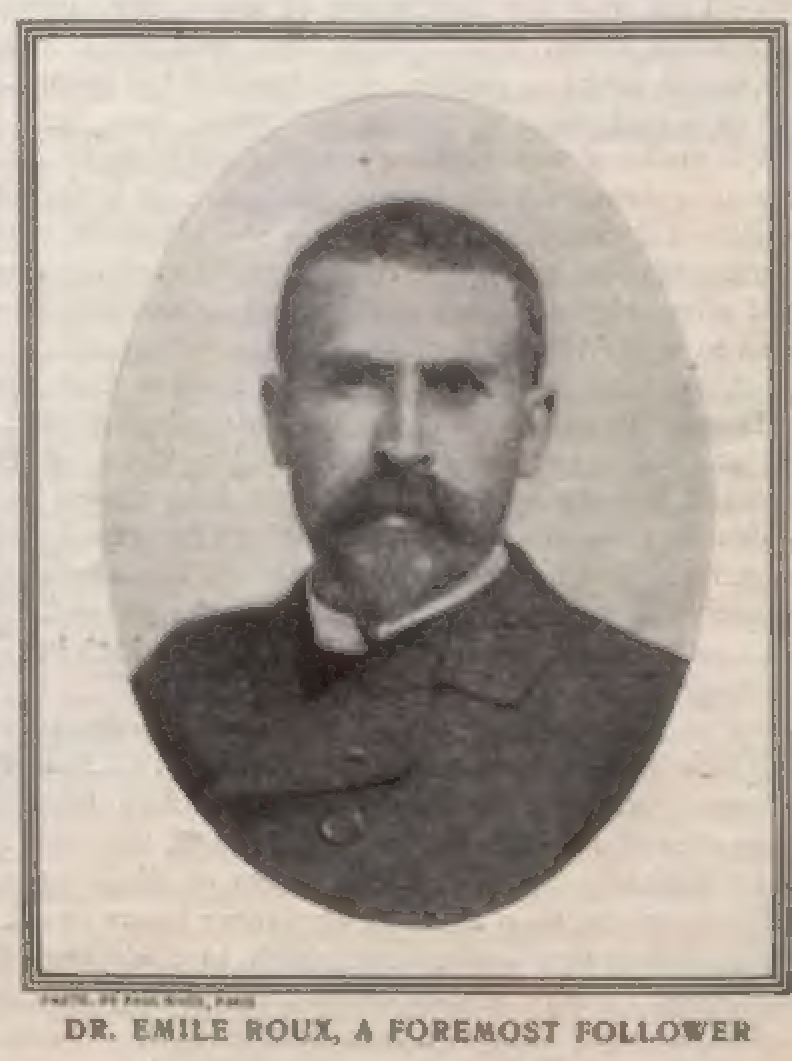
A Great Problem

HE BEGAN his work in that simple, all-confident, young man spirit which seeks for the greatest of problems as its natural province. And his first problem was certainly no small one. Wherein, he asked himself, does the work of Nature differ essentially from that of the chemist? What differentiates the organic from the inorganic, the seed from the crystal? In other words, what is the nature of life itself?

Pasteur believed that somewhere in chemico-crystallography lay the answer. He began to make experiments. He did not discover the origin of life, but he was soon making discoveries which were to double the value of crystallography for all future time. And one day there entered into a solution of true tartrate of ammonia which he was experimenting upon a tiny speck of blue-green mould. It alike broke up the solution and turned Pasteur's thoughts into a wholly new direction. For the organic matter which in this case had shown its power over the inorganic was a minute growth of yeast, *Penicillium glaucum;* and its seed-eggs, or "spores," had given his tartrate of ammonia a kind of *sickness.*

It was then that other forms of sickness became the object of the young savant's investigations. Two hundred years before an English doctor, David Boyle, had made prophecy that whoso first gained an understanding of the phenomena of fermentation would go far toward comprehending the nature of all diseases. It was into the phenomena of fermentation that Pasteur had plunged. Forty years later it was said of him that he had lifted medicine into a place among the exact sciences.

When grape-juice falls ill and becomes wine he found a tiny vegetable at work; only it was a vegetable which needed neither light nor air. It got its oxygen by decomposing the liquid which surrounded it; it was this decomposition which let loose the minute bubbles of carbonic acid that kept coming to the top. The study of vinegar — of wine itself being taken with a sickness and having its nature thereby greatly altered — was less simple. But again on the top of the vinegar there were those blue-green filmy spots to put beneath the microscope. Pasteur here found an organism which took its oxygen from the air through its upper face,



DR. EMILE ROUX, A FOREMOST FOLLOWER

and by means of its lower passed it down into the liquor: vinegar was merely oxidized wine! If that film on the top were forced down into the body of the liquor, the metamorphosis ceased at once.

Might it not be the same with milk when *it* falls sick and sours? Or with butter when it goes rancid? Possibly; but of what value could it be to any one if so it were? At that time Pasteur could not answer that it would be of any value at all. He was a Columbus who had crossed his Atlantic and was not aware of it. Henceforward, however, there was to be a new world, the world of the "infinitely little."

In the case of souring milk, he found that the "microbe" which caused the sickness was this time more animal than vegetable. And it was with the microbes of sour milk that he succeeded in making his first "culture." He grew them in a different medium, watched them increase and multiply, and then dropped them into milk that was perfectly fresh. By next morning it was curdled. In 1857, before the Scientific Society of Lille, he announced that "milk ferments are chemical changes caused by microscopic beings which develop and multiply at the expense of certain elements in the fermentable medium." It is a declaration which to us in 1905 sounds commonplace enough, but to the savants of Lille "microscopic beings" was another way of saying gnomes and fairies.

But the savants were to learn. The new man taught the vinegar manufacturers how to avoid the "mother," and the wine-makers how to keep their wine from becoming "sharp" or bitter. Later he was to set up a small brewery, and show Frenchmen that there was no valid reason why beer from across the Rhine should be any better than their own. It is estimated that by this last work alone he had saved to France before he died more than she paid as indemnity after the Prussian War.

He spent the five years from 1863 to 1868 in the study of the silkworm disease which was impoverishing a whole French province. Here, too, he found his "microbes" at work; and it was at this time that he began to gather pupils in to help him. In spite of their assistance, however, the constant fever of work and the day-long concentration over the microscope were breaking down his health. For months at a stretch he lived with his moths and larvæ in a hothouse. His physician told him that certain paralysis was ahead — not improbably death itself. He answered that he felt that another discovery was near, and he must continue, come what might. He continued, made his discovery, dictated full notes upon it, and forthwith was stricken. He never quite regained the use of his left side; but the devastating disease was stamped out and millions of money were saved to France.

In the mean time he had doubled his knowledge of his "microscopic beings." Their "spores" might be found living in the ground, or floating in stagnant water, or even flying about in the air. Every sickness was caused by its own particular microbe, too; and the power of the individual to fight it might greatly vary. He learned many of the different ways by which the microbe gets into the system, and found that certain chemicals repulsed or killed them. Carbolic acid was particularly potent.

The Beginning of Antisepsis

ACROSS in Edinburgh a certain surgeon, Joseph Lister, heard of this, and it put an idea into his ingenious Scotch head. Supposing it was a species of "microbe" which caused blood to poison and wounds to fester? In some hospitals gangrene carried off more than eighty per cent. of the patients operated upon. The thing was worth an experiment. One of his friends had recently been sent some carbolic acid as a curiosity. He got a little of it from him, diluted it, and used it as a wash for the next wounds he treated. That was the beginning of antisepsis; thousands of lives were saved where once they had been lost, and surgery could make a greater step forward in the next five years than it had made in the two preceding centuries.

In 1876 anthrax was making terrible ravages in France, and the Government called upon Pasteur. It is significant of the almost incredible thoroughness and scientific modesty of the man that he had spent twenty years investigating the action of micro-organisms upon the lower orders of life before he began to apply his observations to the vertebrates.

Indeed, working in the light which Pasteur had already given, Doctor Davaine, of Paris, had already, in 1863, described the anthrax bacillus, and Doctor Koch, of Berlin (later made famous by his tuberculin), had shown how its spores develop into the queer willow-shoot formations of the true bacteria. But neither savant believed that these organisms were responsible for the death of the animal. How could a creature not three one-millionths of an inch in length kill a full-grown steer?

Pasteur and one of his followers, Joubert, went to work. After an infinity of experiments, they showed that they could grow those "shoots" themselves. In chicken broth they throve as they did in ox blood. They found, too, that those "shoots" multiply by a strange system of divisions; they gradually lengthen, then almost every three hours break into two, three or four new organisms, which in their turn similarly multiply. They could estimate that one single "shoot" would, in two days, become a thousand million! It was easy to see now how they could kill a steer. They took up all the in-breathed oxygen which should have gone to the making of new blood, and caused asphyxiation. They choked all the minute capillaries till they burst, and caused apoplexy. The muscles could not act, and paralysis ensued. The venous blood could not purify itself, and the animal was mortifying before it was dead.

Pasteur said that he had the vital source of the disease growing in his chicken broth. And, to prove it, he had only to dip a needle into one of his "cultures" and then prick a sheep with it; it killed the animal in forty hours!

"But Nature has no needles," cried his learned opponents — and he had enough opponents until he died. "How are these 'bacteria' passed on from beast to beast?" Pasteur might have pointed to the mosquito, but he believed such methods of infection were comparatively rare. He answered that the bacteria were taken up in the creature's food. His objectors — with wisdom enough to copy his methods — took sheep, fed them cultures of anthrax bacteria in soft mash, and the animals showed themselves none the worse thereafter. Pasteur meditated for a time, then took the animal's natural food — sharp-edged meadow-grasses, prickly stubble, and the like — and sprinkled his cultures over them. The result was fatal. Why? The rough natural food caused a slight chafing in the digestive tract, which, though in no way injuring the organism itself, was enough to admit the anthrax spores into the body tissues.

But how, in a state of nature, did the spores get on those sharp-edged grasses? Pasteur began to investigate what were then known as the "accursed fields" in Beauce and Auvergne, where whole herds of sheep and cattle had been smitten. Where they died they were buried, and though the meadow was the richer, death came the more swiftly to those that remained. Mile after mile of the best land in France had been given up as lost; the curse was upon it. But Pasteur believed only in the curses of ignorance and wrongheadedness, and from mound after mound which marked the spots where sheep and cattle had been buried he took the little, hollow tumuli of mud brought to the surface by earthworms, and when he crushed those tumuli beneath his microscope he found anthrax spores. After that, in Beauce and Auvergne — and throughout much of Europe and America, too, for that matter — those mounds were fenced about; and the yearly mortality from this scourge was reduced by half.

In the Institute's Menagerie

IF AT the present day you visit the Pasteur Institute by the back door you might well believe that you have strayed into something midway between a barnyard and a menagerie. You are surrounded by rabbit-hutches and dog-kennels, sheds full of guinea-pigs and white mice, stables full of sheep and goats; above you are pigeon-cotes; on both sides are poultry-runs; and across the road is a whole building devoted to monkeys, and containing everything from the marmoset to the gorilla. All this had its beginning in 1879, when Pasteur and two of his pupils, Chamberland and Roux, set up a poultry-yard. Its published object was the study of chicken cholera — that heartbreak of thrifty farmers' wives. Its underlying object was to make possible the inoculation of diseases, and the observation of the course of those diseases, in living creatures.

Pasteur had long been meditating upon Jenner's smallpox vaccine. There was a case where two maladies occurred as doublets; the virus — in other words, the microbes and their secretions — of the one had the astonishing property of protecting the organism from the other. But, if the truth were known, might not every disease be found to have, as it were, its guardian cowpox? It was a hypothesis which he was later to show rested upon the best of foundations; and in one case he himself was to create the protecting malady.

Again, might there not be possible some chemical treatment by which the virus of the disease itself might be diminished in its strength — "attenuated" — and thus become an immunizing vaccine? This was another intuition, and we shall see it turned to the most valuable account in method of vaccination against typhoid fever.

And yet again, where the creature survived the attack of the disease — and, as a result, all subsequent inoculations of the disease were powerless against it — must there not be some property in its blood, or lymph, which would help other fellow-creatures to withstand the same malady? That this, too, was the most accurate of guesses at truth the present-day treatment of diphtheria must make sufficiently manifest.

Finally, if, for example, he could take chicken cholera and pass it on to other species of animals not naturally troubled by it, and if they took it in some non-deadly form, should not their blood or lymph supply a protecting virus?

This last was the inference from which he was now experimenting, and it was an inference no less founded upon truth than those already cited; but in this instance some genius of mischance guided the man in the choice of creatures to experiment upon. From "culture" tubes full of the bacilli of chicken cholera he inoculated pigeons and ducks, geese and turkeys; to some of them it was even more rapidly fatal than to chickens themselves. Weary of work which gave only negative results, he took Roux and Chamberland and went off for some weeks of summer rest.

When they returned they found that one of their tubes of "culture" had become unsealed and exposed to the air. The instinct of the younger men was to throw it away; but the "master," as they were now beginning to call him, saw in the accident one more opportunity to "question Nature." The fowls inoculated with the virus in the other tubes had died. Pasteur inoculated one from the tube thought to be spoiled. The bird was apparently not affected at all. But when, in its turn, it was now inoculated from the virulent tubes it began to be evident that it had been affected most remarkably. "A strange and inexplicable force seemed to be shielding it, not only from the present, but from all future inoculations." There had been discovered a method of making an "attenuated virus."

It was not in the poultry-yard, however, that the new principle could be given adequate illustration. Pasteur and his disciples forthwith went to work to attenuate cultures of the bacilli of anthrax. It was a task which called for twenty months of experimenting; but no experimenting could have had a more telling climax. The Academy of Medicine mocked at the new remedy; but the Agricultural Society of Melun had some homely faith in it. They put sixty sheep and ten cattle at Pasteur's disposal, and invited him out to the farm of Pouilly-le-Fort to make a test for all men to see.

The Prophets of Baal

TWENTY-FIVE sheep were to be vaccinated with the attenuated virus, several days were to be allowed to pass, and then these twenty-five, together with twenty-five more, were to be inoculated with the most virulent cultures of anthrax obtainable. Ten sheep were not to be touched at all, but set aside merely as observation animals. Of the ten cattle, too, six were to be vaccinated, and the other four left untreated; all alike were to receive the deadly anthrax inoculation. That was in May, 1881. The preventive vaccinations took place about the middle of the month, the inoculations on the thirty-first; and there looked on not merely numbers of surrounding farmers, but crowds of Parisian savants, academicians, journalists and men of affairs. Those who jeered at Pasteur were there in force. On the second of June the crowd gathered again to see what results had been obtained. They were impressive enough. All those sheep and cows which had been vaccinated were browsing in the most perfect health. Twenty-two of the sheep not vaccinated were already dead, and the other three were in a dying state. As to the four cows not vaccinated, they no longer had strength enough to eat. It was a cruel test, but it was as convincing as that of Elijah and the prophets of Baal. The experiment of Pouilly-le-Fort marks the definite beginning of the modern era in medicine.

As for Pasteur, he had added another brilliant pupil, Thuillier, to his following, and was at work upon a new principle. This time the "experimental malady" was hog cholera. Thuillier soon discovered and described its bacillus. The "master," going back to his experiments in the case of chicken cholera, decided that he had tried the virus upon creatures too near akin to that originally infected. He now took some of the latter virus and tried it on the rabbit. It killed it almost as if it had been a dose of arsenic or strychnine; and when microbes drawn from the blood of the first rabbit were injected into a second it died more swiftly still — that is, the virulence of the bacillus became more and more intense as it was passed through successive animals of this species.

In the mean time the experimenter had elaborated a living poison more mortal than any ever dreamed of by the Borgias. If his mind had been one of those which looks at the immediate result, and not at the governing logic, this must have stood for pure discouragement; he was not seeking poisons, he was seeking cures. But in this new conception of a "series of increasing intensification" he now believed he had found the force he needed! If he could put his hand upon any kind of animal which would take hog cholera in a form even the slightest degree less severe than was its regular course, successive transmissions should *weaken* the virus until it was comparatively harmless, and he would have a malady capable of furnishing vaccine that would no longer destroy but protect. It was what he had inferred by hypothesis when working with his poultry.

This time "luck met genius" almost at once. The rabbit was again the medium. Successive inoculations weakened the virus; and virus taken from the last rabbit to be inoculated was shown to render swine immune from their own particular disease!

Again, too, as in the case of chicken cholera, the secondary application of the discovery was to be of infinitely greater moment than the cure of the "experimental malady" could ever be. For this method of arriving at a successful vaccination (in honor of Jenner, though in defiance of outraged Latinity, Pasteur applied the word to all virus remedies) was to make possible the cure of hydrophobia.

In his treatment of hydrophobia, indeed, all his previous discoveries united forces. Until then rabies had been enwrapped in a kind of mysterious horror which seemed to put it beyond the reach of any material medicine whatever. A dog, when beginning to be affected, might for days show

(Continued on Page 36)

THE TWO THOUSAND

How Private Brown Came Home

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

THE sun was setting as the great transport passed through the Golden Gate and steamed round Fort Point toward the gray, steep city beyond. On board of her were two thousand soldiers, home from the Philippines and China, part of the host that had been hurried Eastward during the early days of the war—two thousand soldiers, blackening her decks, crowding her bulwarks, clustering in the lower rigging, looking out of ports, blocking every alleyway and passage—men above, men below, men everywhere, deck upon deck, tier upon tier, standing dense and silent as the mounting city opened out before them.

The war had long been over, and with it the welcome that had once been so warmly given the returning troops. The day had passed when bands played, and mayors made addresses, and the men disembarked amid the cheers of the populace. There were no cheers now, no bands, no mayors. The troopship parted the muddy green waters of the bay unheralded by the whistle of tugs or the boom of cannon, bearing her two thousand unnoticed through the summer dusk.

Her engines stopped off the quarantine station, and there was a long wait for the doctors to come aboard, and another, even longer, for them to go. Then the news was passed from man to man that they had been given a clean bill; but after these good tidings followed bad—that it was now too late to land them till morning. The two thousand, within sight of the lighted streets, within sound of the cars and traffic, on the very threshold of home, were doomed to be pent up for another night, and lie off the water-front till dawn. The transport trembled and began to move again, slowly circling round the city till she brought up at last within a mile of the Government dock. Here the anchor was let go with a hoarse rattle of chain through the hawse-hole; and a stillness, strange and vaguely disquieting after a month at sea, displaced the throb of engines and all the myriad noises of a ship under way.

The two thousand, still standing, still looking, still crowding the decks, the bulwarks, the superstructure, the boats, the lower rigging, blackening the ship like flies from stem to stern—the two thousand, compact, massed and unmoving, bore the enforced delay with what patience they might, and gazed with sombre longing toward home. For it was home to the two thousand, though they had come from every part of the Union—home in the larger sense, in the soldier sense, the country of their birth, of their fathers and mothers and sweethearts, of their plans and future. But home gave back no answering welcome, and the bustling city, now lighting from end to end, ignored the two thousand on their rusty white steamer, and engrossed herself briskly in the business of the evening.

"Only a transport," said the people on the passing ferryboats.

From the dark obscurity of the wharves a little boat put out, rowed by a single rower, and containing a solitary figure in the stern: a woman—an elderly woman, in dingy black, with coarse, ungloved hands, and straggling gray hair showing beneath her shabby bonnet. She had a parcel beside her, wrapped in newspaper, and her fingers tightened on it nervously as the transport loomed ahead. The two thousand looked down at the little boat drawing toward them, and the old woman looked up at the tiers upon tiers of faces.

The boatman rested on his oars.

"Ahoy, there!" he shouted. "Transport, ahoy!"

"What d'yer want?" responded a voice of authority from the height of the iron precipice.

"Is Enlisted Man James Brown on board?" yelled the boatman.

"Enlisted Man Who?" retorted the voice of authority, the utterer unseen in the black, impending mass of humanity above.

"Enlisted Man James Brown!"

"What company?"

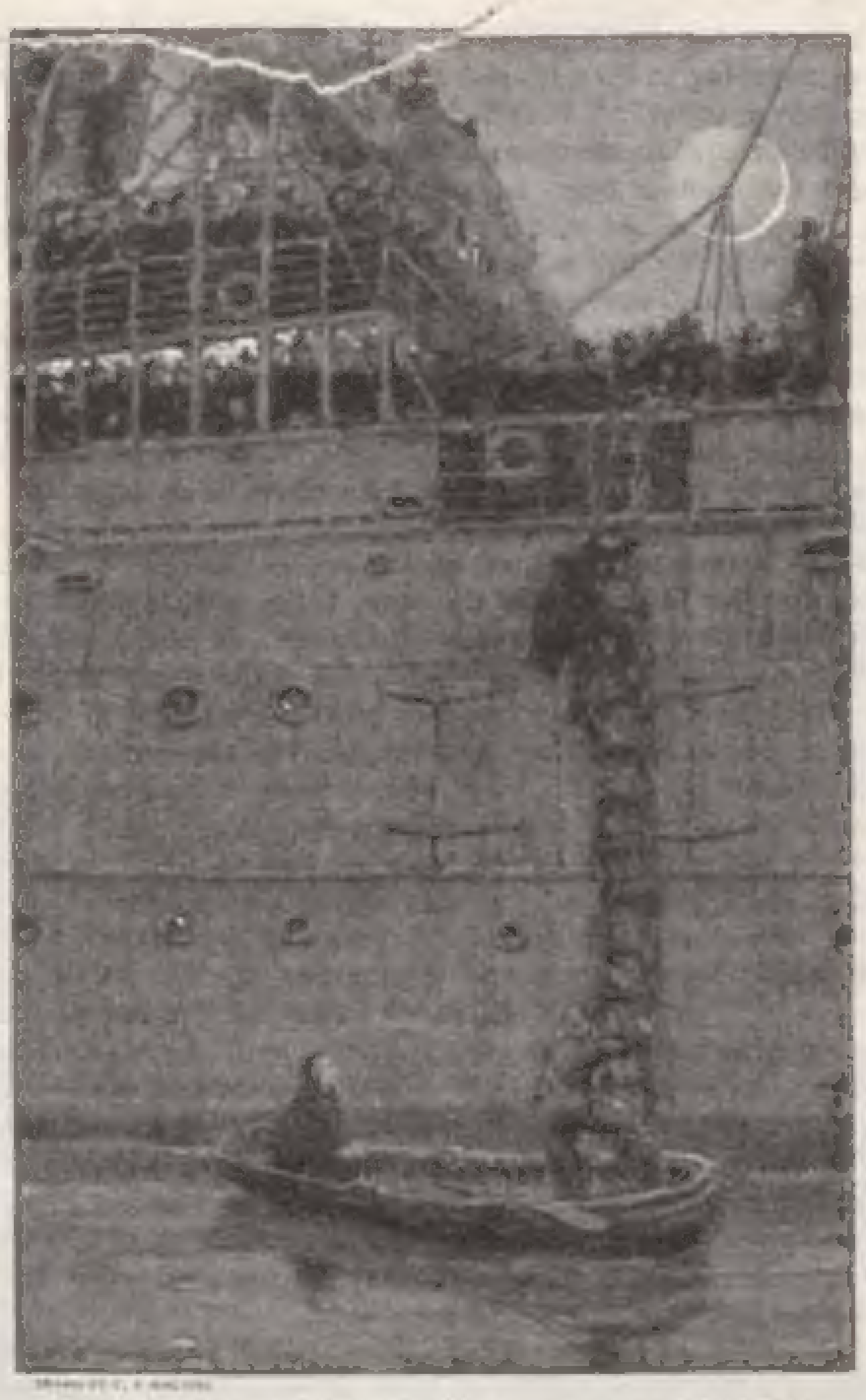
"Company K!"

The two thousand, silent, curious and intent, stared down unblinkingly at the little boat, while the old woman, with her hands clasped together, stared upward.

"It's his mother!" roared the boatman, prompted by his passenger to make a fresh attempt. "Enlisted Man James Brown's *mother!* Enlisted Man James Brown, of Company K!"

The hoarse shout seemed to fall on unresponsive ears. No one answered. Whole minutes passed. There was not a sound save the slop of water against the green, foul copper of the transport.

"It's no use, ma'am," said the boatman bluntly. "I told you it wasn't no use. You might as well have saved your dollar and waited till morning."



HE DESCENDED WITH ANXIOUS DELIBERATION, MAKING A FRESH BUSINESS OF EVERY RUNG

But even as he spoke there was a stir above, some sharp, curt commands, and the tail of a rope-ladder slid over the bulwark. It came down slowly, a clumsy, tarry ladder with wooden steps; and the boatman, standing up, with one oar paddled to where it touched the water, and held himself at anchor by the bottom rung.

Then, from the heights above, a thin, blue leg was seen seeking for a foothold, followed by a second thin, blue leg feeling for where the first had planted itself. And the two thin, blue legs were the advance guard of a thin, blue soldier—such a weak, sick, faltering soldier!—whose cheap army overcoat fluttered and flapped in the chilly draft. He descended with anxious deliberation, making a fresh business of every rung, his pinched, yellow face intent on nothing but a safe descent. And the mother, with God knows what feelings in her heart, waited for her boy in the stern of the little boat.

She clasped him in her arms and drew him down beside her, the idol of her heart, her handsome Jim, her darling, now shrunken to this spectre of a man. She laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed, the two thousand looking on, deck upon deck of them, tier upon tier of them, crowding the bulwarks, the superstructure, the lower rigging, spectators of a scene that touched the most callous and unthinking.

"Hell, that comes home to a feller!" said the two thousand.

And the pair below, without words to express the welling tenderness of their hearts, though articulate enough in the primitive language of suffusing eyes, mantling cheeks, and tones that broke and trembled in the utterance—the pair below babbled trivialities amid a gush of tears and the suffocating sense of a hardly controllable emotion.

"Oh, Mommer, but I'm glad to see you again!"

"Was you, my darling?"

"And how's Sally, Mommer?"

"Fine!"

"Do I seem much changed after three years?"

"My, but you're terrible thin, Jim! Your arms are like pipe-stems, and at first I couldn't believe it was you at all!"

"But I'm terrible hungry, Mommer. That's a good sign, ain't it? I guess I'll just jump out of my shoes to sit at the old kitchen-table again."

"And I'm going to feed you up so you won't know yourself, Jim!"

"Say, I've brought you a roll of pineapple silk, and a raft of boloes, and a Spanish officer's sword to hang in the parlor!"

"How did you make out on the ship, Jim?"

"Oh, we froze the whole way over, and would have starved, too, if it hadn't been for Captain Dickson. The boys are powerful fond of Captain Dickson, Mommer. He'd go round every day and have a scrap with the chief steward. Once he stood off and was going to hit him—hit Captain Dickson, I mean—for there was pickles on the list and we wasn't getting none; but when he seen the way the boys looked I guess he didn't dare. There'd have been a dozen on top of him if he had touched the captain! Oh, yes, terrible cold, Mommer, and we had over eighty cases of pneumoniar! It was awful sad about one boy—a boy in my own company, too, named Smith. He knew he was dying, but he was stuck on seeing land first; and he just grit his teeth together and held on in spite of the doctors. Said if he could only get one look at God's own country he wouldn't mind. Well, he couldn't make it, and pegged out this afternoon; and do you know what he said, Mommer, as he asked the orderly to lift his head up to the porthole? 'Them's the Farrylione Islands, anyway,' he says, and then he died, quite pleased."

"Oh, his poor mother!" said the old woman.

"How's Dook?" said the soldier. "I'd never see a yaller dog out there but I'd think of Dook!"

"Oh, Dook's fine. I guess you wouldn't know him now, he's grown that big!"

"Wouldn't it be funny if he didn't know *me!*"

"Here's the bottle of milk for you, Jim. You said in your letter I was to be sure and remember the bottle of milk!"

"Oh, Mommer, think of you remembering the milk!" exclaimed the soldier gratefully, taking the bottle from her. "I've been dreaming and dreaming about milk all the way acrost! Do you know what they do in China, Mommer? They drink *hogs'* milk, and we used to see them milking them at Tien-Tsin in the middle of the awful fighting there!"

"You don't say so, Jim!"

"Some of the boys drank it, but it kind of turned my stomach."

"There's gallons of milk at home," said the old woman. "I'd never put out the pans but I'd think of you, and what a boy you was for milk!"

"Mommer, I'm afraid I ought to go now," said the soldier. "I never even thought that Captain Dickson would let me come down at all. You don't know how strict they are, Mommer, and all the boys were surprised, and he said not more than five minutes!"

She put her arms round him again and kissed him; and the soldier, with a word about seeing her to-morrow after landing, forced the unwieldy bottle of milk into his overcoat pocket, and slowly and painfully remounted the ladder. The mother waited till he reached the rail, where a dozen willing hands drew him in; and then the boatman pushed off and rowed toward the lights of the city. The two thousand, still standing, still looking, still crowding the decks, the bulwarks, the superstructure, the boats, the lower rigging—the two thousand, compact, massed and unmoving, followed her with their eyes until she was lost in the darkness—the darkness that hid a mother's tears, and screened with its kindly shadow her sad and tender face.

He Love His Mammy Bes'

By Frank L. Stanton

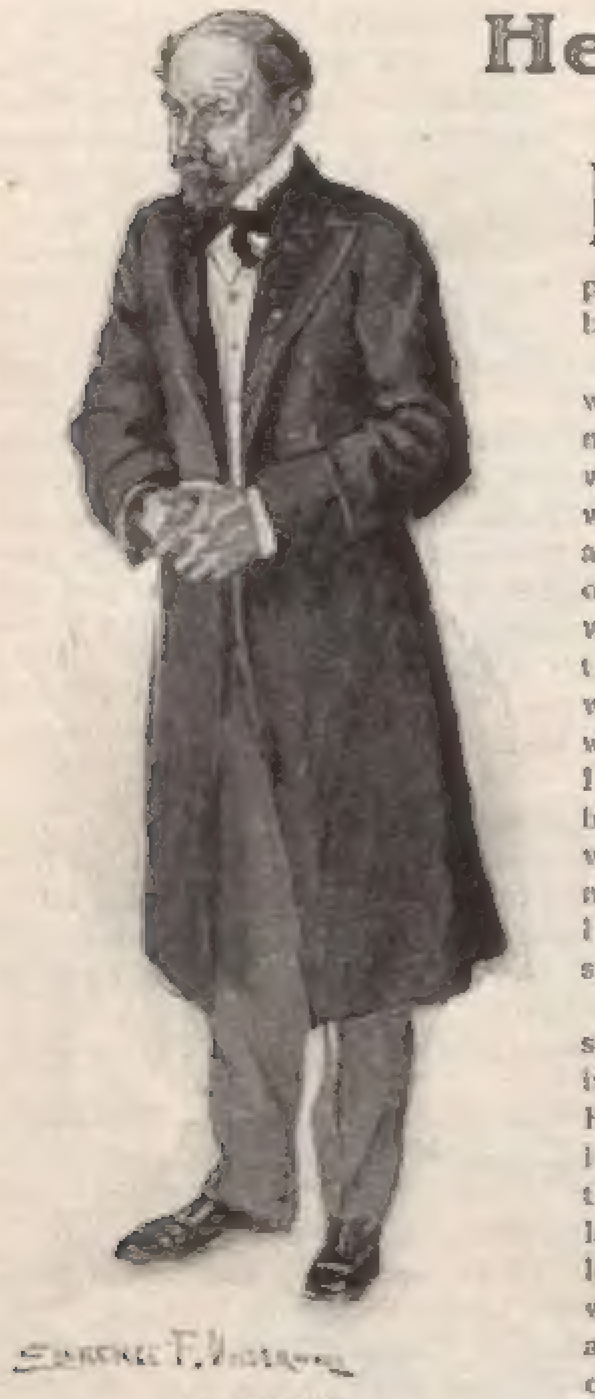
Des' ain't nuttin' like him frum de big Eas' ter de Wes'—
Look des' like his daddy, *but* he love his mammy bes'!
Reason is, I tell him, w'en she rockin' him ter res',
She sing des' de sweetes' ter her honey!

She tell him 'bout de Night Win' dat singin' her a tune,
En blowin' all de witches, wid dey broomsticks, roun' de moon:
"Sleep—sleep, my honey, en de sun'll wake you soon."
Oh, she sing des' de sweetes' ter her honey!

Des' ain't nuttin' like him—cuddled up dar on her bres':
I knows he like his daddy, but he love his mammy bes'!
He know de very piller dat's de sweetes' fer his res',
En she sing des' de sweetes' ter her honey!

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

Her Adventures in the City of Upstarts



PA BURKE

NOVEMBER 29.—At half-past one to-day—half-past one exactly—I began my "career."

Mrs. Carteret said she would call for me at five minutes to one; but it was ten minutes after when she appeared, away down at the corner of I Street. Jim was walking up and down the drawing-room; I was at the window, watching that corner of I Street. "There she blows!" I cried, my voice very brave, but my heart like a big lump of something soggy and sad.

Jim hurried up and stood behind me, staring over my shoulder. He has proposed to me in so many words more than twenty times in the last three years, and has looked it every time we've met—we meet almost every day. I could feel that he was getting ready to propose again, but I hadn't the slightest fear that he'd touch me. He's in the army, and his "pull" has kept him snug and safe at Washington and has promoted him steadily until now he's a colonel at thirty-five. But he was brought up in a formal, old-fashioned way, and he'd think it a deadly insult to a woman he respected enough to ask her to be his wife if he should touch her without her permission. I admire Jim's self-restraint, but I couldn't bear being married to a man who worshiped me, even if I only liked him. If I loved him I'd be utterly miserable. I've been trying hard to love Jim for the past four months, or ever since I've really realized how desperate my affairs are; but I can't. And the exasperating part of it is that I don't know just why.

As I was saying—or, rather, writing—Jim stood behind me and said in a husky sort of voice: "You ain't goin' to do it, are you, Gus?"

I didn't answer. If I had said anything it would have been a very feeble, miserable "No"—which would have meant that I was accepting the alternative—him. All my courage had gone, and I felt contemptibly feminine and dependent.

I looked at him. I did like the expression of his eyes and the strength and manliness of him from head to foot. What a fine sort of man a "pull" and a private income have spoiled in Jim Lafollette! He went on: "Surely I'm not more repellent to you than—than what that auto is coming to take you away to."

"Shame on you, Jim Lafollette!" I said angrily—most of the anger so that he wouldn't understand and take advantage of the tears in my eyes and voice. "But how like you! How *brave!*"

He reddened at that—partly because he felt guilty toward me, partly because he is ashamed of the laziness that has made him shirk for thirteen years. "I don't care a hang whether it's brave or not, or *what* it is," he said sullenly. "I want *you*. And it seems to me I've just got to do something—use force, if necessary—to keep you from—*from that*. You ain't fit for it, Gus—not in any way. Why, it's worse than being a servant. And you—brought up as you've been——"

I laughed—a pretty successful effort. "I've been educating for it all my life, without knowing it. And it's honest and independent. If you had the right sort of ideas of self-respect you'd be ashamed of me if you thought I'd be low enough to marry a man I couldn't give my heart to—marry him for a living."

"Don't talk rubbish," he retorted. "Thousands of women do it. Besides, if I don't mind why should you? God knows you've made it plain enough that you don't love me. Gus, why can't you marry me and let me save you from this, just as a brother might save a sister?"

"Because I may love somebody some day, Jim," said I. I wanted to hurt him—for his own sake, and also because I didn't want him to tempt me.

The auto was at the curb. He didn't move until I was almost at the drawing-room door. Then he rushed at me, and his look frightened me a little. He caught me by the arm. "It's the last chance, Augusta!" he exclaimed. "Won't you?"

I drew away and hurried out. "Then you don't intend to have anything to do with me after I've crossed the line and become a toiler?" I called back over my shoulder. I couldn't resist the temptation to be thoroughly feminine and leave the matter open by putting him in the wrong with my "woman's last word." I was so low in my mind that I reasoned that my adventure might be as appalling as I feared, in which case it would be well to have an alternative. I wonder if the awful thoughts we sometimes have are our real selves, or if they just give us the chance to measure the gap between what we might be, as shown by them, and what we are, as shown by our acts. I hope the latter, for surely I can't be as poor a creature as I so often have impulses to make myself.

Mrs. Carteret was waiting for the servant to open the door. I hurried her back toward the auto, being a little afraid that Jim would be desperate enough to come out and beg her to help him—and I knew she would do it if she was asked. In the first place, Jessie always does what she's asked to do—if it helps her to spend time and breath. In the second place, she'd never let up on me if she thought I had so good a chance to marry. But she knows that Washington is the hardest place in the world for a woman to find a husband unless she's got something that appeals to the ambition of men. Besides, she thinks, as do many of my friends, that I am indifferent to men and discourage them. As if any woman was indifferent to men! The only point is that women's ideas of what constitutes a man differ, and my training in this cosmopolis has made me somewhat discriminating. But to return to Jessie: she was full of apologies for being late. "I've thought of nothing but you, dear, for two days and nights. And I thought that for once in my life I'd be on time. Yet here I am, fifteen minutes late, unless that clock's wrong." She was looking at the beautiful little clock set in the dashboard of the auto.

"Only fifteen minutes!" I said. "And you were never before known to be less than half an hour late. You even keep the President waiting twenty minutes."

"Isn't it stupid, this fussing about being on time," she replied. "I don't believe any but dull people and those who want to get something from one are ever on time. For those who really live, life is so full that punctuality is impossible. But I should have been on time if I hadn't been down seeing the Secretary of War about Willie Catesby—poor Willie! He has been *so* handicapped by Nature!"

"Did you get it for him?" I asked.

"I think so—third secretary at St. Petersburg. The Secretary said: 'But Willie is almost imbecile, Mrs. Carteret. If we don't send him abroad his family'll have to put him away.' And I said: 'That's true, Mr. Secretary. But if we don't send that sort of people to foreign courts, how are we to repay the insults they send us in the form of imbecile attachés?' And then I handed him six letters from Senators—every one of them a man whose vote he needs for his fight on that nomination. They were *real* letters. So presently he said, 'Very well, Mrs. Carteret, I'll do what I can to resent the Czar's last insult by exporting Willie to him.'"

I waited a moment, then burst out with what I was full of. "You think she'll take me?" I said.

Jessie reproached me with tragedy in her always intensely serious gray eyes. "Take *you?*" she exclaimed. "Take a Talltowers when there's a chance to get one? Why, as soon as I explained who you were she fairly quivered with eagerness."

"You had to *explain* who a Talltowers is?" I said with mock amazement. It's delightful to poke fun at Jessie; she always appreciates a jest by taking it more seriously than an ordinary statement of fact.

"But, dear, you mustn't be offended. You know, Mrs. Burke is very common and ignorant. She doesn't know the first thing about the world. She said to me the other day that she had often heard there were such things as class distinctions, but had never believed it until she came to Washington—she had thought it was like the fairy stories. She never was farther East than Chicago until this fall. She went there to the Fair. You must get her to tell you how she and three other women who belong to the same Chautauqua Circle went on together and slept in the same room, and walked from dawn till dark every day, catalogue in hand, for eleven days. It's too pathetic. She said, 'My! but my feet were sore. I thought I was a cripple for life.'"

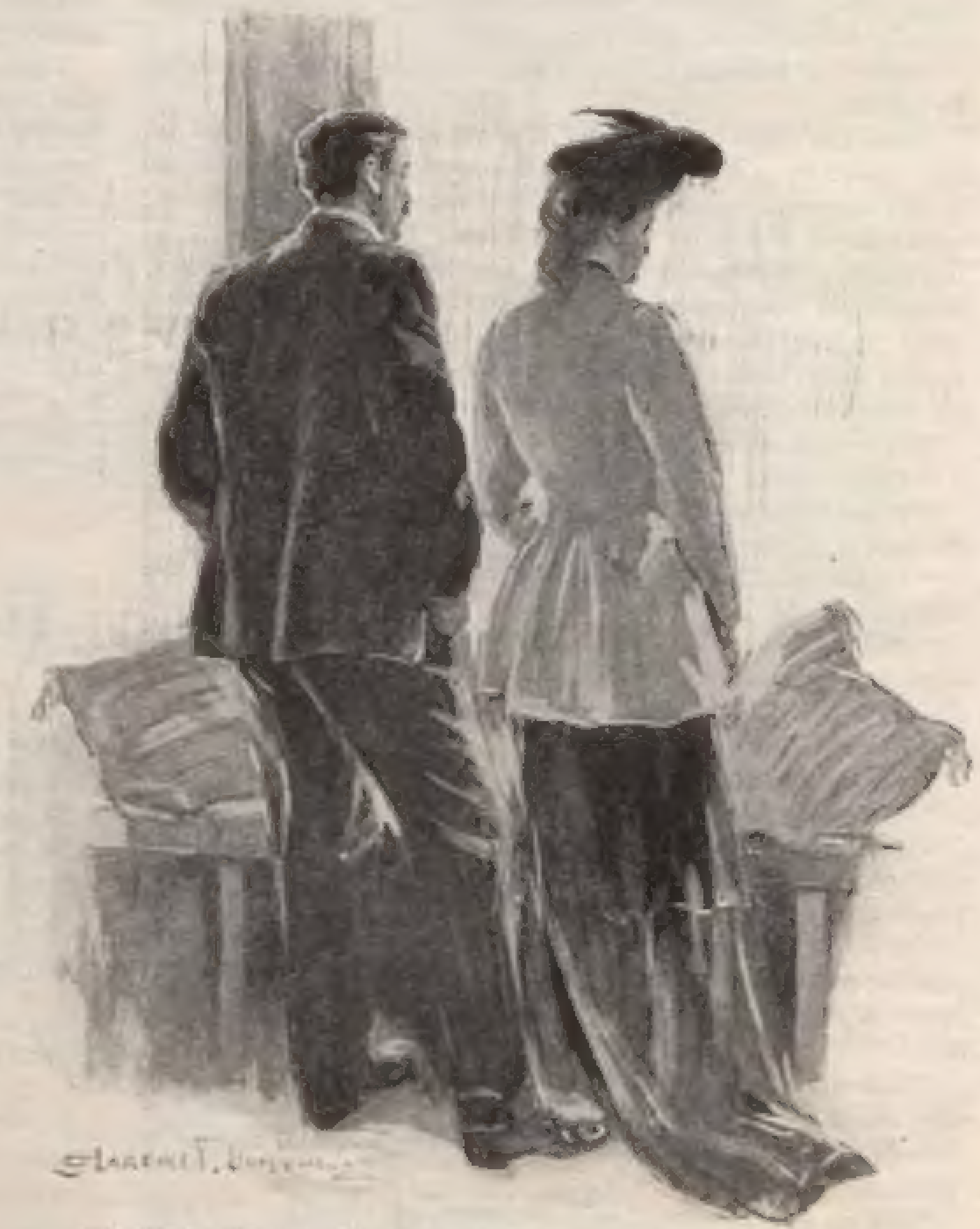
"That sounds nice and friendly," said I, suspicious that Jessie's quaint sense of humor had not permitted her to appreciate Mrs. Burke. "I'm so dreadfully afraid I'll fall into the clutches of people that'll try to—to humiliate me."

Tears sprang to Jessie's eyes. "Please don't, Gus!" she pleaded. "They'll be only too deferential. And you must keep them so. I suspect that Mrs. Burke chums with her servants."

We were stopping before the house—the big, splendid Ralston castle, as they call it; one of the very finest of the houses that have been building since rich men began to buy into the Senate and Cabinet and aspire for diplomatic places, and so have attracted other rich families to Washington. What a changed Washington it is, and what a fight the old simplicity is making against the new ostentation! The sight of the Ralston castle in my present circumstances depressed me horribly. I went to my second ball there, and it was given for me by Mrs. Ralston. And only a little more than a year ago I danced in the quadrille of honor with the French Ambassador—and the next week the Ralstons went smash and hurried abroad to hide, all except the old man, who is hanging around Wall Street, they say, trying to get on his feet with the aid of his friends. Friends! How that word must burn into him every time he thinks of it. When he got into a tight place his "friends" took advantage of their knowledge of his affairs to grab his best securities, they say. No doubt he was disagreeable in a way, but still those who turned on him the most savagely had been intimate with him and had accepted his hospitality.

"You'll be mistress here," Jessie was saying. She had put on her prophetic look and pose—she really believes she has second sight at certain times. "And you'll marry the son if you manage it right. I counted him in when I was going over the advantages and disadvantages of the place before proposing it to you. He looks like a mild, nice young man—though I must say I don't fancy cowlicks right in the part of the hair. I only saw his picture."

A tall footman with a very insolent face opened the door and ushered us into the small drawing-room to the left. "Mrs. Carteret. Miss Talltowers," he shouted—far louder than is customary or courteous. I saw the impudent grin in his eyes—no proper man-servant ever permits any one to see his eyes. And he almost dropped the curtain in our faces, in such haste was he to get back to his lounging-place below stairs.



JIM HURRIED UP AND STOOD BEHIND ME, STARING OVER MY SHOULDER

His roar had lifted to her feet an elderly woman with her hair so badly dyed that it made her features look haggard and harsh and even dissipated. She made a nervous bow. She was of the figure called stout by the charitable and sumptuous by the crude. She was richly dressed, overdressed, dressed up—shiny figured satin with a great deal of beads and lace that added to her width and subtracted from her height. She stood miserable, jammed and crammed into a tight corset. Her hands—very nice hands, I noticed—were folded upon her stomach. As soon as I got used to that revolting hair-dye I saw that she had, in fact, a large-featured, sweet face with fine brown eyes. Even with the dye she was the kind of looking woman that it sounds perfectly natural to hear her husband call "mother."

Jessie went up to her as she stood, wretched in her pitiful attempt at youth and her grandeur of clothes and surroundings. Mrs. Burke looked down kindly, with a sudden, quizzical smile that reminded me of my suspicions as to the Chicago Fair story. Jessie was looking up like a plump, pretty, tame robin, head on one side. "*Dear* Mrs. Burke," she said, "this is Miss Talltowers, and I'm sure you'll love each other."

Mrs. Burke looked at me—I thought, with a determined attempt to be suspicious and cautious. I'm afraid Jessie's reputation for tireless effort to do something for everybody has finally "queered" her recommendations. However, whatever warning Mrs. Burke had received went for nothing. She was no match for Jessie—Jessie, from whom the President in the White House hides when he knows she's coming for an impossible favor—she was no match for Jessie, and she knew it. She wiped the sweat from her face and stammered: "I hope we'll suit each other, Miss——" In her embarrassment she had forgotten my name.

"Talltowers," whispered Jessie with a side-splitting look of tragic apology to me. Just then the clock in the corner struck out the half hour from its cathedral bell. The sound echoed and reëchoed through me, for it marked the beginning of my "career." Jessie went on more loudly: "And now that our *business* is settled, can't we have some lunch, Mrs. Burke? I'm starved."

Mrs. Burke brightened. "The Senator won't be here to-day," she drawled in a tone that always suggests to me that, after all, life is a smooth, leisurely matter, with plenty of time for everything except worry. "As he was leaving for the Capitol this morning, he says to me, says he: 'You women had better fight it out alone.'"

"The *dear* Senator!" said Jessie. "He's *so* clever!"

"Yes, he *is* mighty clever with those he likes," replied Mrs. Burke—Jessie looking at me to make sure I would note Mrs. Burke's "provincial" way of using the word clever.

Jessie saved the luncheon—or, at least, thought she was saving it. Mrs. Burke and I had only to listen and eat. I caught her looking at me several times, and then I saw shrewdness in her eyes—good-natured but none the less penetrating for that; and I knew I should like her and should get on with her. At last our eyes met, and we both smiled. After that she somehow seemed less crowded and foreign in her tight, fine clothes. I saw that she was impatient for Jessie to go the moment luncheon was over, but it was nearly three o'clock before we were left alone together. There fell an embarrassed silence—for both of us were painfully conscious that nothing had really been settled.

"When do you wish me to come—if you do wish it at all?" I asked, by way of making a beginning.

"When do you think you could come?" she inquired nervously.

"Then you do wish to give me a trial? I hope you won't feel that Mrs. Carteret's precipitate way binds you."

She gave me a shrewd, good-natured look. "I want you to come," she said. "I wanted it from what I'd heard of you—I and Mr. Burke. I want it more than ever now that I've seen you. When can you come?"

"To-morrow—to-morrow morning?"

"Come as early as you like. The salary is—is satisfactory?"

"Mrs. Carteret said—but I'm sure—you can judge better—whatever——" I stuttered, red as fire.

Mrs. Burke laughed. "I can see you ain't a great hand at business. The salary is $2000 a year, with a three-months' vacation in the time we're not at Washington. Always have a plain understanding in money matters—it saves a lot of mean feelings and quarrels."

"Very well—whatever you think. I don't believe I'm worth much of anything until I've had a chance to show what I can do."

"Well, Tom—Mr. Burke—said two thousand would be about right at the set-off," she drawled in her calming tone. "So we'll consider that settled."

"Yes," I gasped with a big sigh of relief. "I suppose you wish me to take charge of your social matters—relieve you of the burdensome part of entertaining?"

"I just wish you could," she said with a great deal of humor in her slow voice. "But I've got to keep that—it's the trying to make people have a good time and not look and act as if they were wondering why they'd come."

"That'll soon wear off," said I. "Most of the stiffness is strangeness on both sides, don't you think?"

"I don't know. As nearly as I can make out, they never had a real, natural good time in their lives. They wear the Sunday, go-to-meeting clothes and manners the whole seven days. I'll never get used to it. I can't talk that kind of talk. And if I was just plain and natural they'd think I was stark crazy."

"Did you ever try?"

She lifted her hands in mock horror. "Mercy, no! Tom—Mr. Burke—warned me."

I laughed. "Men don't know much about that sort of thing," said I. "A woman might as well let a man tell her how to dress as how to act."

She colored. "He does," she said, her eyes twinkling. "He was here two winters—this is my first. I've a kind of feeling that he really don't know, but he's positive and—I've had nobody else to talk about it with. I'm a stranger here—not a friend except people who—well, I can guess pretty close to what they say behind my back." She laughed—a great shaking of as much of her as was not held rigid by that big corset. "Not as I care—I like a joke myself, and I'm a good deal of a joke among these grand folks. Only I do want to help Tom, and not be a drag." She gave me a sudden, sharp look. "I don't know why I trust you, I'm sure."

"Because I'm your confidential adviser," said I; "and it's always well to keep nothing from a confidential adviser." The longer I looked and listened the larger possibilities I saw in her. My enthusiasm for the game was rising.

She rose and came to me and kissed me. There were tears in her eyes. "I've been *so* lonesome," she said. "Even Tom don't seem natural any more, away off here in the East. Sometimes I get so homesick that I just can't eat or anything."

"We're going to have a lot of fun," said I encouragingly, as if she were twenty-four and I fifty instead of it being the other way. "You'll soon learn the ropes."

"I'm so glad you use slang," she drawled, back in her chair and comfortably settled. "My, but Tom'll be scandalized. He's made inquiries about you, and has made up his mind that whatever you say is right. And I almost believed he knew the trails. I might 'a' known! He's a man's man, you see, and always was stiff with the ladies. You ought to 'a' seen the letter he wrote proposing to me. You see, I'm kind of fat, and always was. Mother used to tease me because I hadn't any beaux except Tom, who wouldn't come to the point. She said: 'Lizzie, you'll never have a man make real love to you.' And she was right. When Tom proposed he wrote very formal-like—not a sentimental word. And when we were married and got better acquainted I teased him about it, and tried to get him to make love: real book kind of love. But not a word! But he's fond of me—we always have got on fine, and his being no good at love-talk is just one of our jokes."

It was fine to hear her drawl it out. I knew that she was sure to make a great social success if only I could get her under way—could convince her that it's nice to be natural if you're naturally nice.

"Tom" came in from the Senate, and I soon saw that, though she was a "really" lady, of the only kind that is real—the kind that's born right—he was a made gentleman, and not a very successful job. He was small and thin, and dressed with the same absurd stiff care with which he had made her dress. He had a pointed reddish beard and reddish curls, and he used a kind of scent that smelt cheap, though it probably wasn't. He was very precise and distant with me—how "Lizzie's" eyes did twinkle as she watched him! I saw that she was "on to" Tom with the quickness with which a shrewd woman always finds out once she gets the clew.

"Have you had Miss Talltowers shown her rooms, Mrs. Burke?" he soon inquired.

"Why, no, pa," replied Mrs. Burke. "I forgot it clear." As she said "pa" he winced, and her eyes danced with fun. She went on to me: "You don't mind our calling each other 'pa' and 'ma' before you, do you, Miss Talltowers? We're so used to doing it that, if you minded it and we had to stop, we'd feel as if we had company in the house all the time."

I didn't dare answer, I was so full of laughter, for "pa" looked as if he were about to sink through the floor. She led me up to my rooms—a beautiful suite on the third floor. "We took the house furnished," she explained as we went; "and I feel as if I was living in a hotel—except that the servants ain't nearly so nice. I do hope you'll help me with them. Tom wanted me to take a housekeeper, but those that applied were such grand ladies that I'd rather 'a' done all my own work than 'a' had any one of them about. Perhaps we could get one now, and you could kind of keep her in check."

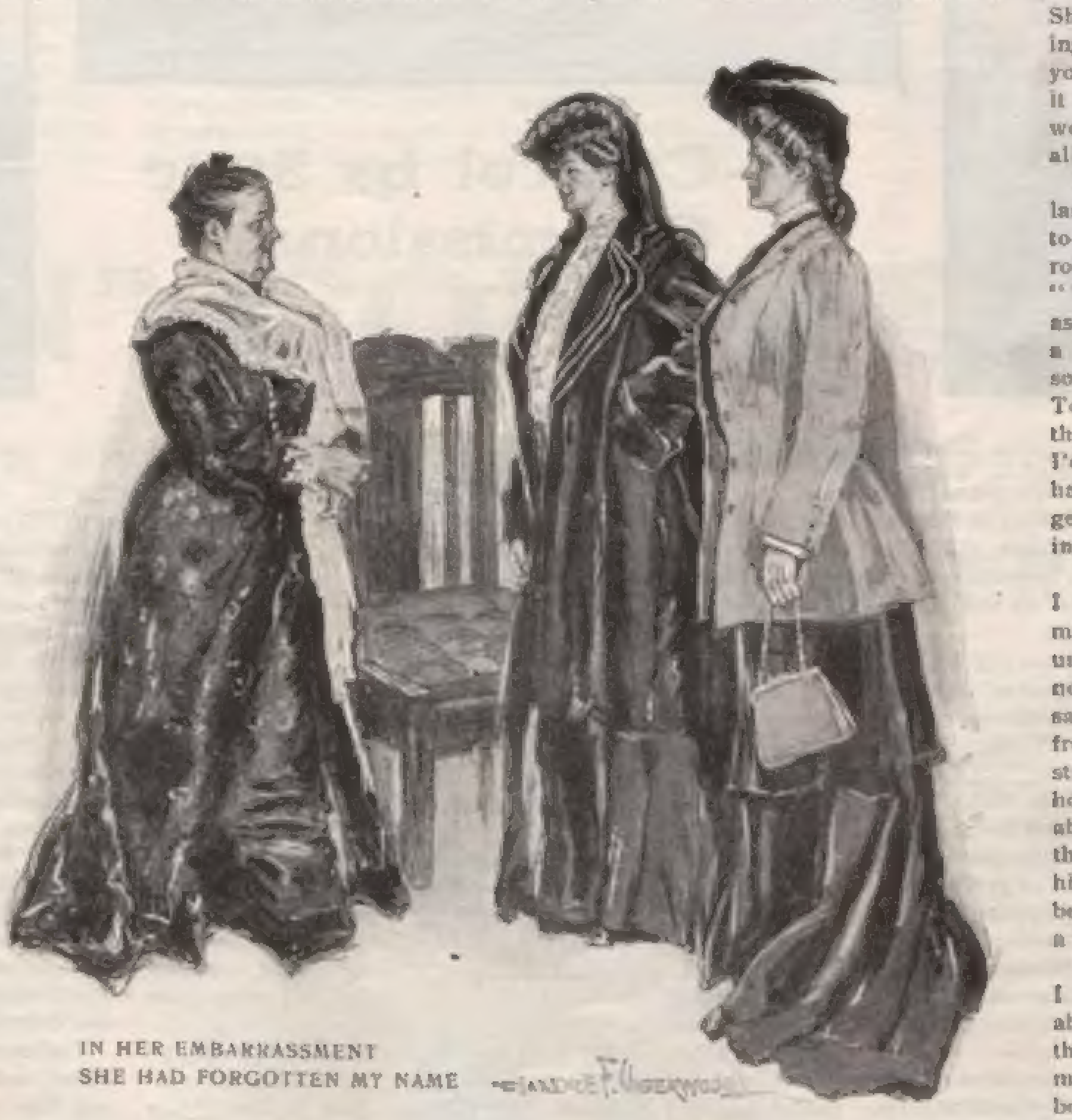
"I think it'd be better to have some one," I replied. "I've had some experience in managing a house." I couldn't help saying it unsteadily—not because I miss our house; no, I'm sure it wasn't that. But I suddenly saw the old library, and my father looking up from his book to smile lovingly at me as I struggled with the household accounts. Anyhow, deep down I'm glad he did know so little about business and so much about everything that's fine. I'd rather have my memories of him than any money he could have left me by being less of a father and friend and more of a "practical" man.

Mrs. Burke looked at me sympathetically. I could see that she longed to say something about my changed fortunes, but refrained through fear of not saying the right thing. I must teach her never to be afraid of that—a born lady with a good heart could never be really tactless. She went to the front door with me, opening it for me herself, to the contemptuous amusement of the tall footman. We shook hands and kissed. I usually can't bear to have a woman kiss me, but I'd have felt badly if "Ma" Burke hadn't done it.

When I got back to Rachel's, and burst into the drawing-room with a radiant face, I heard a grunt like a groan. It was from Jim in the twilight, near Rachel at the tea-table. "I'm going out to service to-morrow," said I to Rachel. "So you're to be rid of your visitor at last."

"Oh, Gus!" exclaimed Rachel between anger and tears; and Jim looked black and sullen. But I was happy—and am to-night. Happy for the first time in two years. I'm going to *do* something—and it is something that interests me. I'm going to launch a fine, stately ship, a full-rigged four-master, in this big-little sea of Washington society. What a sensation I can make with it among the pretty holiday boats!

(TO BE CONTINUED)


IN HER EMBARRASSMENT
SHE HAD FORGOTTEN MY NAME

* * *

"Take Care of Dick"

THOSE who knew and loved the late Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, whose death so shortly preceded that of her husband two years ago, have smiled sadly and tenderly over the memory of her last words, so characteristic of the energy and practicality of this remarkable woman.

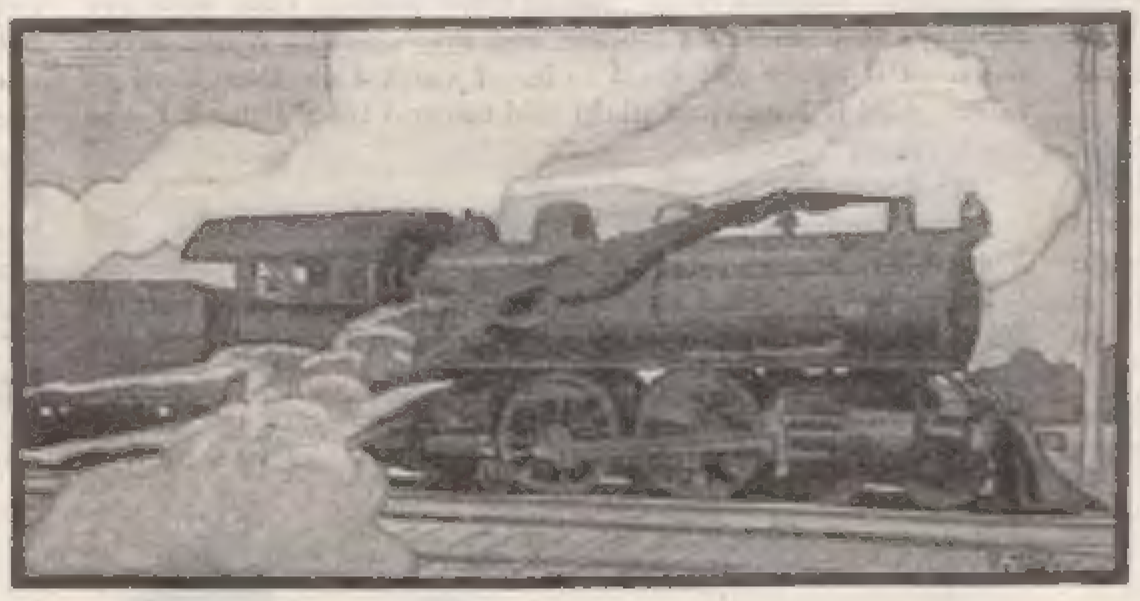
Her illness was long and tedious, and she had been faithfully attended by a young woman whom she held in great esteem. To her she turned a few moments before her death.

"Alice," she said, "take good care of Dick. And for Heaven's sake see that he has some new shirts!"

Fair Railroad Regulation

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN



II—Control by State Commissions

Copyright, 1905, by Robert M. La Follette

THE first article in this series showed the necessity of protection in every State against rate-making on the part of the railroads without State control, but, if further testimony were required, it would easily be furnished by the records which the railroads themselves issue to their stockholders respecting their earnings in Wisconsin.

The net earnings of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company are $1109 per mile greater upon its Wisconsin mileage than for the other States through which its lines extend. The net earnings upon this road per mile in Wisconsin in 1904 were equal to six per cent. on a valuation of $110,216,000 on its entire mileage in the State.

Under Wisconsin's new law, the Tax Commission, acting as a State Board of Assessment, but a few months ago assessed the value of this company's road in Wisconsin at $70,200,000. The representatives of the railway company appeared before the commission and protested against this assessment as too high, yet they levy a transportation tax upon Wisconsin people which produces a six per cent. income upon a valuation of the same property of about $40,000,000 in excess of the valuation fixed by the Tax Commission.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company reports $1138 higher net earnings for every mile of road in Wisconsin than it reports per mile upon its road in the other States through which its lines extend. The net earnings of the Northwestern upon its total mileage in this State amounts to six per cent. on $112,023,316. The recent assessment of this road in Wisconsin by the Tax Commission fixes its value at $71,500,000, or $40,523,316 less than the amount upon which the company compels the people of Wisconsin to pay six per cent. annual income. And yet the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and other leading roads of Wisconsin have joined in a suit to set aside the assessment of their property as excessive!

At a very early period in the history of the State, the railroads had secured the enactment of a law by the provisions of which they paid, in lieu of all taxes, a license fee upon their gross earnings. This law required a sworn statement to be filed by each railroad company of their gross earnings in Wisconsin for the year. Upon this amount so filed they were required by the terms of the law to pay a four per cent. license fee. For some time doubts had been entertained as to whether the railway companies were reporting for taxation the full amount of their gross earnings. An investigation of the railway companies' books and accounts was therefore instituted. This investigation disclosed that the railroad companies have been systematically paying rebates to favored shippers for years. The sums so paid in violation of the Federal statutes are very large, amounting in the aggregate to several millions of dollars.

It is, therefore, established beyond dispute by the investigations which have been made respecting rates, rebates, discriminations and inequalities:

That Wisconsin rates are higher than rates charged under substantially similar conditions in the neighboring States of Iowa and Illinois.

That rates charged in Wisconsin on the whole yield a net income to Wisconsin railroads greatly above the amount required for operating expenses, maintenance of property, and a fair profit on the cost of the roads.

That the railway companies are guilty of gross discriminations between persons and places in this State.

If any question can be definitely settled at the polls, the people of Wisconsin in the last election declared for the establishment of a commission to control railway services and railway rates on State commerce.

The discussion of this issue was demanded in every part of the State. It was thoroughly understood and passed upon in Senate and Assembly districts, and the Wisconsin Legislature of 1905, obeying the instructions of their constituents, will write upon the statute-books a law for a mandatory commission.

A Widespread Curse

THE same conditions which prevail in Wisconsin with respect to excessive transportation charges and discriminations in service, both as to individuals and places, prevail in every other State in the Union where the railway companies control, and each State owes it to the citizen to secure an efficient and impartial service at reasonable rates upon all State commerce.

I believe there would have been a much more insistent and determined demand for State regulation if the railroad companies had not succeeded in breaking down and nullifying the Interstate Commerce Law. There has been, on the part of the corporations, a studied effort to work into the public mind a belief that the subject was too complicated and intricate for legislation; that the relation of transportation to the business interests of the country were so involved, complex and delicate that public officials representing the State or National Government could not be trusted to approach it, much less be clothed with authority respecting its regulation. The traffic departments of railway systems have been surrounded with vagueness and mystery. In deference to the insistence here and there manifesting itself for some relief, there comes from time to time a clever intimation that tribunals might be created to "hear complaints and make suggestions." But even legislation so limited, it has been urged, should be deferred for further and more matured consideration lest the great interests might be prejudiced and incalculable harm result.

The fact that favoritism, partiality and discriminations with respect to communities, cities, industries and individuals is ruining business and retarding development and growth locally in many sections of every State; the fact that rates are continually advanced, that capitalization of many railway corporations is undergoing marked inflation from time to time, and that, in consequence, the people's business is suffering and many individuals being crowded out, seems to weigh very little.

The fact that the railroads are becoming associated with great business interests inconsistent with rendering impartial service to the general public, and are the most potent factors in building up trusts and monopolies menacing to republican institutions, counts for nothing against this specious plea for non-interference.

It is further urged by those seeking delay that the subject is one which should be uniformly treated, that the States should wait on Congress and Congress should wait on the States. It is time that the country awakened from its lethargy. Uniformity in legislation respecting the control of railway services and railway rates would be very desirable. So would uniform divorce laws, uniform banking and insurance laws, and uniformity upon many lines of legislation. But because constitutional limitations bar the way for speedy and prompt legislation, uniform in character, it does not lessen the obligation of State Government to deal with existing evils in the best way possible according to the powers which it possesses. I believe that it will be a decided gain and a truly progressive step in the practical solution of the problem for a regulation of State and interstate commerce if the State proceeds to do that which is clearly within its power. If each State will establish a just and equitable regulation of rates and railway service as applied to State commerce it will greatly simplify this subject, bringing it home to each community, and making it a part of the thought of the people of each State. The duty of regulation and the specific method to be employed will be more easily and definitely understood.

The development of all the State's resources, the diversification and interdependence of its industry, and the ready and free exchange of its commodities, with an even, well-distributed growth in towns and centres of population, are all natural objects of special care on the part of a State Railway Commission. It is true that the boundaries of a State are not the boundaries of its commerce, although there are always natural tendencies to commercial centres within the State. Although it is also true in a qualified sense, as contended by the railroad advocates of non-interference, that they are interested in the development of the resources of the State in order to increase their business, it is likewise a fact that their interests are far from identical with those of the State. It is of the highest importance to the State, for example, that there should be many thrifty towns and cities of moderate size well distributed over it. It best serves the interests of the railway company that the products of the State should be carried by the long haul to remote markets.

And it should always be remembered that the railways make artificial and arbitrary regulations with respect to where trade and commerce shall centre, and that such regulations are made, not with a view to the best development of every part of the State upon the broadest social and economic grounds, but with a view to making the best financial showing to place before the board of directors at the end of the year. The same reasons which may be urged for the better protection of domestic interests in other respects through State Government hold good for the State control of railway transportation. Independent of the large field of local work for State Commissions, their establishment might well be urged as one of the best expedients for securing early, definite and satisfactory action on the part of Congress for proper control of interstate commerce.

The proposed question, perhaps, could be presented in more concrete form as a State than as a National issue, and when once the issue has been clearly defined with respect to the one it is easily carried over and applied with respect to

---

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on Fair Railroad Regulation.

the other. Definite, specific results in legislation at the State Capitals will bring like results at the National Capital. Prompt action is needed in every State where legislation is either wholly wanting or weak in character. Neither should there be any relaxation of effort to secure effective regulation of interstate commerce. The Granger agitation in the old Northwest States was followed by the determined effort to secure National legislation. To-day there is a demand for State and National action to bring public-service corporations within reasonable control. Organization should be made in every State for coördinate action upon each section of this important problem. There must be no delay with respect to either. Action means advancement in the right direction. A grave situation confronts the people, calling for wise and enlightened consideration, but calling for action promptly.

Certain fundamental principles are established. The right of the State to act is clear. Comparisons in rates between States where the railroads control on the one hand, and where the State controls on the other, show conclusively that Government regulation gives decided advantage to the people of those States having commissions, even where the laws are far from perfect, or where the railroads have come to exercise undue influence over the action of the commissions. The experience in every State where legislation has been secured, or where an attempt has been made to secure it, is helpful in every other State, and in the nation as well.

Some very important questions with respect to the scope of a State law and of the powers with which a State Commission should be invested have been well and definitely settled by experience.

An investigation of the laws of the States which have been successful in creating effective commissions for the control of transportation, offers valuable suggestions and conclusions as to the powers and duties with which they should be vested for the highest services in the public interest.

The following are some of the more important provisions which the result of my research led me recently to recommend, at much greater length, to the consideration of the Wisconsin Legislature, in their work of framing a law for the State.

A reasonably good service is quite as important as a reasonable cost of service. I believe a commission should be invested with power to enforce adequate and efficient service for the patrons of railroads, always taking into consideration the circumstances and conditions with respect to the towns, cities and sections of the State concerned. In furtherance of this provision, the commission should have authority to require, in the interests of the traveling public, whenever the action of the corporation makes it necessary, proper station accommodations, adequate train service, and reasonable connections with other lines. They should be empowered to require the furnishing of cars for the reasonable accommodation of shippers, to the end that they may not suffer unnecessary delay and loss in reaching market. The commission should have power to require reasonable facilities for ascertaining the weight of loaded cars, thus preventing overcharge and delays in settlement of claims. They should, in short, be able in all important matters to insure protection to the public from tyranny and abuse of power on the part of the transportation company.

State commissions should have full authority to establish rates and issue orders carrying them into immediate effect. If the commission has power to fix maximum rates only the railway companies can still unjustly discriminate between shippers by making special rates below the maximum rate. A slight variation is sufficient ultimately to consolidate business in the hands of the favored shippers.

If the rate made by the commission does not go into effect at once upon the order of the commission, the railroad company can destroy the value of the rate-making power by litigation which would indefinitely postpone the establishment of a rate once made.

While the commission should doubtless be empowered to promulgate entire schedules of rates, they should have discretion in the exercise of this right, thus enabling the commission to afford relief where it is most urgently needed, and to proceed with greater conservatism and caution than would be the case if they were required within a definitely prescribed time to establish rates covering all classifications and all schedules. Some latitude in the exercise of this power will enable the commission to make such rates as will be maintained by the courts, should appeal be prosecuted by the railway companies to test the same.

I am strongly of the opinion that while it should be the duty of the commission to investigate all complaints, their

(Concluded on Page 30)

A "CON" CONTRETEMPS

The Story of a Slow Touch and a Quick Get-Away

BY KENNETT HARRIS

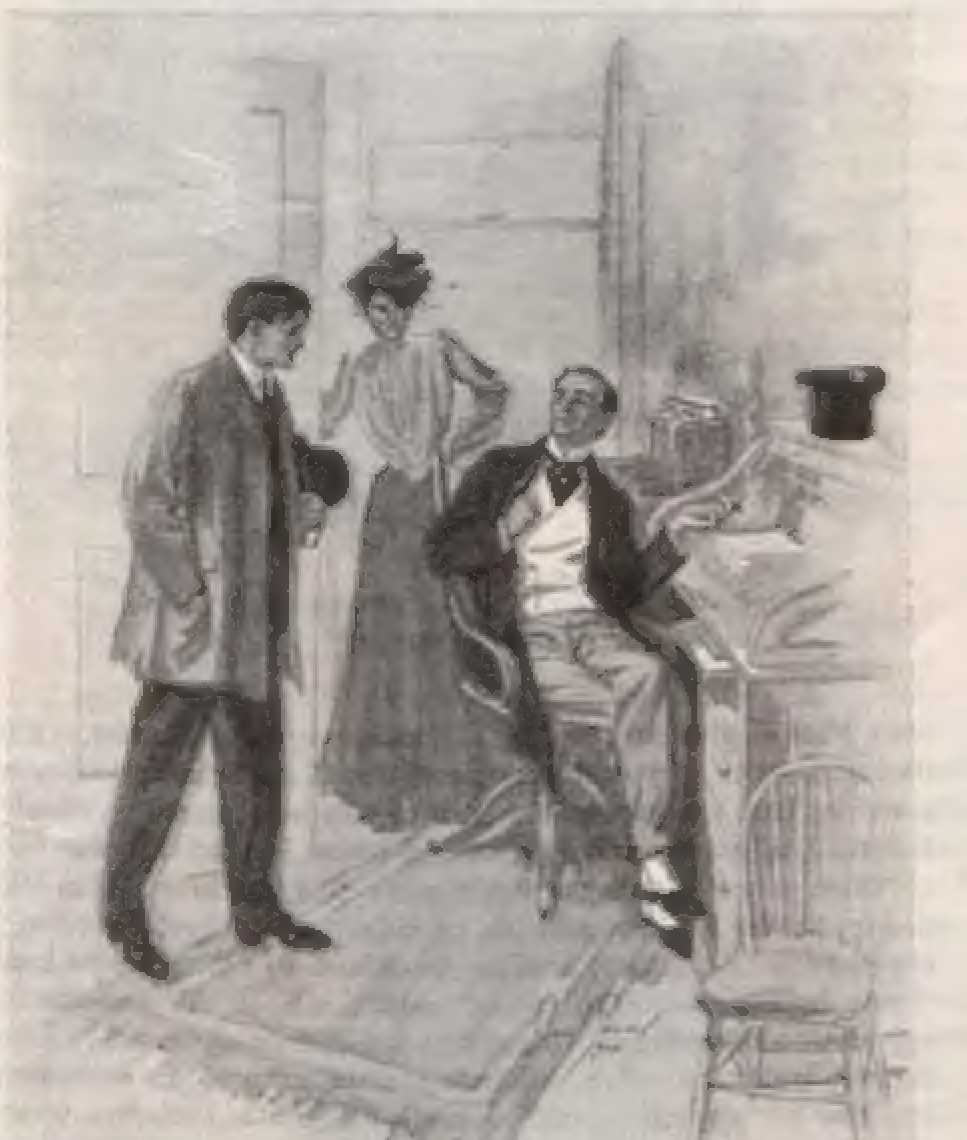
"YOU don't need to tell me that luck don't beat brains," said Honest John, a melancholy smile on his open and ingenuous countenance; "I know better. I've got all the brain I need in my business, but my luck is strictly on the bum. Here's Cock-eyed Davis, with no more intelligence than a can of clam chowder, goes out on Saturday night with a pig of iron nipped from the foundry yard, and decorated with radiator gold paint, and comes back with enough long green to paper the front parlor. That's what. I sit down and evolve some original plan for the relief of the bundle bearing—something neat, artistic and plausible, fresh, whiskerless and inviting, and my luck backs me against the ropes and puts it all over me when I try to carry it out. Sometimes I think a man might just as well plug along in the same old rut and never try to be a credit to his profession."

Honest John shook his head sadly, and delicately removing a speck of dust from his immaculate linen with a flick of his long, white finger, continued, in the low and exquisitely modulated voice that was one of his most valuable assets:

"Last week I got into a street car. It was jammed tight and hard, and if I had wanted to lower myself I could have made a touch or two without any trouble. I've got too much self-respect for that, though. It's all very well for a kid, or a man who hasn't any capacity for headwork, to sink his hooks into wearing apparel; but I've got a reputation to sustain. There was a diamond locket that looked like the real goods, and the bulge of a watch pressing into my side and causing me real inconvenience, but I never attempted to remove either one. Not me. I doubt whether I'd have touched them if I had known the stones were all right and the watch eighteen carat.

"Well, at Eighteenth Street an old gent got on the car and squeezed through to the strap-hangers. He was a prosperous looking old stiff, but grouchy in his manner. A young fellow who had got in on the first rush and grabbed a seat got up and offered it to the patriarch. Think he got any thanks for it? Not at all. His Whiskers just plunked himself down on the carpet upholstery as if he was entitled to it and anything else he happened to fancy, and pulling out an evening paper, began to entertain himself. The young man seemed to take it as a matter of course, but I was willing to bet that he was mad.

"I reflected on the incident. I'm of a reflective turn of mind, and when I ponder I generally turn my ponderings to account some way. It occurred to me that the old gent was one born to threaten and command—also to grab for what he wanted without any consideration of the convenience or the feeling of anybody else. That being the case, he was probably sinfully rich. As for the young man, it was equally plain that he was of the genus sucker—an amiable sucker, perhaps, but a sucker still. I seemed to smell blood every time the front door opened and the wind blew in from him to me. He was my diet, undoubtedly. But how was I to get at him?



"DID HE BITE? WHAT ARE SUCKERS FOR?"

"Here's where brains count. At Thirty-first Street there was a grand get-off. My natural prey got off. The elderly hog also alighted. I kept right on. I was due farther on. I didn't want to make myself too conspicuous, either. I had formulated a little plan. I still have an office, or, rather, an interest in one. Frankfurter Steggs, Headlight Johnson, and a few more of us, the elect, have an office between us. Sometimes it's one place and sometimes another, but it's always temporary. Frankfurter had just cleared off a get-rich-quick novelty agency in it, and Suds Montgomery was holding it down, with Winsome Winnie in the rôle of stenographer, while he sold some half interests in a mine I owned. My name was Miguel Saltero—you may have seen it—and I was just in from Mexico. But that isn't here nor there.

"I went down and put an ad. in the paper:

> If the young man in the light overcoat and dotted blue necktie, who gave his seat to an elderly gentleman in an Indiana Avenue car on the night of November 20, will call at Suite 49, Boracic Block, he will hear of something to his advantage.

"Did he bite? What are suckers for? Why, he jerked my arm off, in a manner of speaking. It was 1:01 P. M. when there was a modest rap at the door of suite 49, and I heard Winnie say she'd see if I was engaged. Next moment she showed in my courteous young friend and went back to thump the everlasting gizzard out of the typewriter. She's a peach, is Winnie!

"I motioned him, in my best business manner, to a seat—no glad-hand work of a coarse nature. Then I said, 'You have called in answer to my advertisement?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied; 'I think perhaps I am the man you want.'

"'You answer my client's description exactly,' I said; 'I think there can be no mistake about it. Still, it is well to be certain. You were on an Indiana Avenue car the night before last at about half-past eight, were you not? And you chivalrously offered your seat to an old man?'

"'I don't know about the chivalrous part,' he said; 'but I gave up my seat, all right.'

"'I rejoice to see that you are modest,' I said. 'I have no doubt that it seemed to you a perfectly natural action in no wise remarkable or deserving of especial credit, yet, believe me, such consideration for age is rare, and when met with should be recognized. That is the view my client takes of it.'

"'Who is your client?' he asked, and somehow, from the snappy way he asked the question, I had a faint, dawning suspicion that he wasn't precisely the pudding my fancy had painted him; yet, as I gazed on his fine, boyish countenance, I dismissed the thought as unworthy of me. Suspicion is not a thing that I have ever felt I could afford to entertain. I operate on the theory that every man has a jay streak except me, and I win ninety-nine times out of every hundred. If I thought my fellow-creatures were taking advantage of my ignorance to con me, how long do you reckon I'd stay in the profession? No, sir; the guy who is all the time looking for the worst of it gets it.

"'I'm sorry that I'm unable to satisfy your natural curiosity,' I said. 'My client is an eccentric man. He has the reputation of being a hard man among his business associates, and it is possible that the reputation has contributed to his business success very largely. In any case he is careful to do nothing openly that would alter the—er—rather hard judgment the world has passed on him. Do you understand me?'

"'I think I do,' he said.

"'As the poet remarks, he "does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame?"' I continued. 'A man of rather forbidding exterior, as you may have noticed, and of brusque manners, he has yet a wealth of kindliness, and a generosity that almost amounts to prodigality.'

"'I'm glad to hear you speak so well of him,' said the young man. 'You must know him well.'

"'I know him as few do,' I declared. 'For years he has made me the instrument of his secret benefactions. Why, young man,' I cried in a burst of enthusiasm, 'if the world only knew the happiness James P. Tapeticker has conferred on the poor but deserving men and women whose necessities have been brought under his notice it would have a different opinion of him!'

"'James P. Tapeticker!' repeated my young friend thoughtfully.

"'Pshaw!' I said; 'I've let the cat out of the bag now with a vengeance. Well, well! I don't see what I could have been thinking about! I wouldn't have had that happen for anything. James would never forgive me if he knew I had been so careless. I wasn't cut out for a diplomat, and that's a fact. Perhaps, though,' I added, 'you recognized Mr. Tapeticker before you gave up your seat to him?'

"'If I had,' he said earnestly, 'I wouldn't have expected any gratitude from him. Do you think I could have?'

"'No,' I answered. 'Pray forgive the question; but, whatever you do, don't mention the fact that I inadvertently disclosed his identity. He's so sensitive on that point that I know he would instantly reconsider the idea of rewarding your kindness. I should regret that.'

"'So should I,' said the young man quite fervently, and with a sparkle of cupidity in his eyes.

"'I think it would be better, in fact, not to mention the matter to any one,' I suggested. Then I pulled a tablet toward him and asked him to write his name and address. He wrote: 'Henry B. Jones, 6315 Wichita Avenue.'

"'What is your business, Mr. Jones?' I asked.

"'I'm a clerk,' he replied.

"'Not highly salaried, I presume? Clerks seldom are.'

"'Fifteen a week,' he answered.

"'Oh!' I said blandly, 'I don't suppose you would object to waking up some fine morning and finding yourself the possessor of — say $5000?'

"The expression on his face was sufficient reply.

"'Your habits are good, I take it for granted,' I went on. 'You're not a spendthrift, I hope? Mr. Tapeticker has a horror of that quality in youth. Do you save?'

"'I've nearly $200 in the bank,' he said rather boastfully. 'If I had $5000 I'd invest it in a business of my own.'

"'Good!' I said with a benevolent smile. 'Well, Mr. Jones, I'm very glad to have met you, indeed, and you will hear from me again.'

"I pushed back my chair, intimating that the meeting stood adjourned, but he lingered. I sort of thought he would.

"'Do you think he will really make me a present of $5000?' he asked anxiously.

"'It's possible that it may be more,' I said. 'If you really want to know, I'll tell you what Mr. Tapeticker's intention is. He will ask you, through me, of course, if you would like to have him invest your little savings for you. He takes this method in order that his beneficiaries may preserve their self-respect in a manner that they could hardly do, perhaps, if he made them an outright, downright gift of so much money. It amounts to the same thing in the end, of course. I've known him to take ten dollars from an invalid scrubwoman in whom he was interested, and within two days send the poor creature a check for $1000. With his control of the market, and his intimate knowledge of stocks, it was not a difficult thing to do.'

"'I should say not,' said Mr. Jones; 'from some of the deals he's been making lately, I should judge he might have made it $2000 just as easy. He's a wonder! It seems to me I'm in luck.'

"'You deserve it,' I told him. 'Well, I'll say good-day to you.'

"'When shall I hear from you?' he asked. 'Or shall I call? Perhaps I'd better draw my money out of the bank and bring it with me.'

"'Well, it wouldn't hurt,' I said indifferently. 'Could you look in next week some time?'

"'I could look in to-morrow, if you'll be in,' he eagerly replied.

"'I'm always in,' I said. 'Say to-morrow morning then.'

"I almost had to turn him out of the office. He was so keen that I half expected him to propose rushing over to the bank there and then to get his little wad. He didn't, though.

"As soon as he had gone I lit a cigar and gave myself up to golden dreams. If this thing panned out the way it promised I could see myself taking a long-desired trip to New Orleans. I never was much stuck on Chicago as a winter resort; everything gets worked to death.

"It was nearly noon the next day before he wafted lightly in. I had begun to think that a cog had slipped somewhere in the works, and I was getting nervous. He seemed anxious himself. They had kept him humping in the office, and he had not had time to get over to the bank. He thought he would run in and tell me as he happened to be passing on an errand over on the West Side. He hoped that it would not make any difference.

"'Not the least,' I replied. 'Just take your time. By the way, it occurred to me after you had left that a young man like you with no bad habits and an ambition to succeed should have put by more than $200 out of a salary of fifteen dollars per week. I'm not criticising you, you know. I was thinking more of the effect of my report upon Mr. Tapeticker. He began life by saving two-thirds of his wages. He paid a dollar and a quarter a week for the rent of his room and allowed himself two dollars and a half for food. He is rather proud of the circumstance, and often deplores the extravagance of the rising generation and its lack of thrift.'

"Henry looked somewhat flabbergasted.

"'Don't mind it,' I said with cheerful reassurance. 'Of course, if you could have turned over two or three times the amount to him it might make a proportionate increase in the amount you would realize. But you will have no occasion to complain.'

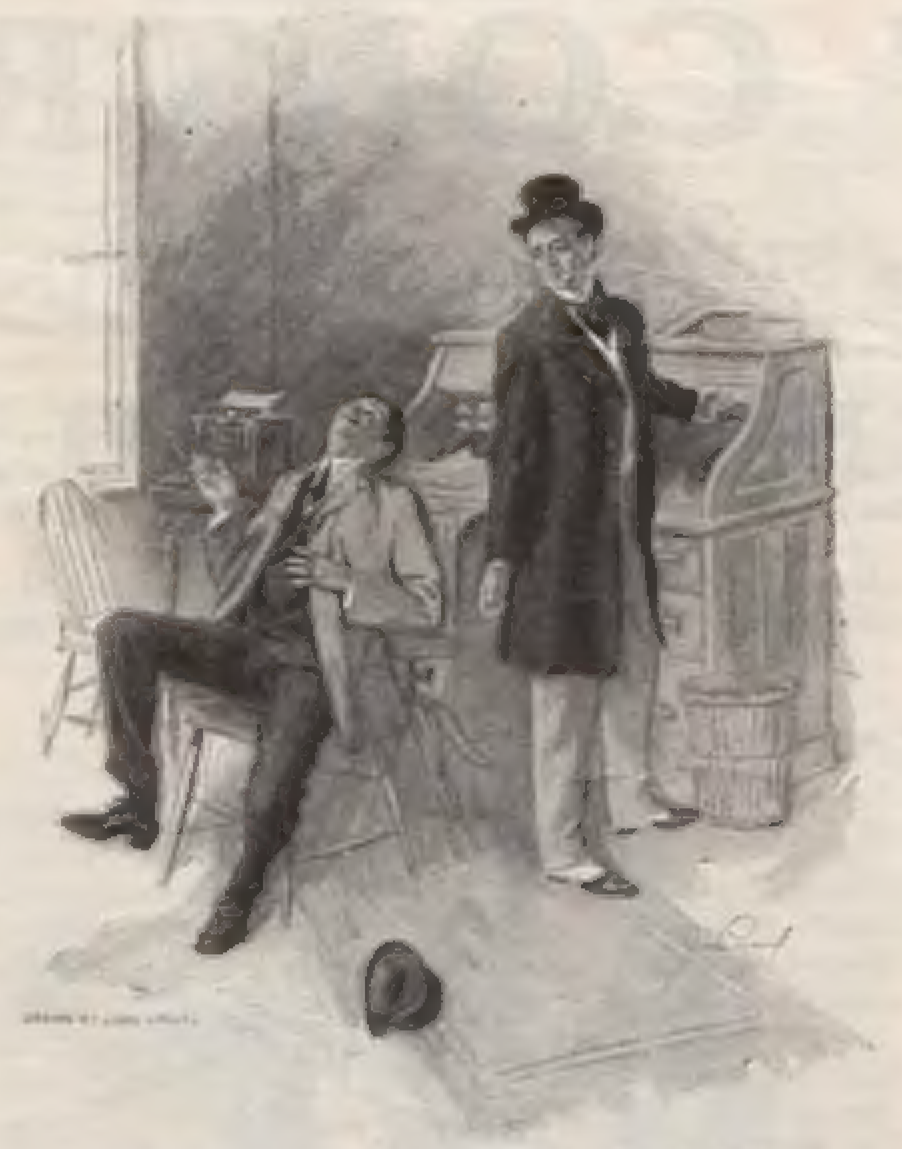
"He was thoughtful for a few moments.

"'Do you mean if I had four or five hundred I would get twice as much?' he stammered in an embarrassed way.

"'Very likely,' I said; 'in fact, more than likely.'

"'Perhaps,' he said, 'I might——' Then he stopped. 'Would it matter if I—if I got another two hundred or so somewhere else?' he added.

"I smiled indulgently. 'It would be deceiving Mr. Tapeticker, I'm afraid,' I said; 'but then it would be a harmless deception, after all. I don't think myself that a young man should live in too frugal a manner, even to save. I'm inclined—yes, if you do that, and Mr. Tapeticker chooses to consider that the money is all what you have saved yourself, I think I might stretch a point and allow him to think so.'



"HE GOT OUT OF THAT SPASM AND WENT INTO ANOTHER"

"The young man's gratitude was quite touching. I really did feel sorry for him and his friends. Of course, I renewed my caution of secrecy, and he promised to respect my confidence in any negotiations he might make. We made an appointment for the morning, but he didn't show up. I sat in that nine-by-twelve sweat-box with cramps in my spine and one ear stretching out to catch his gentle footstep, wasting all the fleeting moments between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. At three o'clock a scrubby little messenger-boy brought in a note. It was from Henry, and said that he had been prevented from calling, but that he hoped to be on deck with the meretricious mazuma the day following. No time specified, mind you. I was to sit there and cut out paper-dolls or something until he got good and ready to allow me to shower wealth on him. Gall? Well, I should remark! I don't know any better company than I am, but I get tired of myself sometimes and I want a change, and here I had fooled away three precious days on this graft as it was—seventy-two golden hours, set with four thousand three hundred and twenty diamond minutes.

"Winnie quit me cold. There wasn't enough excitement about it for her. I had a notion to drop it myself, as patient as I am.

"I saw clearly then that I ought to have waltzed him over to the bank the first day, acquired his stuff, and faded away, but I got stuck on myself in the character of Jim Tapeticker's dough disseminator, and my artistic vanity threw me off my base. I've lost money more than once from my sensitive aversion to sandpaper methods. I foresaw complications now. Still, the only thing I could do was to play it out, so I went down to the office next day and put in a busy afternoon shaking dice with myself.

"I went down to Cary's at noon and snatched a hasty bite, and then hustled back to find the door unlocked and Frankfurter Steggs fumigating the premises with a stockyards zephyr. He wanted to unfold a scheme he had for organizing a lottery. He had found an engraver who would do the essential part of the organization for a rake-off, and the remaining task of distributing tickets and receiving proceeds of the sales, less the sellers' commissions, he proposed to undertake with my assistance. I put him out and opened all the windows and just got the shop aired when Henry came.

"'Well,' he announced gleefully, 'I've got $500! I was afraid I wouldn't be able to raise any more than I had because the friends I went to didn't like to lend without knowing exactly what I was going to do with it, although I told them I would certainly return it within a week or two.'

"'It's a distrustful world,' I sighed.

"'Even my mother objected to letting me have it,' he prattled artlessly. 'I don't blame her so much, because it's about all she has, and as I'm expecting to get married pretty soon, of course I can't be expected to live with her then and pay board.''

"'Of course not,' I agreed.

"'But I talked her over,' he resumed. 'I told her I'd give her fifty dollars for the use of it if things went the way I expected. I said that, of course, because it wouldn't be fair for me to obligate myself to pay her anything if her money didn't bring me in something extra.'

"'Certainly not,' I said. At the same time, I couldn't help gagging. He was certainly a lulu ette. I wanted to open the windows again. I had taken him for a fairly decent boy at first—nothing worse about him than an undue desire for easy money which I had purposed to check by a wholesome little chunk of experience.

"Now I found myself up against it. I couldn't get his hide without flaying the old lady as well. I ain't sentimental. People have to have something hard to cut their wisdom teeth on, and I've been pretty rough on the gums of society at times; but I've got a weakness for mothers, never having had one of my own, to my knowledge, and it seemed pretty tough to me to hear Henry figuring on how little he could put the old lady off with and speculating on the chances that she'd have a pretty tough time of it when he quit her.

"I looked at him to size him up. He was a husky guy, however. I could see that, and I gave up my first idea, which was to take him by the neck and drop him gently down the elevator shaft. Then the thought of the bunch of money qualified my righteous indignation. It was too late to make any further play about Tapeticker. It would have queered the whole thing. I made up my mind that I'd take the pot and restitute to the old lady, with a note advising her not to let Henry darling get his hooks on the wad again. I don't say that I would have done it, mind you. I just made up my mind that I would do it.

"'I'll write you a receipt for it,' I said. It was hard work to smile, but I smiled.

"'By the way,' I added, 'is your mother's address the same as the one you've given me?'

"He smiled, too, and to my amazement he pulled a swell silver and morocco cigarette-case from his pocket, lit a cigarette, and blew a puff of smoke over my way.

"'What do you want to know for?' he asked. 'You needn't think you can do her any good with Mr. Tapeticker. She can work him to the queen's taste without any assistance from any one.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"He grinned, and dug into his breast pocket again. This time he fished out a cardcase and, taking out a card, spun it dexterously with his finger and thumb so that it alighted on my desk right side up. It read:

MR. JAMES POOLE TAPETICKER, JR.

"The office clock ticked several times.

"'Will you give me one of those coffin-nails?' I asked faintly. 'I don't quite understand, and I might think better if I smoked.'

"'Help yourself,' he said, 'and when you feel better I'll buy you a drink. I meant to have prolonged the pleasures of anticipation for you a day or two longer, but I've got to leave town to-night. Say, I don't know whether you can appreciate this as much as I do. Do you know whom I gave my seat to in the car?'

"'Don't ask me anything,' I protested.

"'It was father,' he giggled. '"A man of forbidding exterior, but with a wealth of kindliness, and a generosity almost amounting to prodigality." Oh! I told him about it! Oh, dear!'

"He choked, and the cigarette smoke got into his lungs and strangled him. He got out of that spasm and went into another.

I pulled down the cover of my desk, put on my hat, and touched him on the shoulder.

"'If you're pretty near through,' I said, 'I'd like to lock up the office.'"

A YELLOW JOURNALIST

By Miriam Michelson

Author of In the Bishop's Carriage, The Madigans, Etc

THE PENCIL WILL

EACH of us reporters had a different name for the long-drawn-out Dilworth trial, and that name was a key to the way we wrote of it. Pert little Frank McGowan called it The War of the Widows. Both the Mrs. Dilworths were widows, but one of them was the sort of woman who will always be known by a man's name, even after death takes it from her.

Bunnell named it A Trial of Temper—poor Mrs. Jim Dilworth's. An undisciplined creature that; a fury, ever ready to make a scene, a scourge to every one whose interests were bound up with hers, and a wrecker of self; but not a shrew, not a nagging woman; and blessed with an open-handed, generous nature, and a laugh as hearty and spontaneous as her tears or her temper.

Bliss, of the Mail, always had an allusion to The Sinister Black Hand. He meant the long, scrupulously scoured, knotted hand of black Mammy Sinnott, Mrs. Jim's old nurse, confidant, and, some even said, her evil genius.

As for me, I had had a yearning toward the roasting of Mrs. Muriel Dilworth. I knew just how I should go about it, by dwelling on her perfections—her sweet serenity, the widow's bonnet that crowned and softened her fine, regular features, and her admirable tact and self-control—till every reader should hate her, as I did, for adding these advantages to her social position and her wealth, and so further outclassing her poor, tempestuous and middle-class sister-in-law.

But Bowman, who knows my weakness, as he does that of everybody under him, got in first.

"No violent and aggressive championing of the under dog this time, Miss Massey," he said. "Wait, wait before you jump on me! I'm as mad as you are. It's a mighty good lay that—partisanship for the lowly and the erring matched against the socially lofty and be-shekeled. You needn't remind your city editor, young woman, that kind hearts are more than coronets to the yellow journal, because there are so many more of 'em. But our respected boss has a wife who's got the society itch, and Mrs. Muriel Dilworth is 'way up in 'G'—as you ought to know if you weren't a rank little Bohemian. So hands off the lady. . . . And don't, like a good girl, don't revenge yourself on the paper. If you'll play fair I'll give you leave to get in an occasional blow on the pure and perfect Mrs. Muriel, if you can do it without the umpire's calling foul on you."

So I adopted Baby Jim Dilworth and played him up. In another sense he had already adopted me; came running to me every morning the moment he was brought into the courtroom. Perhaps you think it wasn't a compliment, from a child like that, all gold and pink and blue, a merry bit of human sunshine in his white dresses that Mammy Sinnott kept immaculate! He was too little yet to be a real boy, but Cochrane, Mrs. Jim's lawyer—Cochrane the vulgar, the sensational, the shrewd and crafty and a bit off color Cochrane—kept the little one bobbing about the stuffy place for the effect of his presence upon the jury.

Oh, and he was winning, that kid, with his perfectly irresistible assurance of the world's breaking into smiles at sight of him! There wasn't a human being in the courtroom who could resist him—except Mrs. Muriel Dilworth. Why, even Brockinton, her lawyer—old Brockinton, whose fees are five-figured, whose private life's a public scandal, who's a connoisseur of fine things as well as coarse ones, and whose exquisite manners and clothes put to shame the merely Western environment he honors—Brockinton himself mercilessly cross-questioned Mrs. Jim Dilworth with Baby Jim, seated on the table before him, playing with his jeweled repeater.

But—to get back to the newspaper end of it—not one of us reporters had the right name for the case. And we knew it. And everybody in the courtroom knew, too (in spite of Brockinton, Cochrane and the rest, who were ever on tiptoe to anticipate and shut off the smallest allusion to it), that it was the impeccability of dead Albert Dilworth that was on trial; that the widows of the two brothers hated each other with a hatred passing that of mere proponent and contestant of a will; and that the paternity of this same unconscious baby, who went about the courtroom winning hearts, was in question.

"Why is the Dilworth case a moral spectacle, and so deserving of female patronage?" Frankie McGowan scribbled on a pad that he pushed over to me. The courtroom was full of interested women spectators, and Frankie glanced about with a cynical little grin, indicating them.

"Give it up—why?" I wrote.

"Because of its deterrent effect. Phew, but the fate of the transgressor is hard! Look at Mrs. Jim!"

I looked. Brockinton was grilling her on cross-examination. With a perfection of patience, an intonation that was almost an apology for the trouble it might be to her to speak, and a flatteringly courteous assumption of attention to her answers, he was yet able to sting her to a frenzy by the subtle something that underlay his every polite word. She had the look of one who is being baited, who is pushed to the extremest edge of patience. Her full breast, beneath its somewhat too ornate bodice (it looked so, contrasted with Mrs. Muriel's exquisitely simple black), heaved threateningly. Her [illegible] booted, small foot was tapping the floor in a nervous crescendo that prophesied storms. The feathers upon her large hat were quivering as the trees in the forest quiver in anticipatory sympathy with the coming tempest. And her face, usually so pale (she had a weak heart, which she overworked, McGowan insisted, playing for sympathy; "coquetting pathologically," Frankie called it)—her face was aflame with wrath.

"At the time, Mrs. Dilworth, that this—this so-called pencil will"—Brockinton held the disputed will delicately between thumb and finger, as one might something not quite clean—"was written where were you?"

"At my house."

"And Mr. Albert Dilworth—whose last will you say it is——"

"It is!"

The old lawyer bowed. "Mr. Albert Dilworth was—"

"At my house, too."

"Your husband, Mr. James Dilworth, was present?"

"Mr. Brockinton," she burst forth explosively, "you know very well that my husband was dead six months before that will was written!"

"Ah, pardon me. I see you are correct. I had forgotten the date."

The airy negligence of Brockinton! And yet by this pencil will one-fourth of a half-million-dollar estate was willed away from his client to the golden-haired boy just now dancing in Mammy Sinnott's arms.

"That isn't true! You had—you do know the date," she cried hysterically.

"Madam!"

The judge turned to her. It was not the first time she had been reproved, but now, as with every other time it had happened, one could see by the quick angry glance she cast at Mrs. Muriel's discreetly lowered widow's bonnet wherein the bitterness of reproof lay.

"Well," she stammered, trying like a child to justify herself, "it isn't the truth. What kind of a lawyer is he if—"

"One assumes, madam"—her plight and the impossibility of her behaving like an ordinary woman appealed to the judge; his voice was still gentle, though tried—"one assumes that an attorney speaks the truth. In any event, it is not your place to accuse the gentleman. Merely answer his questions."

"I will," she said sullenly, "when there's any sense to them."

The judge lifted his hand. His eyes were angry. I trembled for bad Mrs. Jim in that moment.

"Er—your Honor," Brockinton interposed with distinguished grace, "the lady is, of course, quite right. I must apologize. But the—so-called pencil will," he tapped it deprecatingly, gingerly, with his eyeglasses, "is so obvious a forgery—to an attorney, of course—that I have given it too little consideration. . . . Mr. Stenographer, be so good as to read the last question."

"I won't answer it!" she cried. "I have answered it."

She looked as though she could no longer contain herself. She half rose from her chair as though determined to fall upon her tormentor; but she sat down quickly, both hands at her heart. "The heart pose," McGowan calls it.

"Thank you—thank you." Brockinton was gracefully oblivious. He waved the shorthand man into silence and waived the quite unnecessary question. "Mrs. Dilworth, kindly tell the court and the jury in what room you were when Mr. Albert Dilworth wrote this—alleged—will."

"I was in my bedroom." Mrs. Dilworth's voice was low, even weak. Was it rage or really heart trouble?

"And he—Mr. Albert Dilworth?"

"Was in the sitting room beyond."

"An open archway between?"

"An open archway between."

"You say you were ill?"

"I was ill—my baby was a few days old."

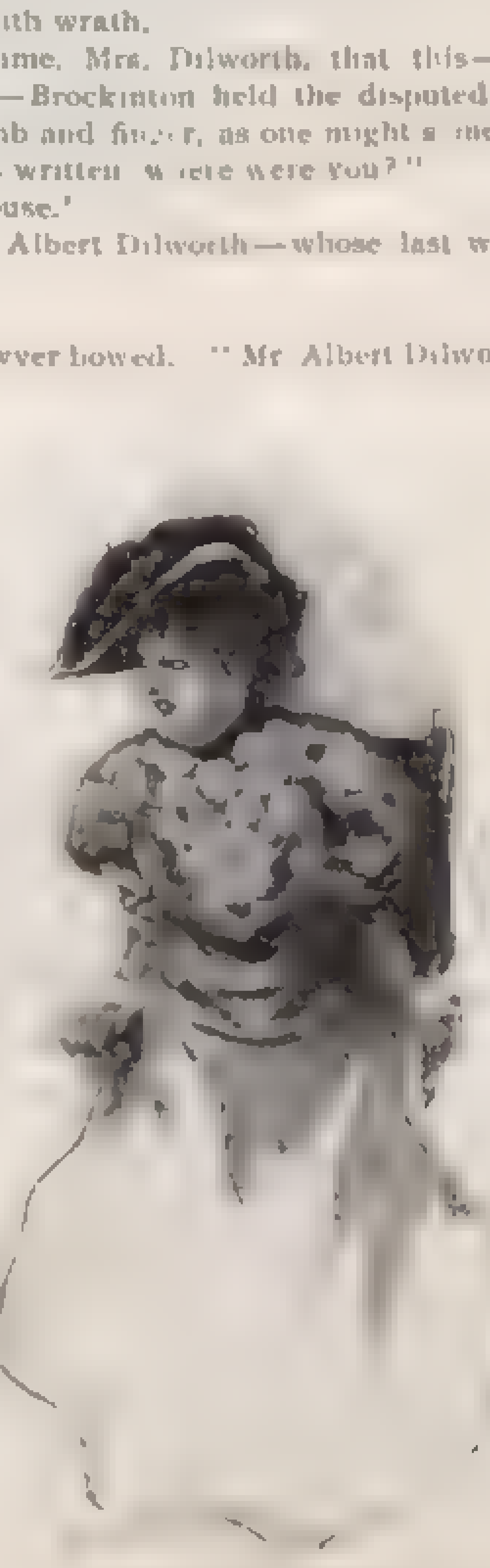
"Ah! The little fellow—hold the child up, if you please, Mrs. Sinnott, that the jury may see him." It was Brockinton's ostentatious way of calling Cochrane's attention to the fact that he didn't fear little Jim's influence. "Mrs. Sinnott, if you please."

But Mrs. Sinnott didn't please. It was evident in a moment to us reporters who knew her that Mammy didn't even please to be conscious of Mr. Brockinton's presence, and that she was determined to be deaf to his voice.

Mrs. Jim interposed, a smile in her voice at her nurse's partisanship. It must have been sweet to her—she was so alone, while surrounding and upholding Mrs. Muriel was a group of ultra-respectables, women who were good form personified, good form in morals, in manners, in costume.

"That's the child, Mr. Brockinton," she said with a sneer. "The jury's seen him all right—Baby Jim."

"What—mom?"



"I WON'T ANSWER IT!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Miss Michelson, each distinct, but all dealing with the adventures of Miss Massey, a yellow journalist. The fourth will appear in an early number.

It was Jim's clear little trill; the child, hearing his name, had piped out the query. And the woman on the stand smiled back at him responsively, but putting a finger to her lip. I swear she was positively sweet in that minute

"Look, Frankie, look," I whispered "Look at her now, and see if your saintly Mrs. Muriel is half as much a woman!"

But Brockinton had begun again

"You swear, madam, that you saw Mr Albert Dilworth write this—ah—will?" There was delicate unbelief in Brockinton's tone

"No, I don't. I swore that he sat writing something in my sitting-room when——"

"Pardon me. . . . With a pencil, Mrs Dilworth? Mr. Albert Dilworth writing with a pencil?"

It was a strain to put one's credulity to—to fancy that hard-headed, highly-respected martinet, Albert Dilworth, doing anything so informal and irregular as making a pencil will

I—I couldn't see what he was writing with," she answered resentfully. "He was writing something, and when he finished he came in to me."

"Precisely. And where were you?"

"I have told you," she exclaimed explosively "I was in bed, in my bedroom."

Mr. Brockinton paused to place his eyeglasses carefully on his nose. It was an old trick of his to postpone and to accentuate a situation; he knew every eye was upon him

"You say, Mrs. Dilworth, that Mr. Albert Dilworth came into your bedroom, where you lay with your infant, and that he told you of the will he had made?"

He didn't say 'will.' He said: 'Don't worry about the boy, Belle; I have provided for him.'"

"Did he say why?"

"Why?" The color left her face; she was ghastly pale

"Why he should provide for another's child?"

She came back at him quick. She was not a cruel woman though she was almost everything else that a woman wouldn't want to be; but she had suffered too much to let this chance pass.

"He was childless and very lonely," she said slowly. She didn't need to turn her eyes toward the side where Mrs Muriel sat; a sixth feminine sense must have made her aware that she had pierced the one vulnerable spot in her enemy's armor

Brockinton looked at the witness almost admiringly. He had known Mr. Albert Dilworth, the conventional, conservative, cold blooded banker. Of such depths of sentiment no one had suspected him. He would have smiled himself at the picture Mrs. Jim's words called up. It was nonsense, of course; even the judge passed a discreet hand over his incredulously upturned lips. But she perjured herself like a goose, and then went on, like a woman, to make it thorough

"He was very, very fond of children," she continued sentimentally. "'Belle,' he said as he came in from the sitting-room, 'all my married life I have longed for a son, I'll take care of yours now.'"

But retribution came quick, in the very moment of her triumph

"Mrs. Dilworth"—Brockinton pounced on her in a flash "I call your attention to page fifteen of the transcript of your testimony In that you testify that Mr. Albert Dilworth said to you, 'Don't worry about the boy, Belle; I have provided for him,' and that he said not one word more *Not one word more!*"

Her eyes flew to her attorney. Cochrane had been doing everything short of shouting to attract her attention, but in her ecstasy of revenge she had forgotten him. It was too late now

"Madam," persisted Brockinton, "may I ask you to explain the discrepancy?"

She thought for a moment. She was not a stupid woman, but when her emotions were aroused she saw things cloudily

If it please the Court——" began Cochrane, sparring for time.

But Brockinton wouldn't have it; he fought then, earnestly; no play-acting about it. And he won his point

"I—I was wrong then," Mrs. Jim faltered at last

When, pray?"

"The first time. He did say that about being childless."

"Then you deliberately deceived the Court and this jury in a most important particular. Madam, do you know the penalty of perjury?"

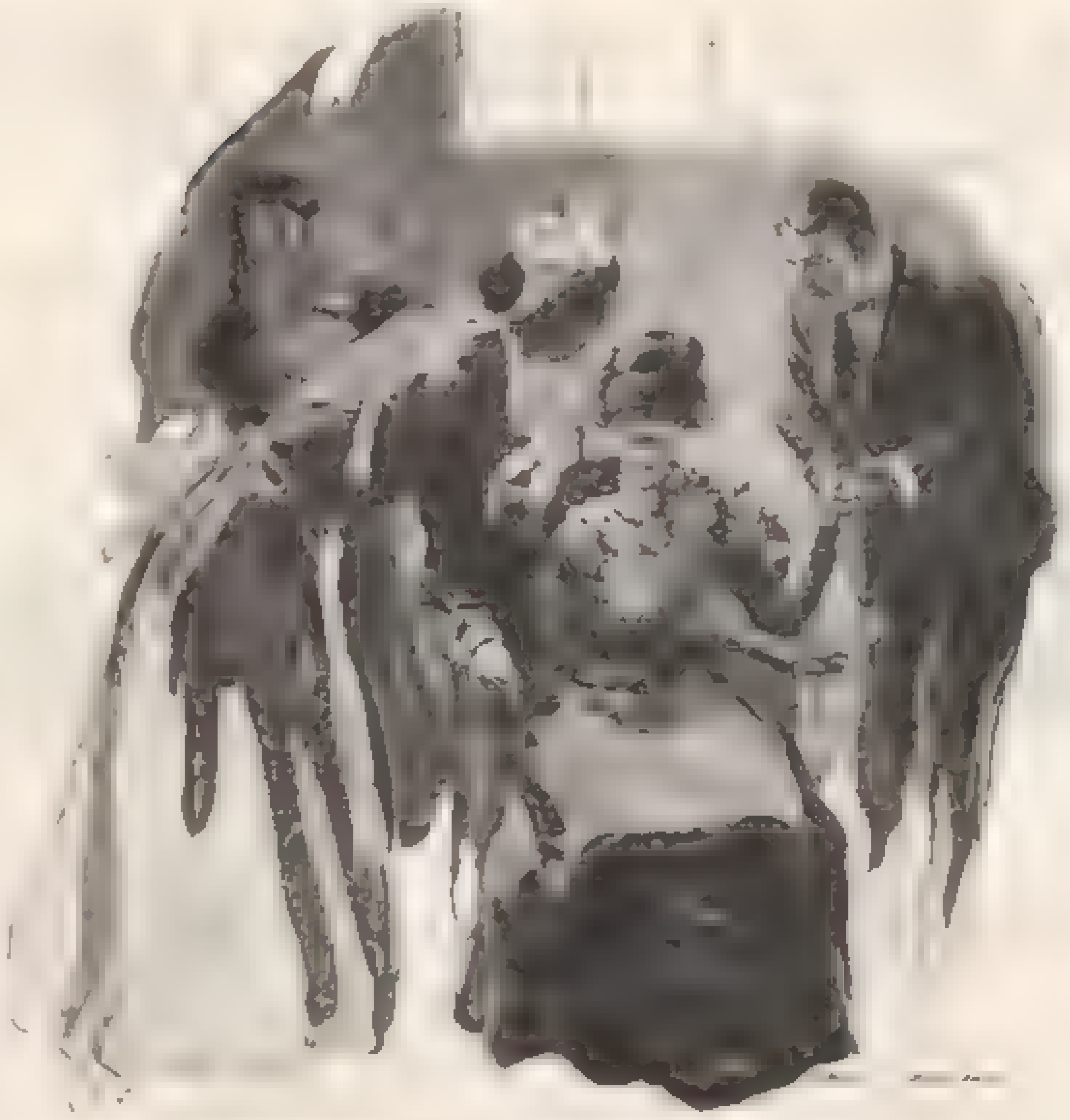
"I object!" Cochrane jumped to his feet, dancing with impatience, with apprehension.

He made quite a little speech then, did Cochrane, in his own atrocious style, and Brockinton said never a word in answer—only waited, a bit too politely, for the judge's decision. Then he resumed

"Mrs Dilworth, why did you conceal these facts, these remarks of Mr. Albert Dilworth to you?"

For a moment she looked at him warily; then something occurred to her.

"I left that out,' she said sweetly, "to spare Mr Dilworth's widow I thought it would hurt her."



MAMMY PUT IT TO MRS. JIM'S BLUE LIPS

She was quite right. It would It did. Mr. Dilwo[illegible] widow's bonnet sank as though with a weight, and the lorgnette she was holding to her short-sighted eyes fell with a click

Brockinton saw the movement out of the corner of his eye, it was the first time his client had flinched

"Is this the truth this time?" he asked unpleasa[illegible] "or will this, too, be amended later?"

Again her lawyer came to Mrs. Jim's rescue. She needed him; her color was rising, and all the storm signals flew from her flashing eyes.

"And why, Mrs. Dilworth, does your gracious forbearance end now?" Brockinton asked when things were quiet again. "Why do not the same reasons still hold good as to sparing the lady?"

There was a silence, tense and anxious. What would she say? What could she say? Her eyes fell She bit her lip She began to speak; then fell silent

And Brockinton waited, standing, with insulting patience

"She—she hasn't spared me!" Mrs. Jim blurted out at last. But even on her ears the words fell jangled. "Oh I—I don't know," she added; "it just happened to come to me!"

Brockinton was silent; just a long, significant second to let the words carry their own weight of venom to the jurors' ears

"Ah, just a bit of revenge, then," he murmured as though indulgently musing aloud, and then quickly: "Have you told any one of these supplementary remarks of Mr. Albert Dilworth?

"N—no—it wasn't revenge, Mr. Brockinton

"Have you not even told Mrs. Sinnott, your confidant?"

"I say it wasn't revenge, Mr. Brockinton," she repeated, blindly stubborn now

"Mr. Albert Dilworth," Brockinton went on composedly, "had nieces whom he loved: his sister's children. Did he say, Mrs. Dilworth, why he intended to provide for your boy and not for them?"

She set her teeth and merely looked at him, dumb with exasperation.

"Will the stenographer please read the question?" asked Brockinton with superb irrelevance. "I must ask your Honor to instruct the witness to answer the question."

"I will not—I will not!" cried Mrs. Jim, in a fury now, dissatisfaction with herself for putting a weapon in his hands augmenting her rage at her tormentor. "He sha'n't insult me—he sha'n't browbeat me! Mine has been 'gracious forbearance,' and he knows it in spite of his sneers. But he don't appreciate it. It's at an end now. I won't play the game their way any more. I don't care what happens. I'll produce that——"

This far she had fought her way in spite of Cochrane's strenuous objections, the judge's grave commands, and Brockinton's insistently courteous "If the Court please." But the rest of it was inaudible.

Brockinton's "Will the stenographer repeat the last question?" came out of the turmoil like the theme out of a fugue.

But this time Mrs Jim's face lit up at the sound of it; she hardly waited for the clerk to finish.

"Why shouldn't he provide for my boy," she cried, "instead of those snobbish nieces of his? Why shouldn't he provide for him? Baby Jim Dilworth is his own——

"Mom—Mom!"

It was the child's voice that stopped her. She looked toward it Right across from her, at the back wall of the courtroom, the tall, old, black Mammy had stationed herself with the boy high in her arms. Beside the gold and pink of his face her gaunt features looked grim and disapproving

For half a second Mrs. Jim met those hollow black eyes and battled with them

[illegible] nephew—his own twin brother's child, she concluded lamely, and broke into hysterical tears

As we sat waiting in Mrs. Jim Dilworth's little parlor that evening, half a dozen of us reporters, she came storming in, tearing off her gloves and coat as she walked, a creature of temperament, strongly emotional, caught in the cold, steel meshes of the law, and floundering miserably

"Well, what is it?" she demanded, facing us. We'd interviewed her dozens of times, but never without old Mammy Sinnott's standing guard over her. "You want me to tell what they wouldn't let me on the stand. Well, I'm going to. You can have it all—every word of it, the whole lot of you. I don't care if every paper in town is full of it They've made me desperate now, and they can take the consequences. Here!" She drew a much folded paper from her blouse

I reached up to take it—I happened to be nearest, and I saw Albert Dilworth's signature on it—when the folding-doors opened and old Mammy Sinnott came in

I watched the change that came over the men's faces. "Checkmate," it said My own face must have looked enough like theirs to establish a pen-and-ink relationship

"Ez thet yo, honey?" Oh, the sweetness in that old darky's voice! She came forward to take Mrs. Jim's hat and gloves from her, but she stood a moment caressing her hand. "Yo' must be tahed, but won't yo' go in to Jim a minute? He's res'less, thet ol' co'troom's mighty bad fer a baby"

Mrs. Jim hesitated, and we held our breath She knew, and we knew, how much more than solicitude for the child lay behind the old negress' words

"You'd be furious yourself, Mammy, if you'd been treated as I have!" she cried; but there was uncertainty in her voice

"Yes, honey. Guess Ah'd jes natchally spill over mahself But these gemmen will wait for yo', Miss Belle, Ah'm sure."

The men murmured, but Mammy affected not to hear it, and before they could speak she turned to me:

"Yo'll wait, won't yo', miss? Yo' always so fond of Jim, he's got yo' handkerchief thet yo' made into a mouse fo' him in his hand now. He's mighty stuck on yo'."

Bliss loves to write about Mammy Sinnott's hypnotic eye, he had actually run a story that morning in the Mail to the effect that the old black woman had forged the pencil will and hypnotized Mrs. Jim into believing it genuine. It may have been my remembrance of that working suggestively, but I could have sworn there was a special appeal, almost that and a promise besides, in the old woman's cavernous eyes as she turned them on me

"Why, certainly," I said—and I heard Bunnell swear under his breath. "Mrs. Dilworth will see us soon?"

"Oh, co'se—of co'se," said the old woman soothingly "Soon's he's asleep, eh, Miss Belle? Shall Ah keep the paper till yo' come out?"

Mrs. Jim nodded, put the folded paper into the long, black fingers that closed greedily over it, and left the room

She faced us then, stern and grim and defiant—Mammy against the lot of us

"Yo' reporters is jes' another kind of bloodhaound," she snarled. "Yo' ain't got the reason the police has to hunt a man down; yo' don't do it for love or money, but jes' cause yo'se haounds an' nothin' else. Yo' kill for the sake of killing; it don' do yo' no good. What's thet woman inside done to yo'? What right yo' got to come snoopin' in hyar tryin' to ferret her secrets out? Ain't it 'nough thet the Co't's against her and the biggest lawyers in the city bein' paid out her own money—money 't ought to be her boy's, anyway—'thout yo' comin' in an' haoundin' her to death? Think shame to yo'selfs—yo' most of any of 'em—yes, yo' they calls Rhody Massey!"

Phew! That was straight from the shoulder!

"Why," I gasped, while the men grinned enjoying, "the truth can't hurt her

"Thet's a lie—right that Yo' know it can hurt, an' yo' want her to hurt herself. Yo' know she's hot-tempered and oncareful; she don' mince her words like some that thinks they's so stylish. She jes' comes right out, an' yo'—yo' lyin' in wait, the jackal lot of yo', to get hold o' anything' Why don' yo' ask me questions? Ol' Mammy'll give yo' good's yo' send!"

"Mrs. Sinnott," I said in a sweetly casual tone, "won't you kindly tell us the contents of the paper you have in your hand?"

A gleam of humor came into her sunken black eyes.

"Oh, yo's mighty ready, yo' little sass-box! Pity yo' hain't had a ole Mammy t' spank yo' good when yo' was littler!" she growled—but almost tenderly.

But the roar those men set up. They were having the time of their lives. Even Cohen stopped sketching the gaunt old woman in her plain black gown and big white apron to join in the chorus.

It was in the midst of it that she leaned toward me, and I just caught her whisper.

"Git 'em away, chile. For Gawd's sake git 'em away 'fo' Miss Belle comes back! You won't lose . . . When I want yo'"—she spoke aloud now, for the men had stopped laughing to listen—"when I want yo', Rhody Massey, I'll send for yo'."

Oh, the imperiousness in that black woman's voice; it did make me feel like a child!

"That, Miss Massey," sniggered Frank McGowan, "is a delicate mode of intimating that, so far as you're concerned, the audience is over."

I looked at him a minute. But I wasn't hearing him or seeing him. It was Mammy that was pictured in my mind—old Mammy Sinnott, who had never broken a promise (every newspaper man in town knew that) and who never forgot a kindness.

"I guess that's about the size of it, Frankie," I sighed, shrugging my shoulders and walking away.

"You're not giving it up?" he asked, amazed, following me to the door, where Bliss lazily joined us.

But I made no reply, and as we stood for a second talking I saw Mammy, in a swift pantomime, make some agreement with Bunnell. It was done quick as a flash; so quick that I'd have distrusted my own eyes if Bunnell hadn't risen just then and walked out past us.

"I say, what's up?" cried McGowan.

"Nothing's up. Mrs. Jim's down—gone to bed. And I'm not wasting time tackling Mammy Sinnott for a story."

Bunnell turned with a grin and ran down the stairs. I knew that grin; it made me uneasy. And I hesitated for another minute.

"When I want yo', Rhody Massey, I'll send for yo'." The shrewd old negress had read me in a moment. "Ain't thet plain?"

It was—it had to be. There was a big chance in it, anyway. And I took it.

"Are you coming my way, Frankie?" I asked. "Good-night, Mrs. Sinnott."

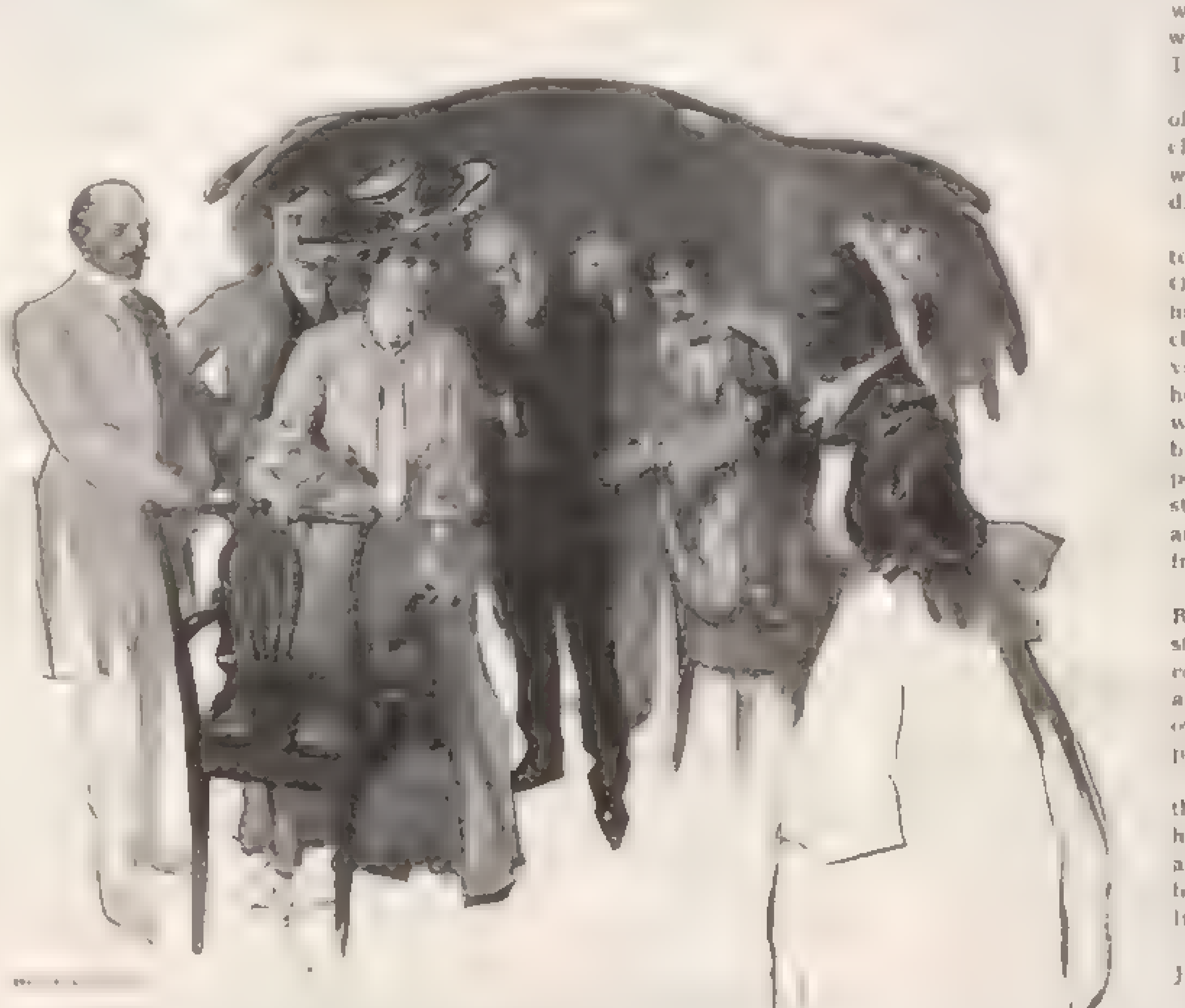
She nodded curtly at the lot of us standing now out in the hall; closed the door quickly behind us and bolted it.

Something in the action aroused McGowan's suspicions.

"I'm not going," he said. "Think I'll camp out for the night right here."

Bliss lit a cigarette. Enderby, of the Express, took out his pipe and sat down on the steps below him. They were still perched there when I turned up the street.

But I didn't sleep well that night. Bunnell's grin haunted me. I dreamed all night that I was scooped, unmercifully scooped. I saw the Times-Record's first page all broken out in 102-type. And though I knew it was a smashing Dilworth story, I couldn't read a line of it to find out what it was about, for Bunnell's face, with the grin still on it, seemed to be printed life-size behind it all over the page.



"WHEN I WANT YO', RHODY MASSEY, I'LL SEND FOR YO'"

I was sick with apprehension when I awoke, so strong was the impression left by that nasty nightmare. I flew to the door and got the Times Record, and there, sure enough, spread out even blacker and bigger than my worst dreams, and under a screaming headline—MAMMY SINNOTT CONFESSES TO A TIMES-RECORD REPORTER; THE PENCIL WILL IS A FORGERY—was a Dilworth story that would shake the town!

It did. All San Francisco roared—with laughter, for that unconscionable, precious old rascal of a colored woman had confided in four different reporters—differently. She told Bunnell that the will was a forgery and that Mrs. Jim knew it was. She confessed to Bliss—calling him in for the purpose from the landing—that the will was a forgery, but that Mrs. Jim innocently supposed it was genuine. She gave Enderby solemn assurance that the will was genuine and that she had secret evidence corroborating it. And she wisely chose little Frank McGowan for a confidant of a last variation—that the will was a forgery; but that it was a true and faithful copy of a genuine will that had been lost.

Perhaps you think Rhoda Massey didn't hug herself and have the laugh on those bewildered men when, on the stand the next morning, Mammy was questioned about her various interviews, and responded with only a twinkle in the depths of her inscrutable black eyes:

"'Tain't no lie to lie to a newspaper reporter thet gets a livin' by tellin' lies!"

When old Brockinton's sins are forgotten, and the scandals of which he is the hero have passed out of newspaper men's memory (which is tenacious), they'll still tell of the great speech he made in the Dilworth case.

I sat not ten feet from him while he was addressing the jury in the last throes of the great struggle—the case had been on for months—and though I couldn't help seeing through the actor's arts, though I knew his declamatory tricks and was so familiar with the case that I could almost anticipate the points he made—in spite of this he thrilled me. I was shivering with excitement when he turned the thing over to the jury at last and took his seat. I couldn't look at Mrs. Jim; to turn a curious eye upon a thing on the rack, as she was, seemed inhuman. She fainted once during the terrible arraignment. McGowan insisted it was done for effect, but I caught Mammy Sinnott's eye as she bent over her applying restoratives, and I saw the agonized truth behind it. When the jury retired and the courtroom cleared she was still sitting with her hand on her heart, her face pale and her eyes staring as though in a stupor. She did not notice when little Jim left her side and ran to me, lifting up his arms and crying, "Take—take Jim!"

I looked over at Mammy.

"Let me take him for a while—till she's feeling better," I said.

"Ain't yo' goin' downtown—to yo' work now?" she asked hesitatingly.

I shook my head. And she went gray under her black skin.

"Yo' reckon it'll be soon, then—the verdict?"

"Everybody seems to think so."

"Thet means it'll be 'gainst Miss Belle?"

I tried to evade and to hide my face behind Jim's golden curls, but you couldn't, with those fierce old eyes upon you, tell anything but the truth. The whole courtroom, now that the judge had withdrawn, was humming with it. McGowan was offering odds that the verdict rejecting the pencil will would be brought in within half an hour.

"Well, take him, then"—Mammy's voice was hard—"but don' yo' be so sure, miss. An' one thing I tell yo' now—ef they do down Miss Belle this time it'll be 'cause the biggest piece of evidence wasn't put in. That! Yo' can say thet in yo' paper fo' me ef yo' want. An' yo' can say thet old Mammy Sinnott'll spend every dollar she's got to see her lamb righted, an' no hatched-up business between lawyers'll stop her. . . . No, yo' needn't look at me thet way—I never cheated yo', did I? I tell yo' it's the truth."

"Then prove it, Mrs. Sinnott. Do you think any editor in town will dare to print anything from you now——"

"Oh, won't he? Won't he print thet ef he can git it?"

She pulled a piece of paper from her satchel—and I almost dropped small Jim Dilworth to the floor. It was the paper Mrs. Jim had flaunted in our eyes the night we all went to interview her, and it made me feel now like a little reportorial donkey before whose nose and just out of reach the most tempting wisp of hay is being pulled along.

"Now, look here, Mammy Sinnott——" I began angrily.

"Sh——! Look here yo'self. I'm a goin' to give it to yo'. I promised myself I would that night yo' got out when I told yo' to. Ef the jury say thet will ain't a true one yo' havin' this now won't hurt us—fo' we'll fight it out in a higher co't, an' we'll use it nex' time. But ef the jury say the pencil will's truly Albert Dilworth's——"

"It won't, Mrs. Sinnott. It's sure as——"

"Then yo' won't mind promising me, ef the jury decides fo' Miss Belle, yo' won't print this in yo' paper. I'll take yo' wo'd—yo' promise, eh?"

Promise? Who wouldn't promise on a sure thing like that? There, in my shaking hand, was a written acknowledgment of the boy's paternity.

"I commend the child known as Jim Dilworth to my wife Muriel. He is my son."

There it was, in black and white—not pencil this time—signed Albert Dilworth, and dated scrupulously; the heart of the Dilworth case at last beating in sight of the world!

Mammy watched me grimly.

"I want yo' to say, ef yo' do put it in the paper, thet Mammy Sinnott saw Albert Dilworth write thet paper; thet she told him ef he didn't write it she'd tell thet stuck-up wife of his the whole bad story befo' he died; thet she kep' it out o' this here trial to save Miss Belle's name; thet even Cochrane don't know 'bout this paper, but thet ef my lamb don' git his rights through the pencil will he'll git 'em this way, or my name ain't Mammy Sinnott. . . . Mind yo' promise now!"

She turned back to Mrs. Jim. I danced out into the hall, Jim in my arms. He crowed and clapped his hands, but he wasn't a bit happier than I. Think what a story! Think what a scoop! Think . . .

There was a stir in the hall ahead of me. It was Brockinton, ushering his client into the judge's chambers, from which he and the judge came out immediately to go to luncheon together.

Think what Mrs. Muriel would say to the document I held in my hand! Oh, I must—I simply had to be the first to tell her of it. If the one forlorn chance in a thousand gave Mrs. Jim the victory her secret would be as safe with her proud sister-in-law and rival as with Mammy herself. If the jury brought in the verdict everybody expected Mrs. Muriel would know the story as soon as the News came out anyway. She must know it now, and from me.

I'd heard the lock click behind Brockinton and the judge, so with Jim still on my arm I hurried back into the courtroom, up behind the judge's seat, and in a minute I had pushed open the other door, and stood in Mrs. Muriel's presence.

It didn't seem like a presence, though. Her widow's bonnet was off, her brown hair was prettily mussed, and her head lay bowed on the desk before her. She was crying—crying like just an ordinary, human woman!

She looked up quickly at the noise Jim made trumpeting through his fists.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dilworth," I said in a rush, "I have just got possession of a document that concerns you deeply, and——"

"You will please excuse me," she said—her voice was still husky with tears; they made it sound strangely soft, very different from the cold, contained one we'd heard from the stand. "On my lawyers' advice I have declined, as I supposed you knew, to speak to any one connected with the newspapers. If you will see Mr. Brockinton he'll no doubt——"

"Look, Mrs. Dilworth!"

I let Jim slip to the floor and held the paper before her. Mechanically she felt for her lorgnette, but before she could get it her shortsighted eyes had recognized the signature. And then——

Then Mrs. Jim Dilworth came tearing in like a whirlwind.

"You—you give me back that paper! What right have you got to show it to her!" she cried.

She snatched it out of my hand before I could think to hide it, and stormed out again, catching Jim up in a passion that made him hold tight as though the arm he rode was a ship in a typhoon.

I turned, hopeless, to Mrs. Muriel.

"I assure you——" I began.

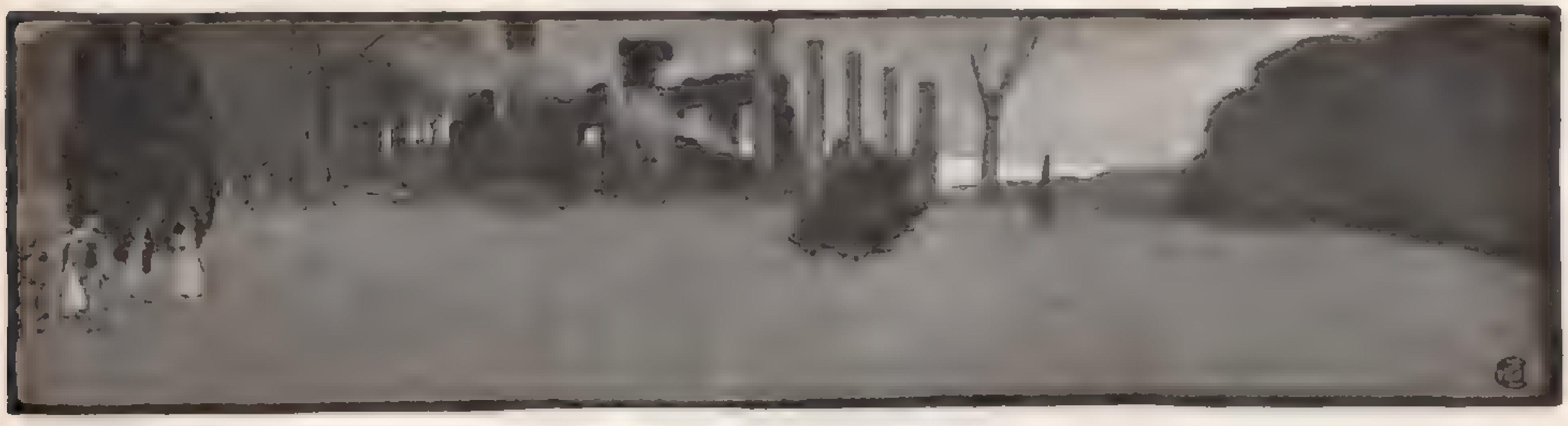
But she waved apology aside.

"Tell me," she interrupted eagerly, "won't you tell me what was in that paper? It's his signature, my husband's name. I caught only that—my eyes are so wretched. I—I—will you please tell me?"

No, I wouldn't. I couldn't—now. For this wasn't the Mrs. Muriel Dilworth I had been watching week after week in the courtroom, with her unchangeable composure, her

(Concluded on Page 40)

A DIARY FROM DIXIE



By Mary Boykin Chesnut

Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, October 20, 1864.—Saw at the Laurens' not only Lizzie Hamilton, a perfect little beauty, but the very table the first Declaration of Independence was written upon. These Laurenses are grandchildren of Henry Laurens, of the first Revolution. Yes, we have yet to make good our second declaration of independence—Southern independence from Yankee meddling and Yankee rule! Hood has written to ask them to send General Chesnut out to command one of his brigades. In whose place?

If Albert Sidney Johnston had lived! Poor old General Lee has no backing. Stonewall would have saved us from Antietam. Sherman will now catch General Lee while Grant waits ahead of him, and while Hood and Thomas are performing an Indian war-dance on the frontier. Hood means to cut his way to Lee; see if he doesn't. The "Yanks" have had a struggle for it. More than once we seemed to have been too much for them. We have been so near to success, it aches one to think of it.

NOVEMBER 6.—Sally Hampton went to Richmond with the Reverend Mr. Martin. She arrived there on Wednesday. On Thursday her father, Wade Hampton, fought a great battle, but just did not win it—a victory narrowly missed. Darkness supervened, and impenetrable woods prevented that longed-for consummation. Preston Hampton rode recklessly into the hottest fire. His father sent his brother, Wade, to bring him back. Wade saw him reel in the saddle, and galloped up to him, General Hampton following. As young Wade reached him Preston fell from his horse. Wade stooped to raise him and was himself shot down. Preston recognized his father, but died without speaking a word. Young Wade, though wounded, held his brother's head up. Tom Taylor and others hurried up. The general took his dead son in his arms, kissed him, and handed his body to Tom Taylor and his friends, bade them take care of Wade, and then rode back to his post. At the head of his troops in the thickest of the fray he directed the fight for the rest of the day. Until night he did not know young Wade's fate; that boy might be dead, too! Now, he says no son of his must be in his command. When Wade recovers he must join some other division. The agony of such a day, and the anxiety and the duties of the battlefield—it is all more than a mere man can bear.

Another letter from Mrs. Davis. She says: "I was dreadfully shocked at Preston Hampton's fate—his untimely fate. I know nothing more touching in history than General Hampton's situation at the supremest moment of his misery, when he sent one son to save the other and saw both fall, and could not know for some moments whether both were not killed."

A thousand dollars have slipped through my fingers already this week. At the commissary's I spent five hundred to-day for candles, sugar and a lamp. Tallow candles are bad enough, but of them there seems to be an end, too. Now we are restricted to smoky, terrabine lamps—terrabine is a preparation of turpentine. When the chimney of the lamp cracks, as crack it will, we plaster up the place with paper, thick old letter paper, preferring the highly glazed kind. In the hunt for paper queer old letters come to light.

NOVEMBER 17.—Although Sherman is in Atlanta he does not mean to stay there, be it Heaven or hell. Fire and the sword are for us here; that is the word. And now I must begin my Columbia life anew and alone. It will be a short shift.

NOVEMBER 28.—We have lost nearly all of our men, and we have no money, and it looks as if we had taught the Yankees how to fight since Manassas. Our best and bravest are under the sod; we shall have to wait till another generation grows up. Here we stand, despair in our hearts, with our houses burning, or about to be, over our heads.

The North has just got things shipshape; a splendid army, perfectly disciplined, with new levies coming in day and night. Their gentry do not go into the ranks. They hardly know there is a war up there.

JANUARY 16, 1865.—My husband is at home once more—for how long I do not know. His aides fill the house, and a group of hopelessly wounded haunt the place. The drilling and the marching go on outside. It rains a flood, with freshet after freshet. The forces of Nature are befriending us, for our enemies have to make their way through swamps.

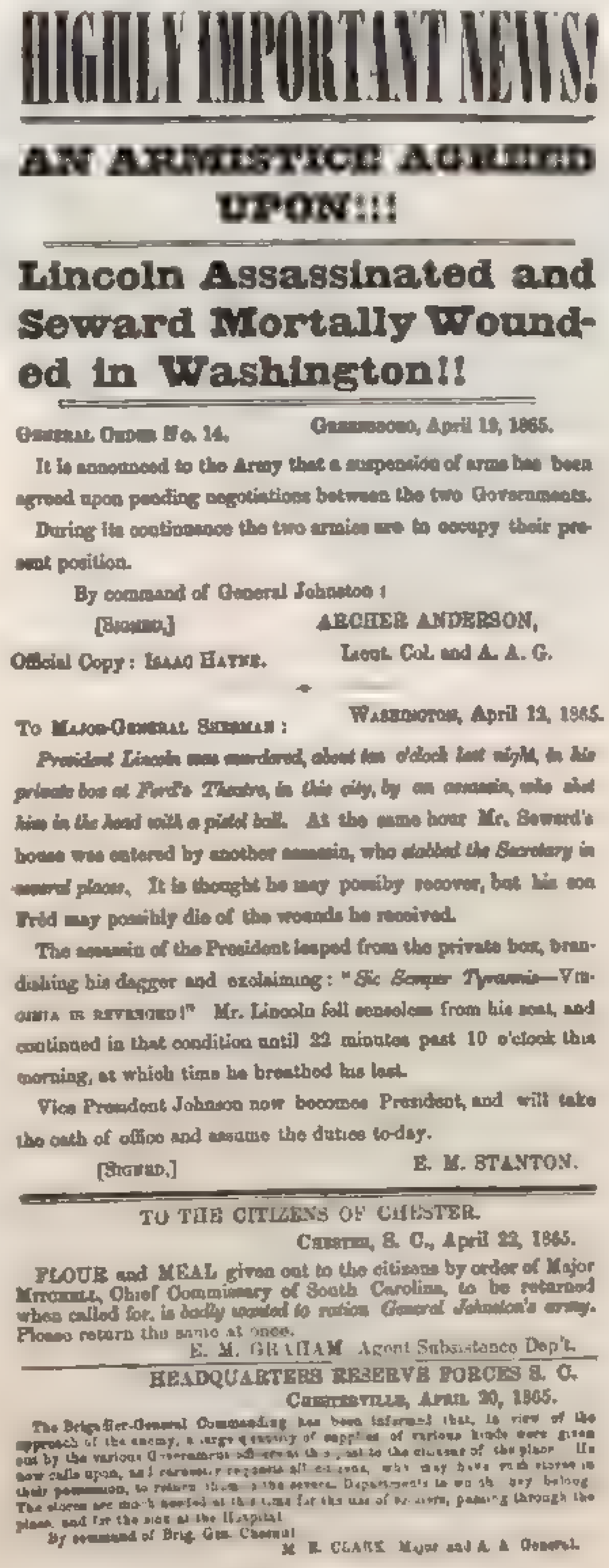
A month ago my husband wrote me a letter which I promptly suppressed after showing it to Mrs. McCord. He warned us to make ready, for the end had come. Our resources were exhausted, and the means of resistance could not be found. We could not bring ourselves to believe it; and now, he thinks, with the railroads all blown up, the swamps made impassable by the freshets, which have no time to subside, so constant is the rain, and the negroes utterly apathetic (would they be so if they saw us triumphant?), if we had but an army to seize the opportunity we might do something. But there are no troops: that is the real trouble.

To-day Mrs. McCord exchanged $16,000 in Confederate bills for $300 in gold—sixteen thousand for three hundred!

JANUARY 17.—At church to-day a great railroad character was called outside. He soon returned and whispered something to Joe Johnston, and they went out together. Somehow the whisper moved around to us that Sherman was at Branchville. "Grant us patience, good Lord," was prayed aloud. "Not Ulysses Grant, good Lord," murmured Teddy profanely. Hood came yesterday. He is staying at the Prestons' with Jack. They sent for us. What a heartfelt greeting he gave us. He can stand well enough without his crutch, but he does very slow walking. How plainly he spoke out dreadful words about "my defeat and discomfiture; my army destroyed, my losses," etc., etc. He said he had nobody to blame but himself. A telegram from Beauregard to-day to my husband. He does not know whether Sherman intends to advance on Branchville, Charleston or Columbia.

Isabella said: "Maybe you attempted the impossible," and began one of her merriest stories. Jack Preston touched me on the arm, and we slipped out. "He did not hear a word she was saying. He has forgotten us all. Did you notice how he stared in the fire? And the lurid spots which came out in his face and the drops of perspiration that stood on his forehead?" "Yes. He is going over some bitter scene; he sees Willie Preston with his heart shot away. He sees the panic at Nashville and the dead on the battlefield at Franklin." "That agony on his face comes again and again," said tender hearted Jack. "I can't keep him out of those absent fits."

LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA, February 16.—A change has come o'er the spirit of my dream. Dear old quire of yellow, coarse, Confederate home-made paper, here you are again. An age of anxiety and suffering has passed over my head since last I wrote and wept over your forlorn pages.



HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS!

AN ARMISTICE AGREED UPON!!!

Lincoln Assassinated and Seward Mortally Wounded in Washington!!

GENERAL ORDER No. 14. GREENSBORO, April 19, 1865.

It is announced to the Army that a suspension of arms has been agreed upon pending negotiations between the two Governments.

During its continuance the two armies are to occupy their present position.

By command of General Johnston:

[SIGNED.] ARCHER ANDERSON,
Lieut. Col. and A. A. G.

Official Copy: ISAAC HAYNE.

◆

TO MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN: WASHINGTON, April 12, 1865.

President Lincoln was murdered, about ten o'clock last night, in his private box at Ford's Theatre, in this city, by an assassin, who shot him in the head with a pistol ball. At the same hour Mr. Seward's house was entered by another assassin, who *stabbed the Secretary in several places.* It is thought he may possibly recover, but his son Fred may possibly die of the wounds he received.

The assassin of the President leaped from the private box, brandishing his dagger and exclaiming: "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*—VIRGINIA IS REVENGED!" Mr. Lincoln fell senseless from his seat, and continued in that condition until 22 minutes past 10 o'clock this morning, at which time he breathed his last.

Vice President Johnson now becomes President, and will take the oath of office and assume the duties to-day.

[SIGNED.] E. M. STANTON.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CHESTER.

CHESTER, S. C., April 22, 1865.

FLOUR and MEAL given out to the citizens by order of Major MITCHELL, Chief Commissary of South Carolina, to be returned when called for, is *badly wanted to ration General Johnston's army.* Please return the same at once.

E. M. GRAHAM Agent Subsistance Dep't.

HEADQUARTERS RESERVE FORCES S. C.

CHESTERVILLE, APRIL 20, 1865.

The Brigadier-General Commanding has been informed that, in view of the approach of the enemy, a large quantity of supplies of various kinds were given out by the various Government officers at this post to the citizens of the place. He now calls upon, and earnestly requests all citizens, who may have such stores in their possession, to return them to the several Departments to which they belong. The stores are much needed at this time for the use of soldiers, passing through the place, and for the sick at the Hospital.

By command of Brig. Gen. Chesnut

M. R. CLARK Major and A. A. General.

REPRODUCED FROM A NEWSPAPER EXTRA OF 1865

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last installment of these extracts from the War journal of Mrs. Chesnut, whose husband, a former Senator from South Carolina, was later an aide to Jefferson Davis and prominent in the Confederacy.

GOVERNOR PICKENS, THE WAR GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA

My ideas of those last days are confused. The Martins left Columbia the Friday before I did, and Mammy, the negro woman, who had nursed them, refused to go with them. That daunted me. Then Mrs. McCord, who was to send her girls with me, changed her mind. She sent them upstairs in her house and actually took away the staircase.

Then I met Mr. Christopher Hampton, arranging to take off his sisters. They were flitting, but were to go only as far as Yorkville. He said it was time to move on. Sherman was at Orangeburg, barely a day's journey from Columbia.

February 18.—Here I am, thank God, settled at the McLeans', in a clean, comfortable room, airy and cozy. With a grateful heart I stir up my own bright wood fire. My bill for four days at this splendid hotel here was $240, with twenty-five dollars additional for fire. But once more my lines have fallen in pleasant places.

February 21.—Charleston and Wilmington have surrendered. I have no further use for a newspaper. I never want to see another one as long as I live. Wade Hampton has been made a lieutenant-general, too late. If he had been made one and given command in South Carolina six months ago I believe he would have saved us. Shame, disgrace, beggary all have come at once, and are hard to bear—the grand smash!

Rain, rain, outside, and naught but drowning floods of tears inside. I could not bear it, so I rushed down in that rainstorm to the Martins'. Reverend Mr. Martin met me at the door. "Madam," said he, "Columbia is burned to the ground." I bowed my head and sobbed aloud. "Stop that!" he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "Come here, wife," he called to Mrs. Martin. "This woman cries with her whole heart, just as she laughs." But in spite of his words his voice broke, and he was hardly calmer than myself.

February 25.—Mrs. Munroe took up my photograph-book, in which I have a picture of all the Yankee generals. "I want to see the men who are to be our masters," said she. "Not mine," I answered, "come what may." This was a free fight. We had as much right to fight to get out as they had to fight to keep us in. If they try to play the masters, anywhere upon the habitable globe will I go, never to see a Yankee, and if I die on the way so much the better." Then I sat down and wrote to my husband in language much worse than anything I dare set down in this diary. As I wrote I was blinded by tears of rage. Indeed, I nearly wept myself away.

February 26.—Mrs. Munroe offered me religious books, which I declined, being already provided with the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the Psalms of David, the denunciations of Hosea, and, above all, the patient wail of Job. Job is my comforter now. I should be so thankful to know life never would be any worse with me. My husband is well, and has been ordered to join the great retreater. I am bodily comfortable, if somewhat dingily lodged, and I daily part with my raiment for food. We find no one who will exchange eatables for Confederate money; so we are devouring our clothes.

March 5.—Is the sea drying up? Is it going up in mist and coming down on us in a waterspout? The rain it raineth every day. The weather typifies one's tearful despair on a large scale. It is also Lent now—a quite convenient custom, for we, in truth, have nothing to eat. So we fast and pray and go dragging to church like drowned rats, to be preached at.

My letter from my husband was so—well, what in a woman you would call heartbroken, that I began to get ready for a run up to Charlotte. My hat was on my head, my traveling-bag in my hand, and Ellen was saying, "Which umbrella, ma'am?" "Stop, Ellen," said I, "some one is speaking out there." A tap came at the door, and Miss McLean threw the door wide open as she said in a triumphant voice: "Permit me to announce General Chesnut." As she went off she sang out: "Oh, does not a meeting like this make amends?"

We went after luncheon to see Mrs. Munroe. My husband wanted to thank her for all her kindness to me. I was awfully proud of him. I had ceased to think everybody had the air and manners of a gentleman. I know now that those accomplishments are things to thank God for. Father O'Connell was there fresh from Columbia, and with news at last. Sherman's men had burned the convent. Mrs. Munroe had pinned her faith to Sherman because he was a Roman Catholic, but Father O'Connell was there and saw it. The nuns and girls marched to the old Hampton house (Mrs. Preston's now), and so saved it. They walked between files of soldiers. Men were rolling tar barrels and lighting torches to fling on the house when the nuns came. Columbia is but dust and ashes, burned to the ground. Men, women and children have been left there homeless, houseless, and without one particle of food—reduced to picking up corn that was left by Sherman's horses on picket grounds, and parching it to stay their hunger.

March [illegible].—To-day came a Godsend. Even a small piece of bread and molasses had become things of the past. My larder was empty, when a tall mulatto woman brought a tray covered by a huge white serviette. Ellen ushered her in with a flourish, saying, "Mrs. McDaniel's maid." The maid set down the tray upon my bare table, and uncovered it with conscious pride. There were fowls ready for roasting, sausages, butter, bread, eggs and preserves. I was dumb with delight. After silent thanks to Heaven, my powers of speech returned and I exhausted myself in messages of gratitude to Mrs. McDaniel.

Missis, you oughtn't to let her see how glad you was," said Ellen. "It was a lettin' of yo'se'f down."

IN THE GROUNDS OF HAMPTON HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. JOHN PRESTON

GENERAL PRESTON, A CLOSE FAMILY FRIEND OF THE CHESNUTS

March 8.—A woman we met on the street stopped to tell us a painful coincidence. A general was married, but he could not stay at home very long after the wedding. When his baby was born they telegraphed him, and he sent back a rejoicing answer with an inquiry, "Is it a boy or a girl?" He was killed before he got the reply. Was it not sad? His poor young wife says, "He did not live to hear that his son lived." The kind woman added sorrowfully, "Died and did not know the sect of his child." "Let us hope it will be a Methodist," said Isabella, the irrepressible.

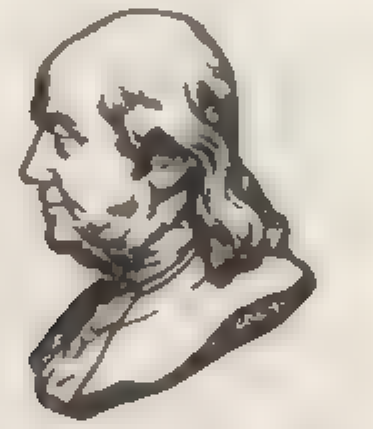
Chester, South Carolina, March 27.—To-day Stephen D. Lee's corps marched through—only to surrender. The camp songs of these men were a heartbreak: so sad, yet so stirring. They would have warmed the blood of an Icelander. The leading voice was powerful, mellow, clear, distinct, pathetic, sweet. So I sat down, as women have done before, when they hung up their harps by strange streams, and I wept the bitterness of such weeping. Music? Away, away! Thou speakest to me of things which in all my long life I have not found, and I shall not find. There they go, the gay and gallant few, doomed, the last gathering of the flower of Southern pride, to be killed, or, worse, to a prison. They continue to prance by, light and jaunty. They march with as airy a tread as if they still believed the world was all on their side, and that there were no Yankee bullets for the unwary. What will Joe Johnston do with them now?

March 20.—I said to General Preston to-day: I pass my days and nights partly at this window. I am sure our army is silently dispersing. Men are passing the wrong way all the time. They slip by with no songs and no shouts now. They have given the thing up. See for yourself. Look there! For a while the streets were thronged with soldiers, and then they were empty again. But the marching now is without tap of drum.

April 7.—Richmond has fallen, and I have no heart to write about it. Grant broke through our lines and Sherman cut through them. Stoneman is this side of Danville. They are too many for us. Everything is lost in Richmond, even our archives. Blue-black is our horizon. Hood says we shall all be

(*Concluded on Page 30*)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year
In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Circulation of The Saturday Evening Post of February 4 was

766,000 Copies

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

When the Shadows Lengthen

THERE may be, as some scientists allege, "no reason why a man couldn't live to be a hundred and fifty years old"; but there are several reasons why he wouldn't and shouldn't

The great happiness in life is in associations. The man who lives far beyond eighty finds himself alone. The stimulus of life comes in the belief that one will see in his lifetime vast and radical improvements. As a man lives on after sixty or seventy he sees clearly that progress, swift in one sense, is slow and stumbling in another sense — that though he lived to celebrate his two hundredth birthday he would still be unable to note the creeping retreat of the shadows before the sunrise of the golden age

Not how to live long, but how to live well, is the problem of life. Do you know a man mad on the subject of living on and on who is not a mass of egotism and selfishness?

Hot Weather and Cold

EACH year, in increasing numbers, the people whose means enable them to move about freely fly from the cold weather, and try to make of their year one long spring and summer. Those who must stay where it is cold can console themselves with the thought that at least their hardships are not to be without reward

St. Petersburg is full of miserably poor people, living as Americans would not quarter a dog; yet St. Petersburg's death-rate is the lowest of the European cities. The intense cold prevents disease, compels health. A few die of exposure; tens of thousands are made hardier, healthier, longer-lived

No more than hot weather is cold weather the cause of sickness. Hot and cold weather, disease gets its hold through imprudence about diet. But in cold weather one, as a rule, suffers less from those imprudences because they are chiefly excesses, and in the body's hotter winter fires the rubbish is more easily consumed.

The Home Market in Education

IN A CONVERSATION with the American Ambassador, Kaiser Wilhelm said he had in his head an idea which might help the useful work of drawing the American and German peoples together. It was that American professors and scholars should lecture in Germany, and German professors and scholars should lecture in America. He believed this interchange would be highly beneficial. Doubtless much good would result from it, but so far the suggestion has not found much favor.

Cecil Rhodes proposed a great scheme in his Oxford scholarships, and left the money to make it successful There was, at first, widespread interest in this country. To win one of the prizes, carrying, as it did, $1500 a year and extraordinary advantages, seemed an opportunity of a large and attractive sort. Nothing like it was ever before known When, therefore, the contests for the scholarships were thrown open the small number of contestants caused surprise

We have here two new illustrations of America's appreciation of itself. Our scholars consider the Western Hemisphere, with its fresh energy and strong purpose and general hustle a finer field than the Old World with all its history and ripness. Our young men would rather learn the lessons that their own schools can teach than spend four or five years in the best classrooms of England.

We have been boasting of the home market in business for a good many years. Now we seem to be exalting into proper pride our home market in education.

A Little Test's Big Consequences

HERE is a case worth the attention of young men who have ambitions to reach the higher honors:

Eight years ago men who managed in politics — not the vulgar bosses we read about in the papers, but the powers who select and direct far ahead — had their eyes upon a young man for a very important nomination. He had good character and a clean record, and he had won financial success His standing was excellent and his future seemed secure. But it was decided to test him; so he was appointed on a local commission of the kind usually filled by leading citizens — a place with little pay but of considerable honor. There was no compulsion in the work; it all rested with the commissioners, and this man chose to take his duty lightly and to let the others perform the labor. He looked upon the whole thing as a mere compliment which he had fully returned by consenting to accept. He was negligent in attending meetings, and he seldom figured in the proceedings. When the nomination came along he did not get it. Twice afterward he was the leading candidate for Federal appointment, and twice he was passed by. Recently he made a supreme effort. He was backed by letters and petitions and delegations of the strongest sort. His cause appeared invincible, but at the crisis the appointing power was told the story of the commission. "He is not the man for the place" was the decision, and the appointment went to — whom? Why, to a man who had served on the same commission, but who, having made something of his opportunity, won the confidence of the men who had laid plans for the other fellow.

Every day a man is being tested in some way, and he will rise or fail to rise, or fall, by the result. If the secrets of politics or business could be laid bare they would show why many apparently worthy persons almost, but not quite, reach their goals

Corrupt Acquiescence

ALL at once the whole nation seems to be wide awake on the subject of graft, political and industrial. Everybody is talking wisely and from the right viewpoint on these abstruse matters, and apparently the millennium is at hand. But — when the ground hog comes out in February to test the state of the weather he goes back into his hole if he sees his shadow. He knows that premature sunshine means another plunge into winter. It may be that this burst of sunshine on current conditions is of the same deceptive kind.

"There is a lot of talk about the weather," said Mark Twain, "but nothing is done." Talking, however luminously, about graft and grafters, and frenzied politics, finance and industry, will not avail much. The cause of the whole unsightly mess is untouched. For that cause is not the superhuman wickedness and superhuman strength of the men who rob and oppress, but our own incapacity to make the necessary intelligent exertions in defense of our rights.

Thieves Who Go Free

AN INDIVIDUAL corporation was launched a few years ago, with some of the most respectable and conspicuous rich men as its directors. The stock was quoted low, and remained in the hands of the directors. Presently they declared a dividend, at once the value of the stock in the market almost doubled — the public said: "Here is evidently an excellent enterprise, profitable already and backed by some of our best men." The directors sold out and retired. It was shown, in proceedings begun by a new stockholder, that the dividend had been "faked," not earned. When the new stockholder convinced the directors who had sold out and retired that he was in earnest they quieted him and criminal prosecution by paying back the "fake" dividend. But — *they did not pay back to the public a penny of the money they had stolen by selling out at the high price made by the "fake" dividend*

That is, these respectable and conspicuous men are guilty of grand larceny. But they are losing no sleep over it They have not lost standing. They are simply sundry millions "to the good." And on Sunday mornings they sit in church and deplore the increasing wickedness of their fellowmen

There are several morals to this typical tale. And they are all obvious

Money to Burn

WHEN all the warships now authorized are built we shall be the third naval power in the world — England being first, and France second. If Secretary Morton gets the appropriations he wants we shall be the second naval power, excelled by England alone

"We need not wish to rival England," says Mr Morton "England is not at all likely to make war on us."

That seems a very lame excuse for not sinking a thousand millions more in warships that will be junk within a decade or so. With no navy at all, in any proper sense, and with European nations hostile, in manner at least, we yet succeeded in enforcing upon them every demand we ever made — and some of those demands were rather stiff. Therefore, our big navy can only be for show, for making the eagle scream. Why, then, should we let England surpass us? "Beat Britain or bust" should be our motto. If the other fellow lights his cigar with a ten-dollar bill, out with a hundred-dollar bill to light ours!

Is the Woman to Blame?

SEVERAL preachers are leading in one of those periodic outbursts of repetition of the painful scene in the Garden of Eden when Adam remarked: "The woman tempted me, and I did eat" A woman at the bottom of everything bad, say some of these men.

But are these critics either true or just? Is it woman, or is it man's idea of woman? If a man makes a fool of himself for a woman is the woman to blame?

Woman has suffered much in the past from man's habit of exaggerating her and of tempting her to exaggerate herself Isn't it about time to recognize the truth that the human being, man or woman, is responsible for his or her own destiny, that inspiration to good or to evil comes from within?

"*Cherchez la femme*" is shallow. Character is the commander-in-chief of a man's destiny — not luck or woman.

Alas, the Poor Bachelor!

ONCE more the bachelors are being threatened by the legislators with all sorts of punishments, in the hope of frightening them into matrimony. These legislators and their backers denounce the bachelor as a monster of selfishness, a wretch who shirks the highest duties and responsibilities of life.

The advocates of matrimony are hardly as discreet as they are earnest. Are they not making the bachelor the more resolute in his lonely way by thus representing matrimony as a state of grievous travail which it is not a pleasure, but a grave duty, for man to enter? Would they not act more wisely and with better results if, instead of threatening the bachelor, they treated him as an object of pity, as one deserving of great consideration, because he, through ignorance or feeble-mindedness or lack of fascinations, was denied the joy and bliss of headship of a family?

Beware of the Dog

THAT the dog habit is growing, especially among the women, is a statement in proof of which no statistics need be brought.

It cannot be disputed that the dog-cult is good for dogs. But how about their masters and mistresses? How about these men and women who give to lower animals time, and thought, and care, and love — above all, love — which they deny to their fellow men and women — and to children? Is it good for one's character, does it tend to make one better, this cogitating hours on hours about making a dog comfortable and happy, this treating it as if it were one's child? Is it elevating to nurse and caress and serve a dog?

Those who have fallen into the habit may perhaps be excused for keeping on, since to stop would be cruelty to an animal. But those contemplating the acquisition of the habit — ought not they to reflect, to be warned, to withstand the temptation?

A Correction

IN AN article which appeared in the December 31st, 1904, number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Mr. Robert Donald, the editor of the London Daily Chronicle, was mentioned as having been at supper in Rector's New York restaurant one evening last year. Mr. Donald wishes us to correct this statement, as he has not, he says, ever been inside of the restaurant mentioned

We are very glad to make the desired correction, and at the same time to express our regret for the error.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

CHAPTER XII

IT WAS the most interesting case I have ever had," wrote M. Châtelard in the third volume of his Psychologie Féminine, "and the most abnormal. The illness, caused by shock, concussion — call it what you will — was benign, yet it was long. There was a little fever, a little delirium *un petit délire très doux, tout poétique, que, plongé dans mon vieux fauteuil de chêne, au milieu du silence de cet antique manoir, j'écoutais presqu'avec plaisir. Un gazouillement d'oiseau ; une âme de femme, errant comme Psyché elle-même, sur les fleurs dans les jardins embaumés ; délicates puérilités parfumées de la vie. Jamais une note de passion. Jamais un cri de ce cœur si profondément blessé.*

"And when later, by almost imperceptible steps, we drew the gentle creature back to health, the singular phenomenon persisted

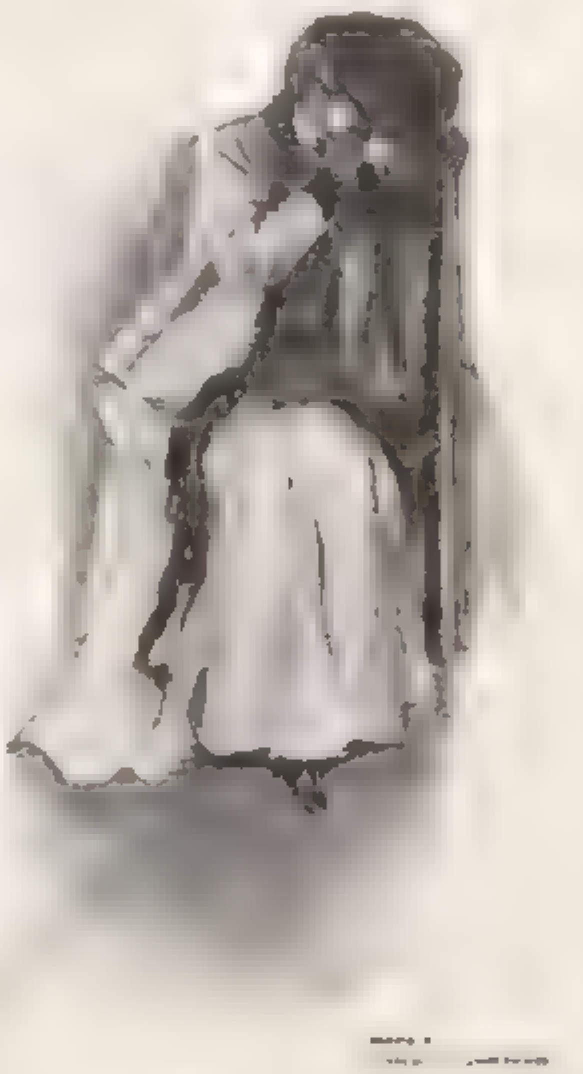
"We physicians are, of course, accustomed in similar circumstances to find a strong distaste in the patient suffering from shock to any effort of memory. Memory, indeed, by one of those marvelous dispensations of Nature, is reluctant to bring back the events which have caused the mischief. But with the beautiful Lady G—— (it is always thus I must recall her) there was something more than the mere recoil of weakness. . . .

"*On eût pu croire que cette âme brisée de passion, abreuvée de douleur, s'était dit qu'elle n'en voulait plus ; qu'elle n'en pouvait plus Ce n'était pas, ici, les souvenirs, qui faisaient défaut. Je l'ai trop observée pour m'y méprendre. En avait-elle des souvenirs et d'assez poignants, mon Dieu!* . . . (But with a strength of will which surprised me in her state, she put these memories from her and deliberately lived in the present.) *Elle goûtait son présent, elle savourait la paix voluptueuse de sa convalescence*

"*Je n'ai qu'à fermer les yeux pour la revoir, sur son lit — longue, blanche et belle Je revois ce jeune teint — divinement jeune sous cette grande chevelure d'argent ; cet air de lys au soleil, à la fois languissant et mystérieusement heureux. Ces yeux noyés dans une pensée profonde Ces lèvres entr'ouvertes par un léger sourire. A qui rêvait-elle — à quoi? Cette belle bouche muette n'en soufflait jamais mot*

"Of the three who had loved her, for whom was that smile? Certes, not for the poor Sir! And of the other two? (I must here frankly set down the humiliating admission, to me, that woman was and remains Sphinx — yes, Sphinx, even to me, her physician, who beheld her, watched, tended her, through all those moments of suffering, weakness, *défaillance* where the soul reveals itself) Which of the two, then, reigned in her secret dream? The sardonic major, who had tracked her till she could escape him no longer, whose love was merciless? There are women, and many, who would never know passion but for defeat. The husband? The reincarnated ghost? Well reincarnated, that one! the most virile type that I ever met. Nature of fire, born lover, under all his reticence of English gentleman and soldier. I have seen that face of his, half bronze, half marble, grow crimson and white within the minute, as I spoke to him of the woman, the while there would not be a tremble in the hand that held his pipe. I will confess he had all my sympathy; he was worthy of her But she — why, to this day I ask myself: does the man who possesses her know the secret of her heart?

"The day after the damaged motor had carried away the poor Governor — *machine détraquée, clopin-clopant, symbole de cette vie qui jusqu'ici semblait rouler en triomphe et qui, désormais, se traînera si gauchement* — the day following Sir G——'s departure, I say, the Major B—— also left. It was the very least he could have done. And after the astounding fact of his betrothal to the pretty little Miss C——, I myself felt his presence antipathetic. . . . Ah, but a strategist, that officer of Guides, strategist of the first order! A masterly move, that betrothal, to disarm any possible suspicion of his friend, and keep the while a footing in his beloved's house! But the little one, she deserved better . . . *délicieuse enfant!* With what innocent eyes she looked at me when I told her that, above all things, she must not whisper to my patient a word of her engagement 'Understand well, miss,' said I to her; and was ashamed of myself thus to join with him who was deceiving her. 'It is because the least agitation, even a happy one, must be avoided.' 'Ah, that is why,' said she, 'you will not let her poor husband go to her?' 'That is why,' I replied, dissembling. 'Above all things, above all things, she must not be hurried.'"



SHE HERSELF HAD SHED TORRENTS OF TEARS

She must not be hurried!

"If she wants me?" had said Harry English to Doctor Châtelard in that dawn hour of dire omen

"My dear sir," had answered the other, "immediately, of course!"

Rosamond lay, restored to those that loved her, a pale rose among her white tresses, and Harry English still waited her summons.

Still waiting!

"Above all," repeated the genial physician, who had stood by them so stoutly in their hour of trouble, as he took his reluctant departure from a house where his presence was, obviously, no longer needed, and where yet — unfortunate psychologist! — he had failed to probe the story to the core, "above all, she must not be hurried!"

These were his farewell instructions

It seemed to him that the patient husband had a strange smile on hearing this admonition

"How much does he know?" asked Châtelard of himself, clinging with characteristic pertinacity to his peculiar interpretation of events "How much does he suspect?"

Never before, perhaps, had the active minded and gregarious Frenchman found himself thus regretting the prospect of a return to the congenial movement of his native city. But it was with a definite sense of reluctance that, on this March morning, he drove away through the budding orchard trees, leaving the Old Ancient House and all the desolate moorland behind him. This lonely, antique habitation still held close the enigma of lives in which he had become deeply interested — interested, not only with that vivid intelligence which was ever eager to know, but with the warmth of a very excellent heart. He would dearly have loved to know, true; but, above all, he would dearly have loved to help

"*Eh, Dieu sait,*" he sighed, as the fly jingled and bumped over the grass grown avenue, "*Dieu sait ce qui va se passer là bas, maintenant que je n'y suis plus*

He gave a lingering look at the twisted chimney-stacks against the pale sky before setting his face for Paris Ville Lumière, once more

"She must not be hurried — until she asks for me, then " had resolved Harry English, "I will wait."

And at first, indeed, it seemed as if the waiting could not be hard For with the young year had come hopes to the Old Ancient House. And with Rosamond turning to life in her room upstairs under the gables, he who loved her could well afford to sit with patience below.

Yet time went by, and the summons came not.

Upon that first blessed morning, indeed, when after all these long days she had awakened at last, and looked upon the world with seeing eyes once more, Rosamond had whispered to Aspasia

"Harry — is he here?"

The girl's heart had leaped with joy

"Yes," came her eager answer. "Will you see him?"

Like a little Mercury, one foot poised, hand outstretched to grasp the happy moment, Aspasia stood ready to take flight upon her errand of comfort. But the pale woman in the bed shrank. The old shy withdrawal from the thought of emotion — as once from sorrow, now from joy — seemed to be upon her.

"Not yet," she faintly sighed

And, day by day, the singular little scene was reenacted. In defiance of doctor's orders, Baby — with the sense of that other's hungry disappointment heavy upon her heart — would put her query ever more pleadingly

"Will you not see him? Can you not see him? May it not be for to-day?"

But ever would come the same reply, while long lids sank over the timid eyes, and a slow color mounted in the transparent face

"Not yet"

Then the woman would fall back in her secret dream, lying long hours in that quietude at which her physician marveled, while he welcomed its healing power. It was a pause in life. So the young mother may lie and hold her infant in her languid arms and be happy because of its very weakness and incompleteness, and deem it more safely her own that it has yet no speech for her, no will to meet hers, even no power of love with which to answer hers.

It is harder to be patient in happiness than in sorrow. These days of waiting began to tell upon Harry English more than all the years had done.

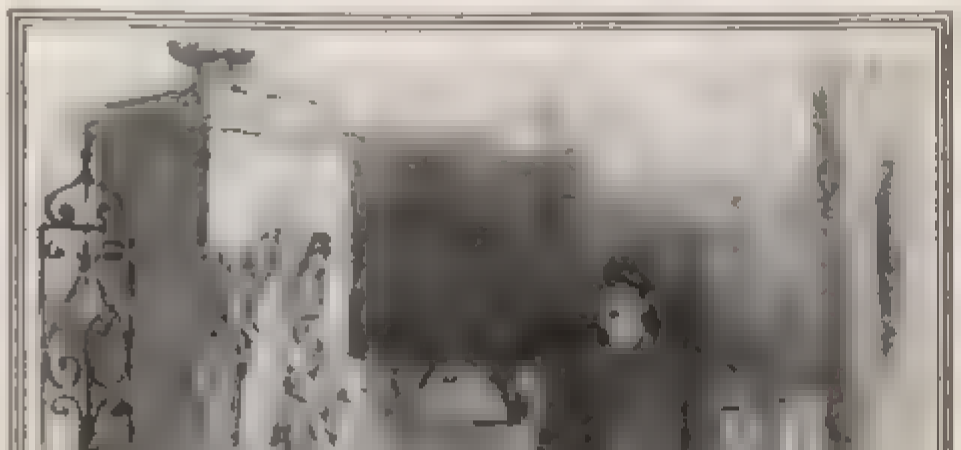
Yet it was idle to say: "She must not be hurried," since time marches with us all, whether we will or no, and, with time, the events which change our destiny. The most guarded being cannot escape the influence of those lives with which Fate has thrown his fortune, and Rosamond was destined at last to be shaken out of her dreams by the combined energies of other fortunes.

M. Châtelard had been gone some time. The green buds were swelling over the March land. The convalescent had been promoted to her armchair for an hour or two daily, when a telegram summoned Harry English to London.

Bethune had undertaken all the preliminary official steps for his friend. Now the moment could not be delayed when the missing officer must give his personal explanations. The excuse of his wife's danger could no longer be maintained for his absence: he had to leave the old house without having seen her again.

For two mornings after his departure, Baby entered her aunt's room to find her lying among a bower of flowers. The husband was pleading for himself, wooing his love for the third time. At first he sent no word with his gift, but let these most gracious messengers speak in fragrance. Aspasia was wise enough to hold her tongue upon the subject. Even to her downright perceptions, the silence which enwrapped the invalid seemed stirred, palpitating with the awakening of emotions, just as, all over the land, after her winter sleep, the earth was stirred, palpitating, to the promise of spring

The third morning the girl was singularly late in making her appearance; but Rosamond did not seem to miss her. She rested, smiling, among her pillows, her diaphanous hand infolding the letter that Mary had (with a subdued look of triumph) brought her on top of an open box overflowing with lilies-of-the-valley.



HE CAME WITH GREAT STRIDES THROUGH THE OLD GHOSTLIKE TREES

THE RETAIL PRICES OF THE JAMES MEANS SHOE FOR MEN ARE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, NAMELY

$2.50 and $3.00

DELIVERY FREE!!

GOODYEAR WELT

JAMES MEANS SHOE

BE SURE THAT THE ABOVE FAMOUS TRADE MARK IS STAMPED ON THE SOLE

A trade-mark shoe is one upon which the manufacturer's reputation is staked all the time.

THE JAMES MEANS SHOE

FOR MEN

(called by the trade "The Pioneer") has been widely known and highly regarded for more than a quarter of a century. It is sold by leading retailers, but if *your* retailers cannot supply you we will send, *delivery free,* to any postoffice or express office in the U. S. on receipt of price — $2.50 or $3.00, according to style. We make these goods in great variety. Many styles carried constantly in stock at factory. Drop us a postal card and we will send you instructions for measuring and ordering.

Ask for *Booklet No. 4.* It illustrates our various styles.

Our [illegible] System of self-measurement insures accuracy of fit.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU NEED NOW

MODEL No. 1584

JAMES MEANS SHOE

FOXED BLUCHER KRAKNIT PATENT LEATHER NEW YORK TOE IDEAL SHOE FOR [illegible] WEAR

PRICE $3.00 Delivered Free in the U. S.

THE HEAVIER WEAR YOU NEED MODEL No. 1593 BOX CALF LACE BAL PRICE Delivered free in U. S. $3.00

TO ALL RETAILERS OF SHOES.—If the agency for this celebrated line of shoes has not been established in your vicinity we are prepared to make you [illegible] Send postal [illegible] cover the [illegible] from [illegible] district? Ask for Booklet 4

CHARLES A. EATON CO.
MAKERS
BROCKTON, MASS.

Rosamond's first love letter had come to her blent with the same perfume. The acrid sweetness rose like a greeting, an intangible intermingling of past and present. It spoke more eloquently than ever his words. She drew the flowers slowly from their case. Below all, nestling beneath the waxen bells, she found one deep-hearted dark crimson rose.

She held it to her lips, the while she read his letter.

And so Baby's presence was not missed. At midday she rushed into the room and flung herself upon the bed with so much of her old impetuosity that Rosamond sat up, startled at first, then smiling.

"What is it, Baby? What a little face of blushes."

In the midst of her own turmoil of emotion, Baby's faithful heart leaped with joy. Rosamond had not spoken with that natural air these months.

"What is it?" repeated the woman, smiling.

Aspasia edged along the bed till her hot cheeks were hidden on Rosamond's neck. Then she thrust out her left hand blindly for inspection.

"Look."

"What——?"

Yes, in very truth, Rosamond was laughing.

"What is it, Baby? . . . Ah—"

Baby moved her long musician fingers slowly one after the other, and finally stuck out the third.

"Ah," cried Rosamond again, sharply.

"She has seen," thought Aspasia, and was fain to raise her winsome countenance to behold the effect of the great surprise.

"Is it possible," said the other slowly; "or are you playing me some trick?"

"A trick!" echoed Aspasia indignantly. "No such thing!" She surveyed the important hand with head on one side and an air of great complacency. Yet never had it appeared a more childish object. Upon the pink outthrust finger the wedding ring seemed absurdly misplaced.

"Baby, Baby, how is it you have never told me? Major Bethune, of course?"

"Yes," said the bride, suddenly shy. "They would not let me tell you. Idiots!"

The next instant the two women were clasped in each other's arms, both crying a little as they kissed.

"There, now," cried the new wife, at last awakening to the conviction that she was hardly carrying out the doctor's instructions —and, indeed, it was evident that, left to her own devices, Aspasia had peculiar views upon the art of breaking news—"there, now, this won't do. You lie still, and I'll tell you everything."

Placidly enough to reassure a more anxious nurse, Rosamond obeyed, her hand creeping down to her letter once more. This was but a surface agitation, after all—there was only one in the world who had power to stir the deeps.

Aspasia knelt down by the bed and began to pour forth her story. . . . They had been engaged, oh, ever so long, but she never would have dreamed of anything so preposterous as marriage, especially now—not for ages, at least; but Raymond had ramped. . . .

It was only from the youthful Mrs. Bethune's picturesque tongue that such a description of Bethune's reticent wooing could have fallen.

And then something had happened, out there, and his blessed leave was curtailed, and, he had said, he positively would not go without her. "And so," said Baby, laughing and crying together, as pretty and absurd a spring bride as it was possible to see, "so he came down from London yesterday—with a special license in his pocket—he went to the inn, but he came to see me last night. I don't know how it happened, but we were married this morning, at the little church—you know, your little church, Aunt Rosamond. . . . Did you ever hear of such a thing? Without a trousseau, without a present, without a lawyer, without a cake! And I am going to Vienna for my honeymoon."

She laughed a little wildly, and dabbed her wet cheeks with a corner of the sheet. Then she stopped suddenly, abashed. Rosamond's eyes were lost in space; she was not even listening.

"I knew you did not want [illegible] said Aspasia—a very different quality of tears welling up.

Rosamond started.

"I not want you! Why, Baby, what makes you say that?"

"Oh," cried the girl with a swift change of mood, "how can you want me? Have you not got him? Dear Aunt Rosamond, darling Aunt Rosamond, don't keep him waiting any more!"

She was going to cast herself upon the bed in another fervent embrace, when something in Rosamond's look arrested her. Here were the deeps astir! It was as if a flame enkindled in a fragile lamp, as if she could see it tremble and burn.

She drew back before a mystery to which she vaguely felt she would never have the key.

"You know he will return to-day," stammered she at last. "It's all right about his business. He is coming back."

"I know," answered Harry English's wife in a low, vibrating voice. Then she hesitated and turned to look at the girl, a wistful inquiry in her shadowed eyes.

"Have they told him?" she asked, under her breath, raising one of the heavy white locks that lay across her breast.

"Oh," exclaimed Aspasia, leaping to her meaning, "but you are beautiful with it, you are more beautiful than ever! No—I don't know if they've told him. Oh, darling," she cried, melting all into tenderness, pity and amusement, as over a child, "it wasn't for that, it could not be for that, you wouldn't see him?"

"For that!" said Rosamond. A flame seemed to pass over her again. She quivered from head to foot, and a deep flush rose to the very roots of her blanched hair. "Oh, Baby, no. . . . How could you guess, how could you understand—poor little bride of an hour?"

And, as once before, upon that crucial morning in the distant Indian palace, she had taken all her golden hair to cover her face and hide its misery from violating eyes, Rosamond now swept the silver veil across the betrayal of her blood, that even Baby might not look upon the tumult of her heart.

The scent of the dark rose, stronger even than the lilies, filled the room.

Bethune carried off his bride unobtrusively, unromantically. Rosamond was still upstairs. And that no farewells should take place between her and Major Bethune fell out so naturally that even Baby scarcely commented upon it. Rosamond had always held herself so much aloof. That this procedure should have been planned by Bethune himself, because he could not trust himself in this good-by, would have been the last thought to enter the little wife's head; her Raymond had always rather disliked poor Aunt Rosamond than otherwise. Such was her conviction. He could never forgive her for having been his friend's forgetful widow.

She herself had shed torrents of easy tears of parting within the walls of the paneled bedroom; and had subsequently driven away beside the man of her choice (in the selfsame fly, smelling of straw, that had provoked her enthusiasm at arrival, her modest luggage atop), petulantly reviling her bridegroom for his inconsiderate hurry, the while nestling comfortably into the hollow of his shoulder.

How far was she from guessing at the complex emotions that made the heart, against which she leaned, beat so heavily: from guessing that this very haste, this wilfully informal departure, this quick marriage itself were all part of the determined act of renunciation he had sealed in his soul with the touch of her lips on his! Renunciation, it is true, of no more tangible passion than a thought. Yet she need not have feared, for he who can renounce the [illegible] of a dream need fear [illegible] realities.

As for her, her marriage was the irresponsible mating of a little bird. And she was setting forth with as airy a freedom, with as busy and cheerful an importance, as any small winged lady of the woods on the flight to choose a favorable aspect for her nest.

As the vehicle wheeled out of the [illegible] grassy avenue upon the [illegible] road, Bethune caught her to him, and kissed her with more of ardor than he had ever shown.

"And so, Robin," said he, "you are going to set all traditions at defiance, and pipe your pretty songs in the morning land."

Mrs. Bethune smiled importantly; she still chose to keep up the fiction that in matrimony she by no means intended to give up her musical career, that career, with a capital C, that she had so often flourished defiantly in Sir Arthur's face! But in her heart she knew that when she had let love enter in it had driven forth ambition.

CHAPTER XLII

A KEEN wind swept from the moor, shaking the sap of the drowsy orchard trees, setting the daffodil buds in the sheltered corners dancing, flecking the blue sky with sudden patches of cloud—a day typical of the bright, cruel energies of youth, scurrying old tired

Thomas A. Edison

Mr. Edison's New Inventions

LIKE TURNING IRON TO GOLD

By his recent inventions Thomas A. Edison has changed the "talking machine," against which so many are prejudiced, to a beautiful musical instrument, that everyone enjoys. He has given his PHONOGRAPH the widest scope of any instrument in the world and made it the greatest entertainer and musical educator of this marvelous age, bringing concert and theatre to your home, in town or country.

How? Examine a genuine EDISON PHONOGRAPH (or any imitation) and you find that the RECORD and the REPRODUCER are the parts that *count.* The rest is a machine to turn the record and a horn to amplify the sound.

By inventing the EDISON GOLD MOULDED RECORD Thomas A. Edison accomplished:

1st—Elimination of all scratching or other mechanical noises.
2d—The recording of delicate tones and high notes.
3d—The securing of the rich quality of the original sound.

Then by inventing the "Model C" Reproducer, found ONLY on EDISON PHONOGRAPHS, he provided:

1st—The only means to reproduce those delicate tones.
2d—Complete rendering of the full richness of quality of band or orchestra and both the richness and volume of the human voice.

Therefore the EDISON PHONOGRAPH is the only instrument that sings like the singer, that correctly renders instrumental music, that does not offend the ear—that really entertains—that actually educates.

Most of our customers say: "If I'd known the EDISON PHONOGRAPH was like *that* I'd have bought one long ago." Don't deprive yourself. Ask the nearest dealer to let you hear it.

32 Superb Edison Records for dancing have just been issued. These are made at the proper tempo, have full volume, and rich tone, and the selections are among the best ever reproduced. Send for Phonograph Catalogue, Record Catalogue, or Dance Supplement.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., ORANGE, N. J.
New York Chicago San Francisco London
I. C. S. Language Courses taught by Edison Phonograph

FOX TYPEWRITER

If You Write Letters Read This

JUST EXAMINE THE WORK OF

"THE FOX TYPEWRITER"

Then compare it carefully with the work done by any other typewriter, no matter what its price, how old it is or what is said about it, and you will find that the work of every other typewriter than the Fox is faulty, letters crowded together, too far apart, bad alignment and probably twenty to thirty "bad" places on a single page

Then look at the work of the Fox, just as near perfection as anything can be, alignment perfect, letters properly spaced, no crowding, no piling, no fault to find

Make the test by looking closely at your mail this morning, and then if you have not a Fox in your office let us send one at our expense, so you can prove these statements for yourself

We know we can prove it because we are doing so every day

There is a Reason

And a good one: it is in the construction of our machine. Nothing has been spared to make the Fox what it is, the most perfect writing machine extant. While others have been trying to reduce their cost of production, we have been perfecting our machine at great expense and the result shows in the work accomplished — and the price has not been increased

You are deeply interested in having only perfectly written letters leave your office, it means money to you

Any kind of an inquiry will bring our complete catalogue, and a machine if you are ready

Send 50c for Fox Typewriter Ribbon, mention make of typewriter — regularly $1.00. It lasts longer and does cleaner work

Branch Offices or Agencies in nearly all large cities

Executive Office and Factory
468 Front Street, Grand Rapids, Mich

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.

mother earth into activity, ruthlessly eager to set her about her business and call up the joys of spring

Saltwoods seemed very quiet and empty, standing alone, with its memories, in the midst of this cheery bustle of the world without

Rosamond wandered from room to room restless alike from weakness and the strain of her dear, wonderful expectation. How long must she wait still? The opiate effect of her languor had passed and it seemed to her that the suspense of these hours she could not endure. And then, all at once, behold, they had gone by! The moment was at hand, and she was not ready

She stood before the mirror looking wistfully upon her white tresses. She wanted to appear beautiful in his eyes. But, alas! she had lost the golden crown of her woman's glory. . . . This gray dress that she had chosen, because some such color had she worn upon the gorse-gold shore those many years ago, it was too pale, too cold, she thought, now that the sunshine of her hair had vanished

Then she fancied she heard wheels, and caught the rose from her breast to thrust it haphazard into the waves that so strangely shaded in snow the delicate bloom of her face And then, with the piteous coquetry of the woman who loves, she flung over that white head a scarf of lace, that he might not see too soon, that she might first have made him think her beautiful still, by a smile, a kiss

But when she came to the door of the hall there was no one. The wind and her impatience had but made mock of her. The avenue of swaying boughs was empty of all but the eager presence of the spring She saw how the long grass bent, and whitened and shivered; how a little unsuspected almond bush had burst into pink blossom among the hoary apple trees, how, in the gusts, the rosy petals were already scattered abroad

The panic that the heart knows in the absence of the beloved seized upon her. It was surely long past the time! Oh, was the cup to be dashed from their lips?

Frenzied with terror, she ran a pace or two down the avenue, to halt, panting in weakness — pressing her hand to her leaping breast. For a second everything swam before her. Then there came the moan of the gate swinging, and all her senses, strained beyond human limits, echoed to a distant footstep that yet made no sound upon the grass-grown way

He came with great strides through the old, ghostlike trees, whose withered boughs still held the swelling promise of the year's growth He caught her in his arms without a word But she, like a child, clinging to him, cried, complaining

"Oh, Harry how late you are! Oh, how I have waited!"

"And I! . . ." he made answer, almost inaudibly. "Eight years!

His lips were on her eyelids as he spoke

At this she dropped her head upon his breast, hiding her face; but he could see the crimson creep to the edge of the lace kerchief. There was a slackening of her arms about him, almost as if she would have knelt at his feet — there, in the lonely, bare orchard

He kept her close with his embrace; he had to stoop to hear her stammered words

"Forgive — I have been shamed

"Ah, hush!" cried he quickly his low voice vibrating with that tenderness for which there is no utterance. "Need there be this between us? Would I be here if I did not understand — if I did not know? . . . The music is mine, at last — the music, Rosamond that you kept hidden, even from me. It is mine, at last — this is our wedding day — the rest is nothing

He raised her quivering face and looked into her eyes, deep, deep The kerchief fell back from her white hair; the perfume from the fading rose was wafted to his nostrils

"Oh, my white rose!" he cried, and passionately kissed the beautiful blanched head

"Oh, my red, red rose . . . your lips, at last, at last, Rose of the World!"

Thus was fulfilled, in the barren home orchard, Harry English's Eastern dream And there was not a lichened bough that March day but bore him a wealth of leaf and blossom

(THE END)

Using the Enemy's Sword

ONE of the happiest forms of retort upon an adversary in debate is when what appears to be an apt quotation in the mouth of one who uses it is shown to be incomplete — or, if classic, to be mistranslated — and then, in its complete citation or true meaning, is turned to the discomfiture of the first speaker. A striking example of this was when, in 1770, George Grenville brought forward in the House of Commons a motion to alter the procedure in the trying of election petitions The Attorney-General wound up a speech against "the dangerous innovation," by quoting the lines from Hamlet's soliloquy asserting that it is better to

> Bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of

Wedderburn, an opposition member of the House, rose instantly, and triumphantly replied to the quotation by adding Hamlet's further reflections

> Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this regard their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action

George Canning, in defending "nomination boroughs," contended that the system was part of the British Constitution, and had

> Grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength

Upon this Sir Francis Burdett, insisting that the nomination boroughs were "rotten boroughs," showed that the right honorable gentleman, in quoting from Pope's Essay on Man, had omitted the first line of the couplet

> *The young disease, that must subdue at length,*
> Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength

The brilliant statesman, whose weapon was thus turned against himself, appreciated the retort, and admitted its felicity

Readers of Daniel Webster's speeches will remember the passage in his reply to Hayne, where he turns the tables so effectually on his opponent in reference to his quotation from Macbeth of the words of Banquo's ghost A similar triumph was won by William Wirt, in 1824, in the United States Supreme Court, when, in the celebrated steamboat case of Gibbons and Ogden, he retorted upon the opposing counsel, Thomas Addis Emmet, a quotation of his from Virgil. The question before the court was whether the law of the State of New York, which conferred upon Messrs. Fulton and Livingston the exclusive right to navigate its waters, was a violation of the United States Constitution. Mr Emmet, who was counsel for New York, had eloquently personified her as casting her eyes over the ocean, and beholding everywhere the triumphs of her genius, and exclaiming, in the language of Æneas at Carthage

> *Quis jam locus,*
> *Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris?*

Mr Wirt, who was a constant student of the classics, saw the error in this use of the quotation — the word "*laboris*" here meaning, not *labor*, but *suffering*, and turned it against his opponent by giving it its true sense

"Sir, it was not in the moment of triumph, nor with the feelings of triumph, that Æneas uttered that exclamation. It was when surveying the works of art with which the palace of Carthage was adorned, and his attention had been caught by a representation of the battles of Troy. The whole extent of his fortunes; the loss and desolation of his friends; the fall of his beloved country, rushed upon his recollection. . . . Sir, the passage may hereafter have a closer application to the cause than my eloquent and classical friend intended." Mr. Wirt then went on to show in vivid and glowing language the inevitable results — civil war and the blasting of the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout the world — of the collisions of the State of New York with those of Connecticut and New Jersey; in short, of the seeds of anarchy which New York had sown. "*Then*, sir, when New York shall look upon this scene of ruin, if she have the generous feelings which I believe her to have, it will not be with her head aloft, in the pride of conscious triumph, her 'rapt soul sitting in her eyes.' No, sir, no! Dejected with shame and confusion, drooping under the weight of her sorrow, with a voice suffocated with despair, *well* may she *then* exclaim

> *Quis jam locus,*
> *Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris?*"

(What place is there now, what region in the entire earth, that is not full of the suffering we have caused?)

SPRING SUITS

Made to Your Order $6 to $25

There are 158 other New York styles illustrated in our Fashion Catalogue.

Over 500 new and attractive materials from which to select.

We will make a stylish costume to your order and guarantee to fit you. Our very low prices are alike to all, for no matter in what part of the United States you live, we will prepay the express charges

TAILOR-MADE SUITS. Our catalogue illustrates [illegible] New York models in tailored suits. We [illegible] of over 300 choice and select fabrics suitable for these garments. As we make [illegible] our tailor-made suits in accordance [illegible] Our very moderate prices range from **$7.50 to $25**

SILK COSTUMES in new designs, very stylish [illegible] made to order **$12 to $25**

SHIRT-WAIST SUITS. Over 300 light weight [illegible] Shirt-waist Suits — Mohairs, Brilliantines, Lansdownes, Eoliennes, etc. The catalogue shows 30 of these stylish costumes, just as we make them to your order. **$6 to $20**

We do not handle Wash Goods

SILK SHIRT-WAIST SUITS made to order of Messaline and Chiffon Taffetas, Peau de Soie, Pongee, Silk Tweeds and [illegible] **$12 to $25**

SEPARATE SKIRTS. The new skirts are different in shape and effect; at [illegible] flounces and plaits in novel arrangement are the latest conceits. Our catalogue shows [illegible] of the best styles for dress, walking and general wear, and we carry over 300 skirt materials from which to select. Made to order. **$3.50 to $12**

RAIN COATS. We carry a full line of rain-proof materials in the latest weaves and [illegible] Cravenette, all of which have been carefully tested. Made to order. **$9.75 to $18**

LONG COATS suitable for driving, traveling or evening wear, in fancy Mohairs, Brilliantines, Sicilians, etc. Made to order **$7.50 to $18**

JACKETS. Made to your order in the new Covert cloth, Venetian Broadcloth and over 50 other Jacketing materials. **$5.75 to $15**

SILK COATS. Ultra-fashionable and extremely dressy. Made to your order in Taffeta, Pongee, Peau de Soie and Cloth of Gold . . . . **$10 to $20**

EVERYTHING MADE TO ORDER
NOTHING READY MADE

We guarantee to fit you or refund your money.

WE SEND FREE to any part of the U. S. our new Spring Catalogue showing the latest New York styles, a large assortment of samples of the newest materials, and simple directions for taking measurements correctly. Mention whether samples are for tailor-made suit, silk costume, shirt-waist suit, skirt, jacket or rain coat, and colors desired.

Write to-day, before you forget it

National Cloak and Suit Company
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York
Mail Orders only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 17 yrs.

Made of Clear Amazon Nutria.

Hats for Men

THE C. & K. — Style 2953.

Dame Fashion does not set hard and fast lines which the well-dressed man must follow.

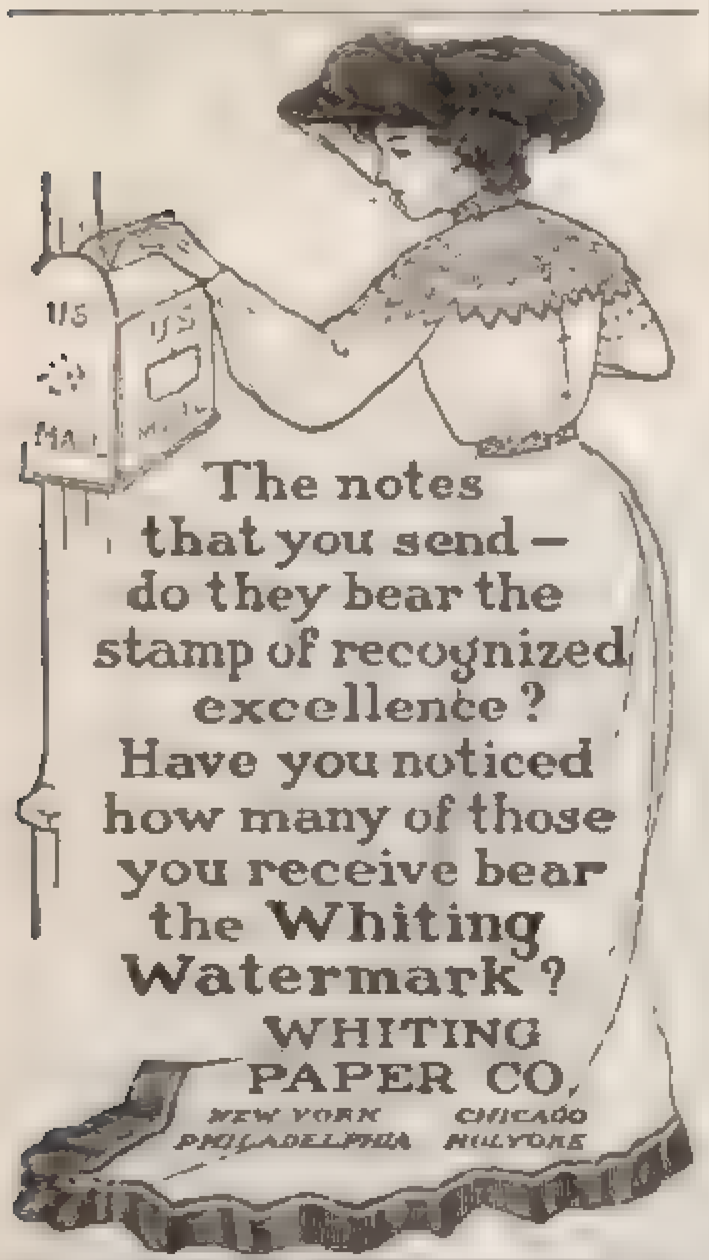
There are variations to suit differing tastes, and this trade-mark assures correct style combined with superb quality.

The Spring Number of The Hatman — now ready — has pictures of the shapes which will be worn this season.

Knapp-Felt hats are $4 and Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats (with the exquisite Vellum Finish — an exclusive C. & K. characteristic) are $6.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

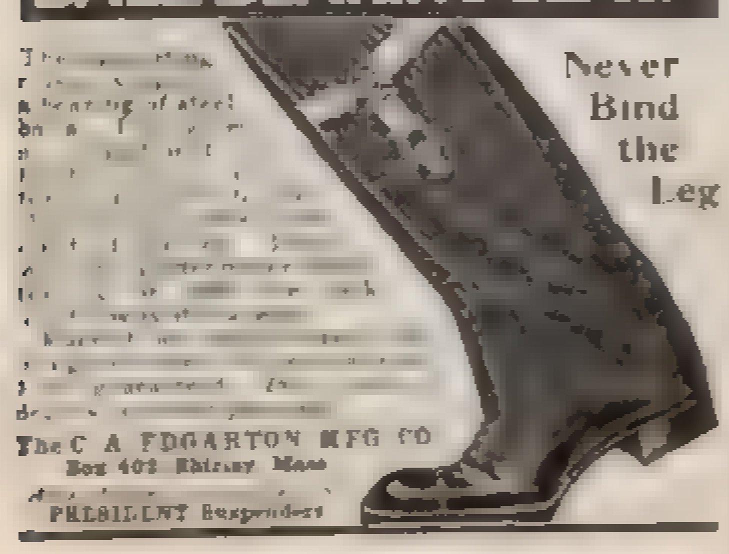


The notes that you send — do they bear the stamp of recognized excellence? Have you noticed how many of those you receive bear the Whiting Watermark?
WHITING PAPER CO.
NEW YORK CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA HOLYOKE
U S MAIL

BALL BEARING Garters

Never Bind the Leg

The C. A. EDGARTON MFG CO
Box 402 Shirley Mass
PRESIDENT Suspenders



The Reading Table

Opportunity

Granny's gone a-visitin'—
Seen her git her shawl
W'en I was a-hidin' down
'Hin' de garden wall
Seen her put her bonnet on,
Seen her tie de strings,
An' I's gone to dreamin' now,
'Bout dem cakes an' t'ings.

On de she'f behin' de do',
Mussy, what a feas' !
Soon ez she gits out o' sight
I kin eat in peace.
I bin watchin' fu' a week
Des fu' dis hyeah chance —
Lawdy, w'en I gits in dah
I'll des sholly dance.

Lemon pie an' gingah-cake;
Let me set an' t'ink —
Vinegah an' sugah, too,
Dat'll mek a drink.
Ef dey's anyt'ing I loves
Mos' puttic'larly
It is eatin' sweet t'ings an'
A-drinkin' sangaree.

Lawdy, won't po' granny rain
W'en she see de she'f!
W'en I tink erbout huh face
I's mos' 'shamed myse'f.
Well, she gone, an' hyeah I is,
Back behin' de do' !
Look hyeah, Gran' done 'spected me;
D' ain't no sweets no mo' !

Evah sweet is hid erway,
Job des done up brown;
Pusson t'ink dat some one t'ought
Dey was t'ieves erroun';
Dat des breks my hat in two !
Oh, how bad I feel,
Des to t'ink my own gran'ma
B'lieved dat I would steal—

—Paul Laurence Dunbar

Not to be Learned

MADAME LILI LEHMANN at the Savoy Hotel in New York was visited by a magazine representative who wanted one of the ever-interesting articles on "How to Learn to Sing." She gave the interviewer a long and interesting talk in her pretty broken German — after earnestly attempting to persuade her that an article on her favorite anti vivisection cause would be far more to the point

The interviewer wrote the article and took it once more to Madame Lehmann, who carefully examined it and suggested some corrections. A second time the manuscript was returned to her, so that it might have not the slightest error. Next day, upon inquiry, it was found that Madame Lehmann had left the copy in the hotel office. It bore several careful additions and corrections, and a note was [illegible] The note said:

"[illegible] article is nonsense. No one can *learn* to sing."

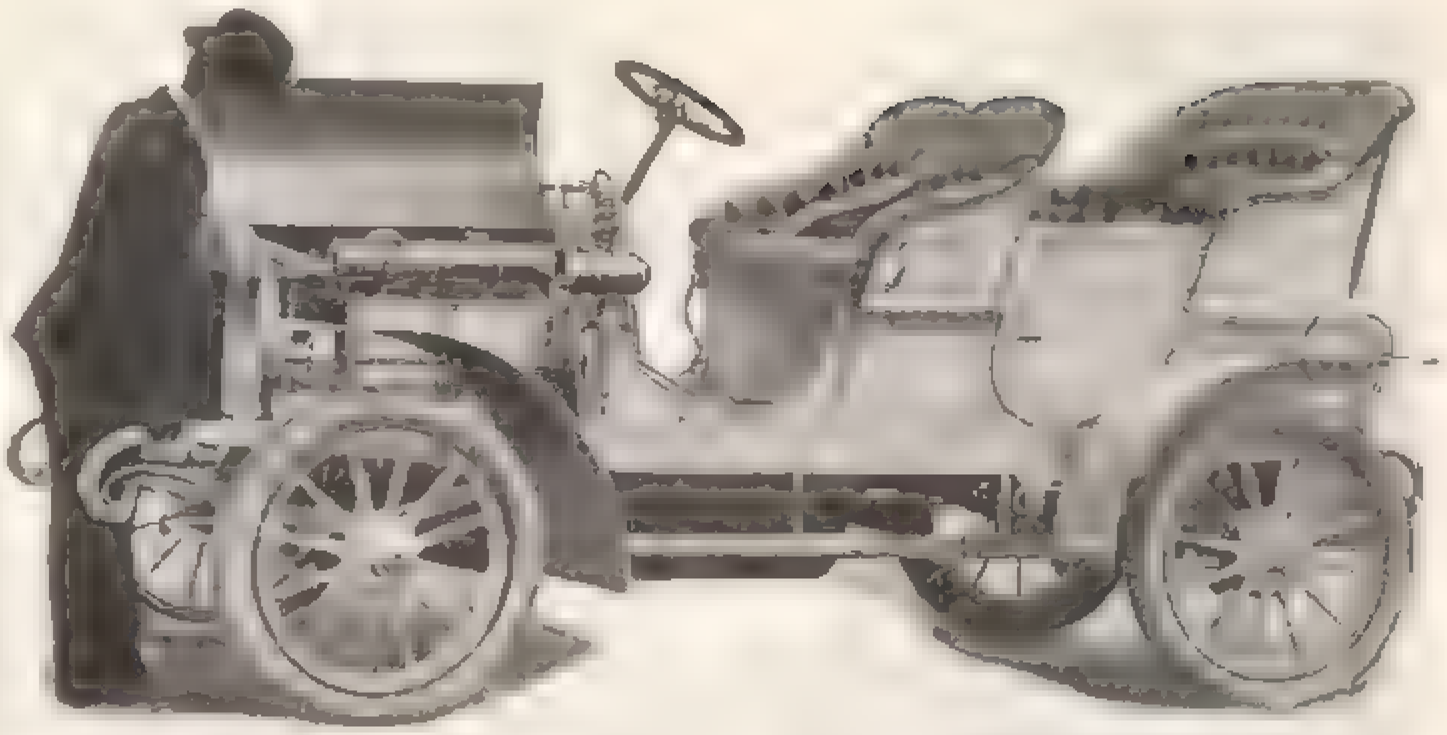
Ellen Terry and the Reporter

A CHARMING story is told of Miss Ellen Terry upon her last professional appearance in Milwaukee

She was visited at her hotel upon the morning of her arrival by a little newspaper woman, not long in the service of the press, and very much in awe of Miss Terry and of the importance of her mission. The actress sent down a message, in response to her visitor's card, that she was leaving in a few moments to pay a visit, and that she would have a moment free on her way to the carriage. But she was delayed, and when she came through the room where the newspaper woman was waiting Miss Terry was already late for her appointment

"I haven't a second," she said to the young woman, "but, if you care to drive with me to the house of my friend, I will talk with you on the way."

In gratitude and delight the young woman followed Miss Terry to the coupé, and the actress talked rapidly and to the point all the way to her destination.



Model C (Shown Above) . . . 16–20 Horse-power $1800
Model B . . . . 24–30 Horse-power $2500
Model B, Limousine . . . 24–30 Horse-power $3500
Model A . . . . 40–50 Horse-power $3500
Model A, Limousine . . . 40–50 Horse-power $4500

"*The* WINTON *of* 1905"

SEE the new "Winton of 1905."

A thousand Cars just like it are now being made in our factory

That proves *our* faith in the "1905 Winton" doesn't it?

Two million dollars worth of Faith

It proves our Qualities, too — doesn't it?

[illegible] testify to our 10 years' success [illegible] Automobiles. Don't they?

Building 1000 cars at a time, of the same Model, [illegible] you can, this year, have $2500 worth of Winton Car for $1800

Same Horse power as last year, but, — at $700 less price

Car 800 lbs. lighter, through new construction, and liberal use of Aluminum

This means more speed, because less load for Motor [illegible]

Accessible Four Cylinder, "Vertical," Motor, instead of former Two-Cylinder "Horizontal."

But, — all Four Cylinders, on the 1905 Winton, are fed by one single Carburetor, and sparked by one single Magneto, which is geared to Motor

The 1905 Winton is simple to drive as a Wheel barrow — while it has the speed of an Express Train.

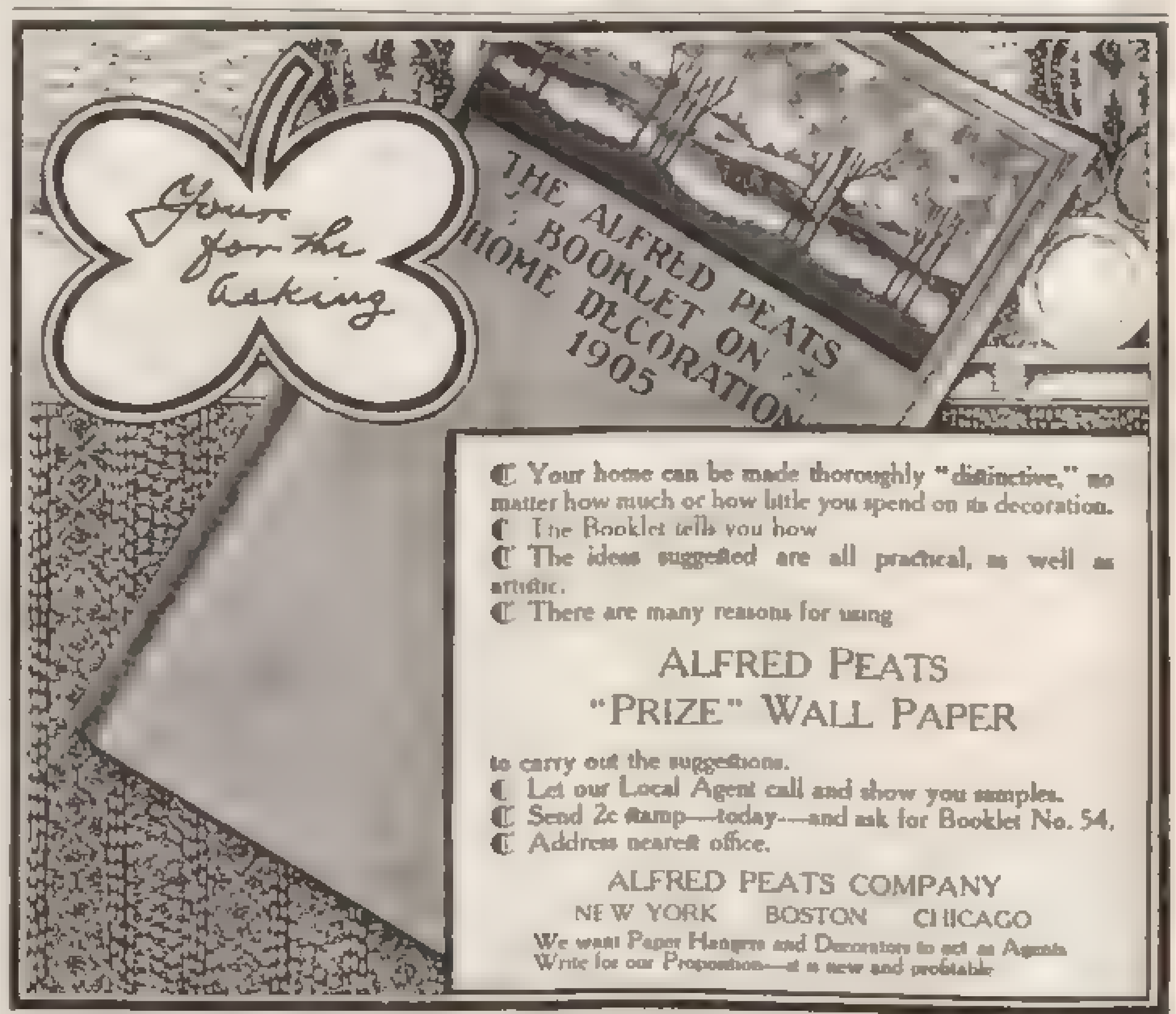
Its new Twin-Springs adjust themselves instantly to light or heavy loads, on good or bad roads.

Stylish, Safe, Speedy, Accessible, — and so Automatic that a Youth can run it, after one hour's coaching

All speeds, graduating from 4 miles an hour up to 40 miles an hour, obtained without moving lever by simply pressing your right foot on a pedal.

Write to-day for book on "*How to Choose an Automobile.*"

Address The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. M, Cleveland, Ohio.



Yours for the Asking
THE ALFRED PEATS BOOKLET ON HOME DECORATION 1905

Your home can be made thoroughly "distinctive," no matter how much or how little you spend on its decoration.
The Booklet tells you how
The ideas suggested are all practical, as well as artistic.
There are many reasons for using

ALFRED PEATS
"PRIZE" WALL PAPER

to carry out the suggestions.
Let our Local Agent call and show you samples.
Send 2c stamp — today — and ask for Booklet No. 54.
Address nearest office.

ALFRED PEATS COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
We want Paper Hangers and Decorators to act as Agents
Write for our Proposition — it is new and profitable

THE NEW BOOK
ANTI-CONFUSION BUSINESS METHODS
By Chas. A. Sweetland
Author of "Science of Loose-Leaf Book-keeping & Accounting
Regulate your business. Up-to-date, valuable information for every book keeper and business man
Price, postpaid, Cloth $1.00, Paper 50c. Order
Chas. A. Sweetland, 504 DeSoto Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

We Teach Telegraphy Quickly
and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for men and furnish Railroad Passes to Destination. Expenses very low and students [illegible] 60 page book [illegible] Free
Valentine's School of Telegraphy
Estab 32 yrs. Janesville Wis.

Your dentist is intelligent, and he is my best friend.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box — for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts — cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons — the only ones who like our brush

The Prophylactic
FLORENCE MFG CO 32 Pine St Florence Mass.

"Now," she said as she left the carriage, "I shall be but a moment. Don't you want to wait for me?"

It is needless to say that the young woman waited. Miss Terry presently reappeared in still more gracious mood. With her hand on the carriage door she directed the coachman.

"And now, please, for a long drive!" she said.

All the way to a distant park and back the actress amused her little guest with stories of her own life, of her youth, of her early ambition, and then turned winningly with a demand that she be told all about the hopes and work of the newspaper woman. And when she reached her hotel she cried:

"No—I am going to take you to your office, and you must let me come in and see where you work."

So up to the noisy, inky floor on which the paper was going to press went Miss Terry and her guide, through the city-room, where men were calling "Copy!" and the city editor was storming over the telephone, to the little room at the end of the hall where, among the books for review, the newspaper woman had her desk.

"Now show me what you wrote yesterday and show me some books," demanded Miss Terry, and sat down composedly on a corner of the desk.

In a few minutes every one knew that she was there, and the city editor and a number of the men hurried into their coats and approached the room. Miss Terry, in her long tan coat and blue veil, stood bowing and smiling among them, and ended by writing her autograph for every one.

It was a characteristic incident, significant of one of the sources of charm with which Miss Terry wins every one to her.

Mascagni's Family Jewels

SIGNOR MASCAGNI and his wife wear most curious fobs on their watches which require constant explanation. The fobs are Italian silver pieces, each punctured with six round holes. In Signora Mascagni's these are hung with the five pearly first teeth of her little daughter, and upon her husband's coin are suspended those of one of their sons.

"Why not?" said Signora Mascagni through an interpreter. "They are very much dearer to me than any one's jewels."

What is Fame?

OPIE READ, the well-known novelist, and Charles Eugene Banks, president of the Western Authors' Association, attached themselves during the Presidential campaign to Congressman Tawney's St. Louis bureau of Republican speakers. They often went out together, and proved to be a team highly popular and effective. The reputation each had made through his literary work packed town-halls and opera houses with [illegible] and [illegible] wherever they appeared.

One day when they had returned from an unusually successful tour and were waiting a new assignment, a telegram came to the bureau from the chairman of a Colorado campaign committee.

"Rush two lively speakers," the message read. "Fight is close and we need help."

The message was shown to Read and Banks, and they were asked if they cared to go to Colorado. Both were highly pleased and signified a willingness to start the next morning.

"I worked in Denver once and have been all over the State," said Read. "I know it like a book."

"And I," declared Banks, "have lectured before the Colorado women's political clubs. I am satisfied we can do great work out there."

Mr. Tawney immediately wired the Colorado chairman:

"Will send Opie Read and Charles Eugene Banks at once."

The next morning the two literary lights appeared at Mr. Tawney's office to say good-by before starting out for the tour to which they looked forward with so much pleasure. They found the manager wearing an amused smile.

"Glance over that," he said, handing Read a telegram. "I got it an hour ago."

Read looked at the telegram, blushed deeply, handed the paper to Banks, and sank wearily into a chair. Banks read it once, then looked at the date-line to make sure it was genuine, and read it again.

"What is fame, after all?" he sighed.

This was the message:

"Never heard of Read and Banks. Nobody in Colorado knows them. Send somebody with reputation."

TIGHTEN YOUR GRASP on the English language

NOWADAYS, when billions of dollars' worth of business is transacted by mail, the ability to write a strong, original, convincing letter is an *imperative* business requirement. No man can hope to reach the highest place in business if he is unable to express himself clearly and forcefully. The language you use in correspondence—or even in speech—must help you sell goods, win customers, collect debts, even secure the positions you hold, but it cannot do these things if weak, clumsy and half intelligible. The success of an idea or plan—often of a business itself—depends upon the way it is presented.

How is Your English?

Are slips of speech habitual with you? Are your letters dry and poorly worded? Do they lack the snap, the tone of words that win? Get out of this rut—master the principles of smooth, easy, fluent expression—of crisp, powerful, straight-from-the-shoulder business English. Tighten your grasp on the English language—it pays.

The man who will help you is Sherwin Cody. He has an international reputation [illegible] for business [illegible] has put his private lessons into four handy [illegible] saving [illegible] complete courses, Word Study, Grammar, Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Story Writing, Creative Composition, hitherto sold in typewritten form for $15 to $[illegible] course. These books [illegible] help you, [illegible] dictionary, [illegible] dictionary.

[illegible] the most [illegible] businesses, like Marshall [illegible] Healy & Company, Tobey Furniture Company, Montgomery Ward & Company, have personally indorsed them. No stronger testimony could be given.

This Set of Four Books

Containing seven complete home-study courses, is sold regularly at $3 per set. We offer it to you at the wholesale price of $2, if you [illegible] in sending order—$3 if the magazine is not [illegible]

THE SYSTEM COMPANY
New York Desk O, CHICAGO London

VOSE PIANOS

Established in 1851

Scientific in principles, accurate in construction, and therefore

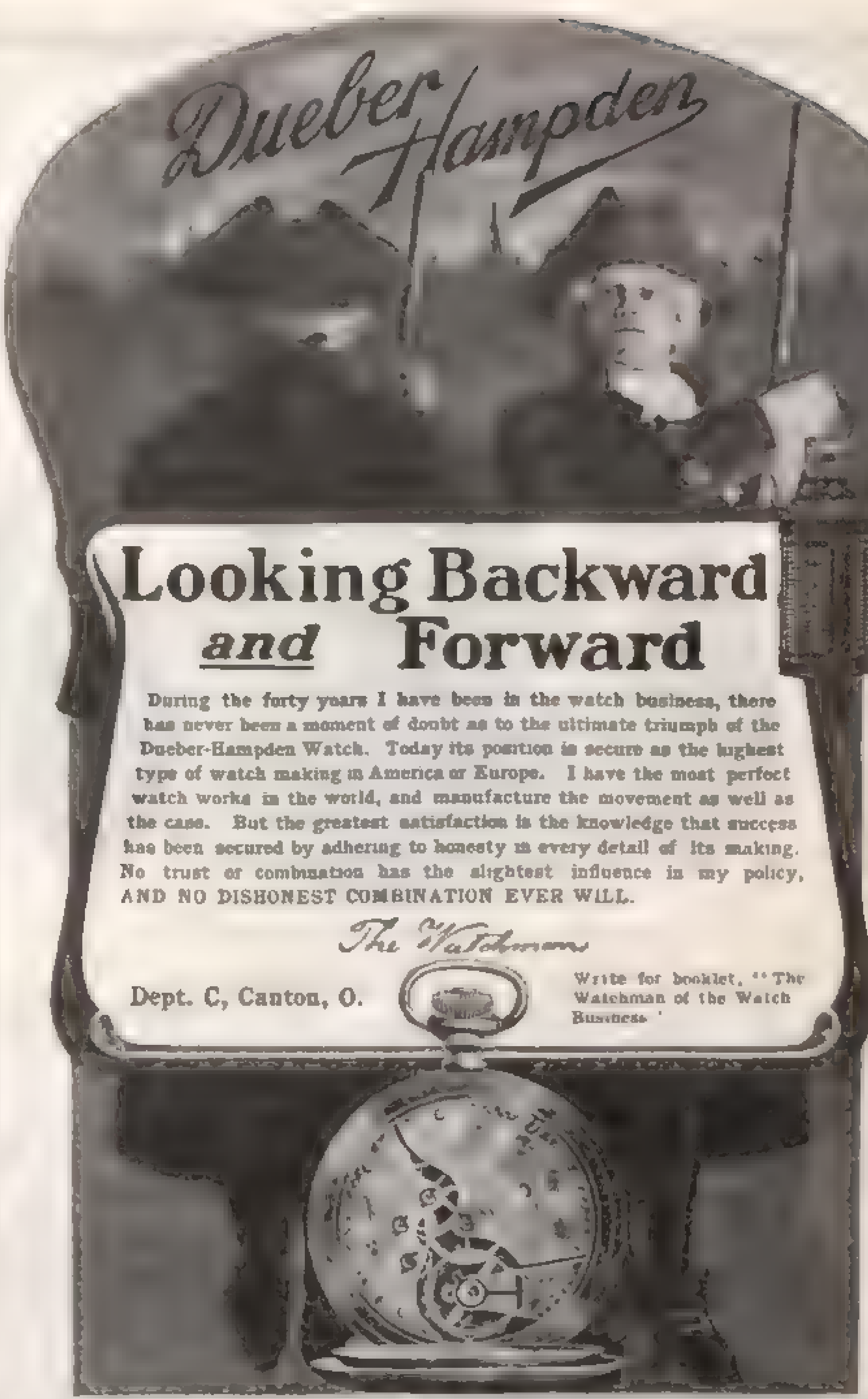
SURPASSING IN MUSICAL VALUE

Critical comparison always increases the favor with which the Vose is universally regarded.

By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense.

You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO. 160 Boylston Street, Boston



Looking Backward and Forward

During the forty years I have been in the watch business, there has never been a moment of doubt as to the ultimate triumph of the Dueber-Hampden Watch. Today its position is secure as the highest type of watch making in America or Europe. I have the most perfect watch works in the world, and manufacture the movement as well as the case. But the greatest satisfaction is the knowledge that success has been secured by adhering to honesty in every detail of its making. No trust or combination has the slightest influence in my policy, AND NO DISHONEST COMBINATION EVER WILL.

The Watchman

Dept. C, Canton, O.

Write for booklet, "The Watchman of the Watch Business."

OPERA SINGERS by GUSTAV KOBBE

PRICE POSTPAID $1.50

[illegible] including [illegible] Nearly one [illegible] printed in a variety of [illegible]

This volume will make an appropriate gift to any lover of music or the opera.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston

C. H. Ditson & Co., New York [illegible]

How to Converse

The Art of Talking Well in Society

TAUGHT BY MAIL

You May Learn:

How to begin a conversation [illegible]

[illegible] the gossip line

How to use "small talk" [illegible]

How to be an interesting [illegible]

We teach you how to acquire an active brain, a bright eye, elastic muscles, symmetry of figure, [illegible] proper carriage, ease of manner. Write for information [illegible]

A. P. GARDINER President 20th Century Instruction Co.
Radway Square New York Box 1

Boys' Names Wanted We want names of bright boys between 12 and 20. [illegible] want to get them interested in our illustrated magazine [illegible] of valuable [illegible] you are [illegible]

STAR MONTHLY, 448 Hunter St., Oak Park, Ills.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes and Massage Rollers

Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way

Millions in daily use throughout the world

It's the Flat-Ended Teeth

[illegible] this way. [illegible]

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	$ .50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50

If you have beauty to make or beauty to keep,
Wrinkles that are shallow or wrinkles that are deep,
Cheeks that are hollow or neck that [illegible]
Bailey's Massage [illegible]

Cata. of Everything in Rubber Goods Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.
22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

A Cold Handle

No. 70 Laundry Set

The Asbestos Laundry Set is designed for all kinds of general ironing. It consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, two seven-pound cores, one six-pound core, and one asbestos-covered stand. The whole set is packed neatly in a lock-cornered, sliding-cover wooden box. The hood can be used with Asbestos Pressing and Polishing Irons. Our new booklet describes other Laundry Sets

No. 80 Pressing Iron

For ironing plain goods, where the iron does not have to be lifted frequently, and for pressing suitings and other heavy cloths, the "Presser" is especially practical. The weight is such that all the user has to do is to GUIDE the iron — it will do the WORK. The exertion required in gaining desired pressure with light irons is to a large extent the cause of tired wrists and backs. This is overcome by the weight of our Pressing Iron. A woman will not have that worn-out feeling if she uses this iron in [illegible] her table-cloths, sheets, etc. Some women [illegible] heavy irons exclusively. When this is the case extra Pressing Cores can be purchased at small cost, and a complete set of heavy irons secured. Two Pressing Cores, a Laundry Core, and one Hood make an ideal set for plain work. The Pressing Iron consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, and one square-heeled core.

It weighs nine pounds. The hood will fit Asbestos Laundry and Polishing Irons

No. 60 Shirt Waist Set

The Asbestos Shirt Waist Set [illegible] for ironing shirt-waists, baby's wardrobe and articles too choice to trust to the ravages of the laundry. Girls at boarding school will find this set a great convenience. It consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete two cores, and one asbestos-covered stand. The set weighs complete five pounds. Hood will fit Asbestos Flounce Irons

No. 10 Tourist Iron

The Asbestos Tourist Iron is designed for the ironing of [illegible] and other dainty [illegible]. For the [illegible] it makes a pleasing and useful [illegible]. The iron [illegible] pressing garments wrinkled by being packed.

It can be heated on any stove or lamp.

The iron consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, one core, and one stand. It weighs one and one-quarter pounds.

ASBES
SAD I
AN IRON FOR EV

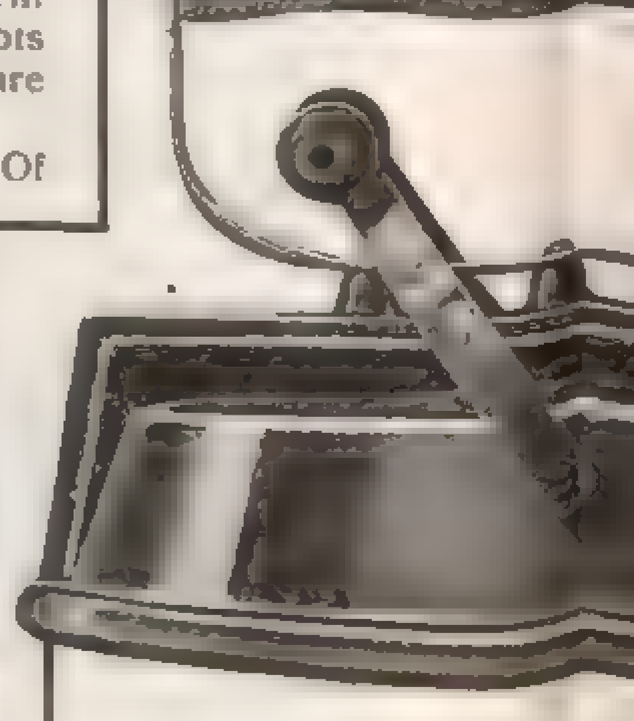
Sad Irons built on scientific principles. They cut ironing-day troubles in half. They save time and operating expense. A handle that is always cool, an iron that retains its heat — comfort, convenience, efficiency — these are the peculiar features of Asbestos Sad Irons.

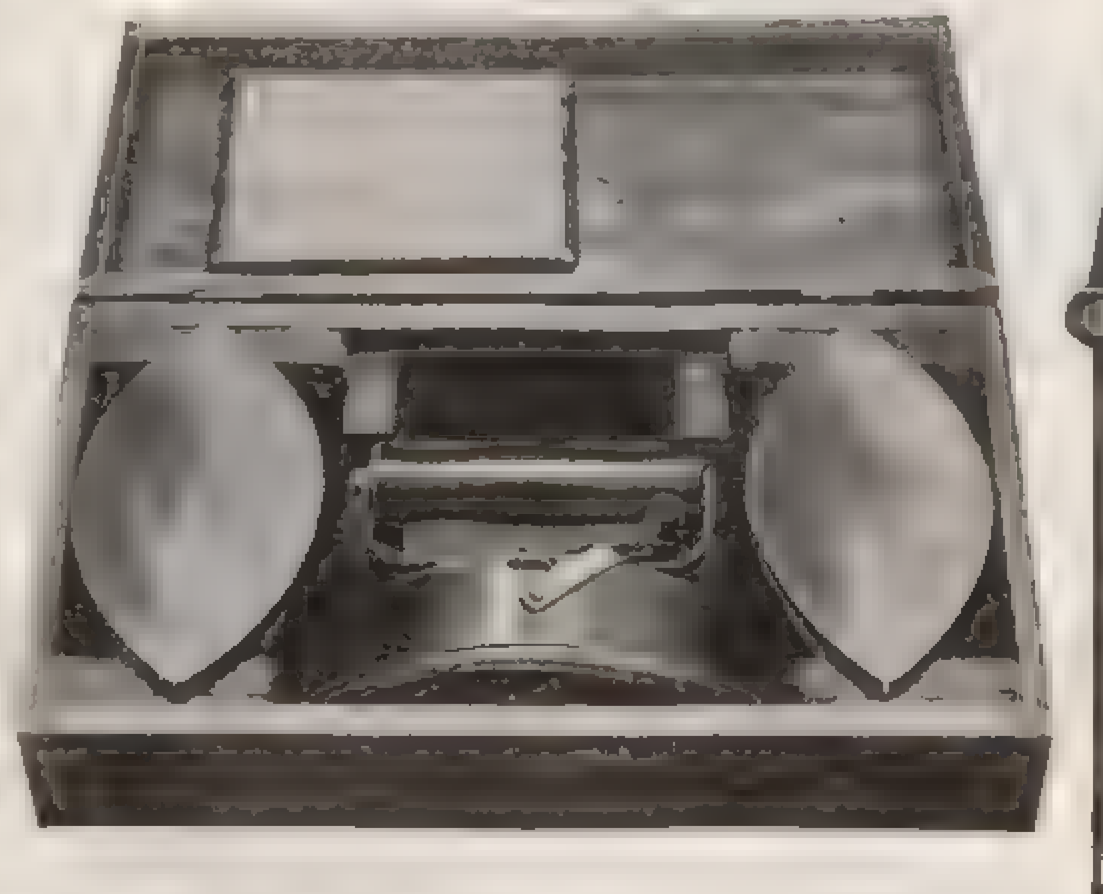
The difference between our irons and those of any other construction is such as to put Asbestos Sad Irons in a class by themselves — a class above and beyond all others. A trial is enough to prove this statement.

Notice the construction of our irons. They consist of two principal parts: an asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, and a solid core or base. The hood covers the core completely, so that the heat, instead of rising against the user's hand and wrist, is imprisoned inside the hood. The only exposed surface of the core is the IRONING SURFACE — the place where heat is needed. As someone has said, "Asbestos Sad Irons are hot where they should be hot and cool where they should be cool."

While Asbestos Sad Irons are being heated the hood is removed. In case starch or any other substance sticks to the hood, it does not become burnt to charcoal as happens in irons of a different pattern. Burnt starch on the flat-iron is often the cause of spots and streaks on laundered goods. Our irons are EASY TO KEEP CLEAN.

Do you know that some sad irons are hollow? Of





Laundry Set in Case

This is our regular No. 70 Laundry Set, consisting of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, two seven-pound cores, one six-pound core, and one asbestos-covered stand.

The whole set is put up in a case made of finely polished hard wood with [illegible] for the hood, cores, and stand. The lid is securely hinged, protecting the irons from dust and dirt.

VERTICAL S
HOW THEY ARE

This illustration is a photographic [illegible] bestos Iron cut vertically in half. It [illegible] scien[illegible]

WOOD HANDLE. [illegible] not to cramp the fingers [illegible] is [illegible] with a heavy [illegible]

BOLT. This fastens the [illegible] [illegible]

SHIELD. The shield is [illegible] It cannot bend or break. It is [illegible] By means of buttons or lugs on the hood, an air-space [illegible] the conduction of heat

HOOD. [illegible] with **asbestos,** which serves [illegible] heat **inside** the hood.

LOCK. The lock is of highly tempered [illegible] Rattle and looseness are impossible. [illegible] operator.

HEAT RESERVOIR. The construction of the hood and [illegible] This air space becomes a heat-reservoir when the [illegible] core. At no point can the heat escape except at the ironing s[illegible]

CORE. The cores of Asbestos Sad Irons are solid and [illegible] ground slightly convex to prevent friction

Our Guarantee

"We guarantee **ASBESTOS SAD IRONS** to be perfect throughout and will replace any broken or defective part free of charge, except postage, for a term of two years."

The guarantee is attached to every handle of the genuine **Asbestos Sad Iron** in the shape of a tag. Find the tag and you're safe.

SOLD IN HARDWARE AND HOUSEFURN

THE DOVER MANUFACTURI

SOLE MAKERS AND

STOs
RONS
ERY PURPOSE

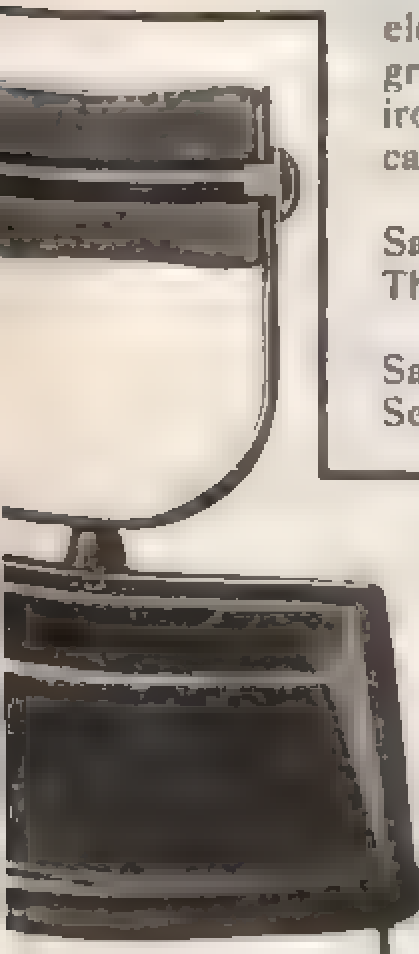
se, the hollow place is deftly concealed — but it's there nevertheless. The s of Asbestos Sad Irons are SOLID. They have enough weight to give lesired pressure and to retain heat. Even without the hood Asbestos Sad s would hold heat longer than do irons which have their weight diminished eing hollowed out.

The locking device of our irons is also worthy of attention. It is made of BREAKABLE STEEL. The locks of SOME sad irons are made of CAST-N. These may break, and DO break, at most inopportune moments — pos- at the very beginning of an ironing, when the work has to be set aside and HOLE NEW HANDLE PURCHASED.

Especial care is given to the finish of Asbestos Sad Irons. All parts are by skilled workmen. Each iron is critically inspected before it leaves the factory. The metal surfaces are plated with nickel and elegantly polished. The ironing faces are smooth and ground slightly convex. Edges are rounded and the irons will glide over the most delicate fabrics without catching and drawing the goods out of shape.

We desire every woman to examine Asbestos Sad Irons and investigate their points of superiority. Then purchase a set and give them a test.

Our literature thoroughly describes Asbestos Sad Irons. It will be sent to any one for the asking. See our offer below.



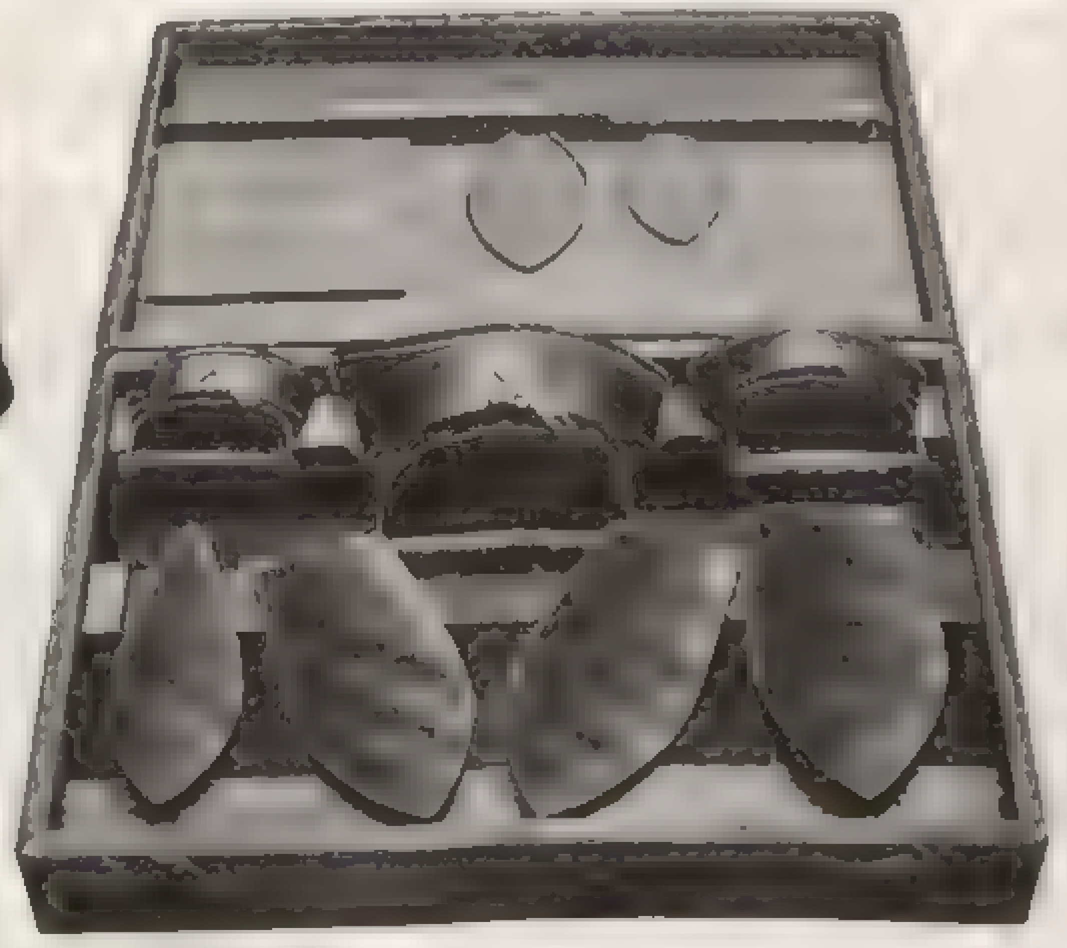
ECTION
MADE

[illegible] As [illegible] asbestos
[illegible] simple.
[illegible] It
k [illegible]
dle to the shield. It
thus effecting strength
can cause looseness

of heavy sheet-steel
to the hood by rivets
d between shield and hood, which prevents
oses It keeps the heat away from the handle

It securely clamps the hood to the core
tically and cannot leave the core drop except

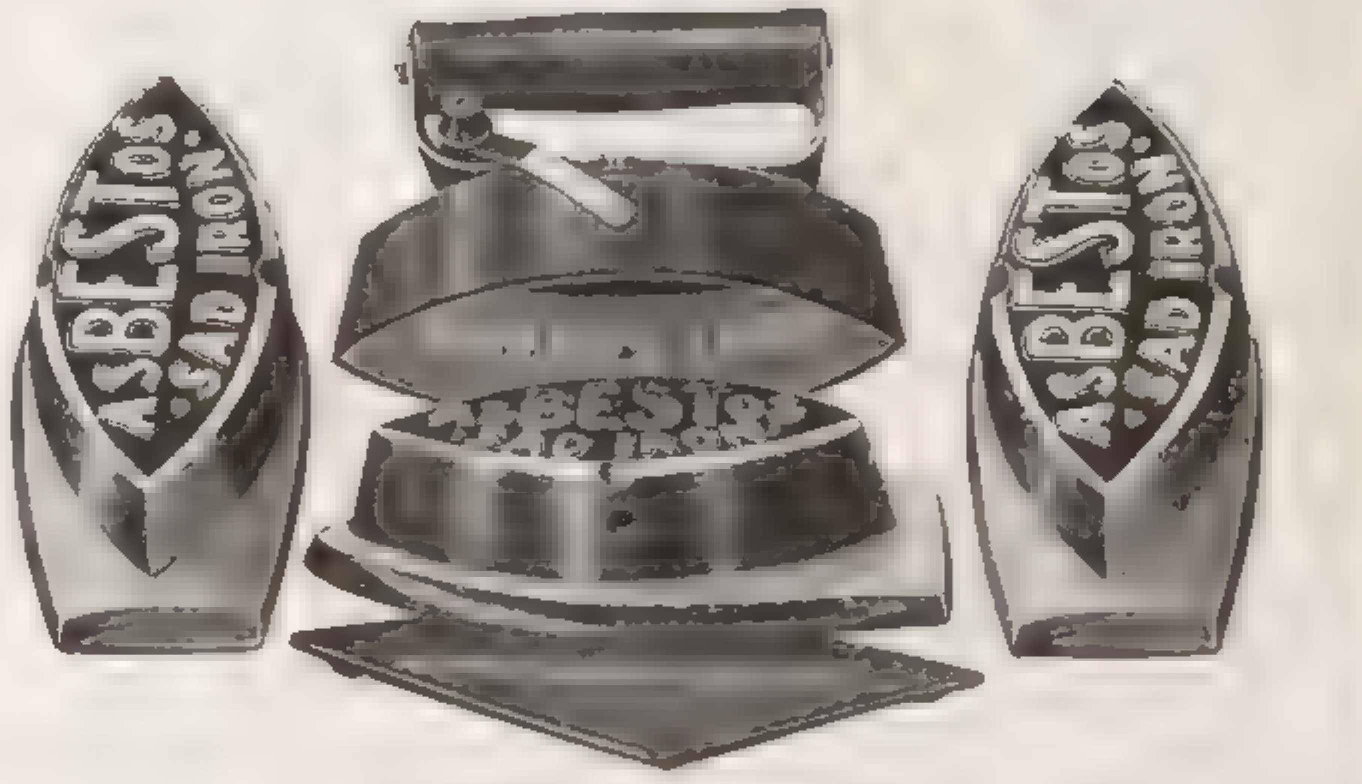
built of an air-space around the core.
[illegible] the heat waves back upon the
rface — the only place where it is wanted.
ull weight. The face is highly polished and



Household Set in Case

The set consists of one Asbestos Laundry Set, one Pressing Core, one Sleeve Core, one Flounce Core, one hood for Sleeve and Flounce Irons, one Tourist Iron, one Laundry Stand, one Sleeve Stand and one Tourist Stand. The case is of nicely polished hard wood with apartments for each article of the set. The Household Set is a complete ironing equipment — an iron for every purpose, from pressing the heaviest cloths to smoothing the daintiest fabrics.

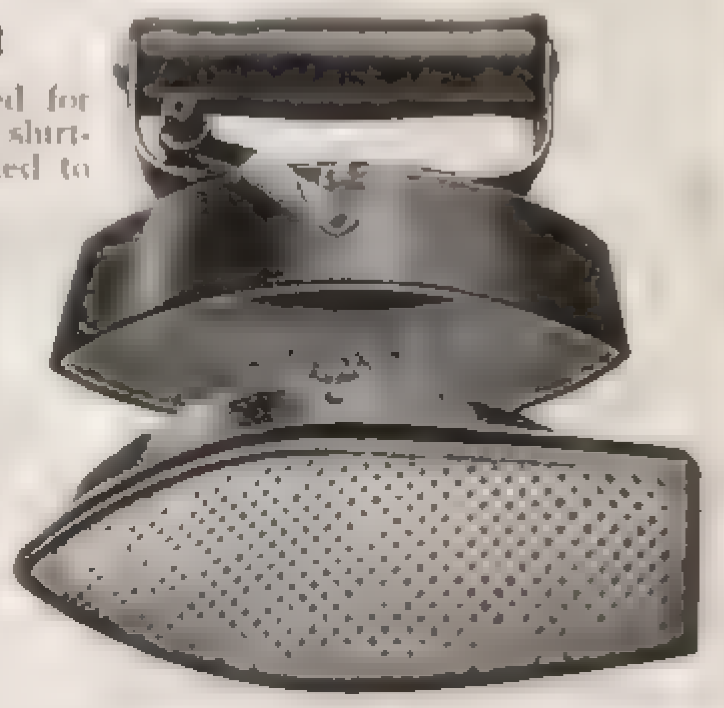
A Hot Iron



No. 120 Laundry Set

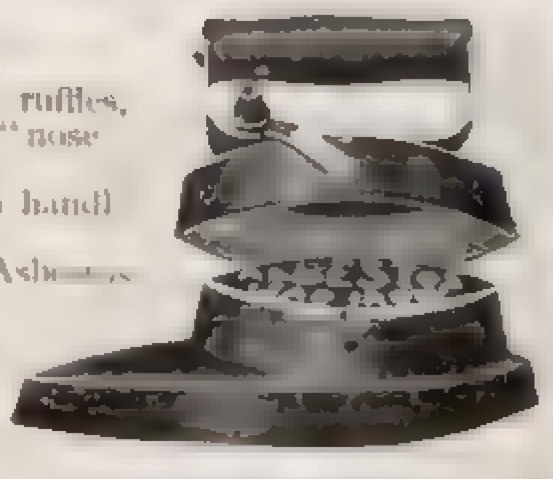
This Laundry Set is similar to the No. 70 set except that all the cores have square heels. Some women prefer this style of iron to the double-pointed one. The set consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, two seven-pound cores, one six-pound core, and one asbestos-covered stand. The hood can be used with Asbestos Pressing and Polishing Irons.

No. 90 Polishing Iron



The Asbestos Polishing Iron is intended for giving a gloss finish to linen collars, cuffs, shirt-bosoms, etc. The ironing surface is corrugated to gain the proper effect in polishing the linen. The heel is square for rolling collars and cuffs and for rubbing shirt-bosoms and other flat surfaces in order to smooth out wrinkles and creases. With the "Polisher" a woman can give a polish to linen in true laundry fashion. In this way the wear and tear of steam laundry methods can be avoided. Laundry expenses can also be reduced to a large degree. The Polishing Iron consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, and one core. It weighs six pounds. The hood will fit Laundry and Pressing Irons.

No. 50 Flounce Iron



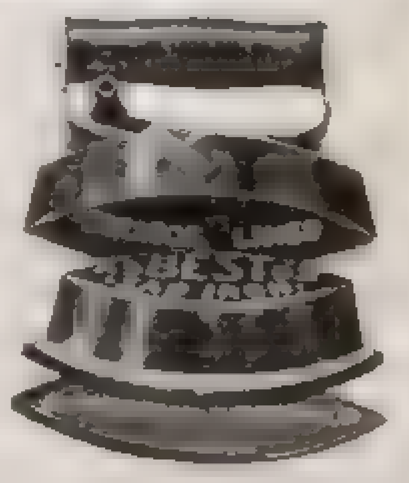
The Asbestos Flounce Iron is adapted to ironing ruffles, flounces, etc., where a pointed iron is essential. The "nose" of the core is of such weight as not to lose heat readily.

The iron consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, and one core.

It weighs four pounds. The hood will fit the Asbestos Shirt Waist Set and Sleeve Iron.

It is a long, slender iron, shaped just right for the delicate work for which it is designed. A great convenience to any woman who is afraid to entrust her daintiest things to other hands.

No. 40 Sleeve Iron



The Asbestos Sleeve Iron is suitable for ironing doilies, handkerchiefs, the inside of sleeves, etc.

It consists of one asbestos-lined hood with handle and lock complete, one core, and one asbestos-covered stand.

The iron weighs three and one-half pounds.

The hood will fit Asbestos Shirt Waist Set and Flounce Iron.

ISHING STORES EVERYWHERE

NG CO., Canal Dover, Ohio

ATENTEES

FREE — Waxer and Polisher
If your dealer doesn't keep Asbestos Sad Irons, send us his name and address and we will send you our booklet, telling all about them, and also a Waxer and Polisher . . . . FREE

NO "POT LUCK"
When You Cook with
"WEAREVER"
[illegible]
ALUMINUM WARE

NO hap-hazard results in the cooking; no metallic poisoning from copper, brass or plated ware; no enamel to peel off in spots and *burn* the food just as it's done to a turn.

Aluminum Ware

does not corrode nor become rusty. It is as near *indestructible* as anything in regular daily use *can* be.

¶ Send 25c and we will forward, carriage paid, a 1 **pint sauce pan,** made of our Wearever A[illegible] for you to try.

¶ It is susceptible of a very *high polish*, and utensils made of this metal in sufficient *weight* to insure the proper degree of strength last a life-time. It is no u[illegible] thing, nowadays, to see bright, shining cooking pans in *some* kitchens that look as if they had been bought the day before, but have been in regular daily service *eight* ye[illegible]

¶ The idea that *Aluminum*, being one of the *newer* metals, is at first costly, has dissuaded many *thrifty* housewives fr[illegible] sidering it as practicable in their kitchen equ[illegible]. But, *Aluminum Ware is not expensive* — not even at the first cost. And when the length of time it lasts [illegible] ered — and *clean, sanitary all the time* — it is by far the *cheapest ware* one can use [illegible] cooking.

¶ *Even heat* is necessary to perfect cookery. *Aluminum so absorbs and holds* [illegible] that it produces *even heat*, and hence t[illegible] best results in the cooking of foods that contain milk and eggs. It *regulates* the [illegible] and the "*temper*" of the cook.

¶ Don't trust to "pot luck," but be *sure* of your dinner by using Aluminum Ware — always.

WEAREVER
A.C.U.Co. ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO
Box K, Pittsburg, Pa.

Several of our most popular specialties are sold by [illegible] ment, exclusive territory. Write for proposition.

DENTACURA
Tooth Paste

[illegible] of Dentists. It is deliciously flavored, and a delightful adjunct to the dental toilet.

For sale at best stores, 25 cents per tube. Avoid substitutes. [illegible] "Taking Care of the [illegible]" which [illegible] cisely written.

DENTACURA COMPANY
84 ALLING STREET NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

We Will Pay 5% On Your Savings

No Speculation
Business Established 11 Years

THE INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN Co. [illegible] New York [illegible] Supervision. Our patrons, many of the most prominent clergymen and professional men in the [illegible]

Accounts of Conservative Investors Solicited, Upon Which We Will Pay 5 Per Cent. Per Annum [illegible]

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN 5% PER ANNUM

Assets, [illegible] $1,700,000
Surplus and Profits, 160,000

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO., 1135 Broadway, New York

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 stylish Visiting Cards, [illegible]

J. W. COCKRUM 537 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD is known to the newspaper world as one of the most prominent of European women journalists. The circumstances of her life brought her from childhood, during two generations, into close contact with the most notable men in England and on the Continent. She has keen eyes, an infallible memory, humor, and a bold, trenchant style. It has followed naturally that there is now living no more popular raconteur of the day-to-day history of our times.

She undertakes in her latest book to give us certain unknown facts in the life of the late Queen Victoria, and to show us boldly what manner of woman and ruler she was: Victoria, Queen and Ruler, by Emily Crawford *(Arrowsmith, Bristol, England)*. A portrait of any human being who held such stupendous power among men, and the record of the use or abuse of such power, ought to be as significant as is the history of a race.

But we soon find that Mrs. Crawford's story is for the most part irrelevant gossip, instigated by a strong personal dislike of her subject. She gives chapters on Victoria as a child, a wife, a match making mother and a miserly tradeswoman. Prince Albert is sketched as a coarse grained German whose barber-shop beauty secured the affections of his wife, whom he treated with brutal indifference.

Mrs. Crawford tells us that this rudeness is a national characteristic. "The German husband, no matter what his rank, never has any chivalry in his treatment of his wife. But the English coster," she assures us, "has a knightly tenderness toward his 'Missus.'" An assertion which is amusing enough to anyone who has known the German and the lowless Englishman in their homes.

In fact, this woman views the other woman from a false standpoint. Victoria, it is true, was not royal by nature. She was bourgeoise in the grain. She would have been a good Lord Mayor's wife. She was perhaps better fitted by nature to "trot about the piggeries or henhouses with Albert," or "to save pennies by wearing one hat for two years," than to govern a great Empire. But she had the bearing of a sovereign. Even when she was a plump little girl with a snub nose, the old courtiers acknowledged that there "was something about her which never let you forget that she was Queen." She had the tact to do her ruling through such men as Gladstone and Melbourne, and the finer tact never to put out her little hand to meddle where there was danger that it would be struck back. Hence, in her long reign, England could hold her guilty of no fatal mistake.

Add to this that she was a model of all the domestic virtues dear to an Englishman's heart, and we can understand why Mrs. Crawford's subtle sneers have met with but a cold welcome in the kingdom of the dead Queen.

A very different flavor is in this stout, dignified volume: The Life of Dean Farrar, by his son, Reginald *(Crowell & Co.)*. The life and work of the good Dean were English to the core, and he was a fair specimen of the leaders of the respectable orthodox middle class in England. He is here shown to us, first as the child of Burmese missionaries, gentle, mild, blue-eyed, busied with cramming the contents of countless books into his small brain, then as the class-boy, the collegian, the headmaster of a great school, the parish priest, and the Dean of Canterbury. But he is always the same gentle, mild scholar and saint, who never, the biographer tells us, had been tempted by the gross sins of other men. This record is a noble tribute from a son to a father.

The outsider who knows how the great preacher reached the souls of sinful men and brought them to Christ is sure that it was through hard struggles that he gained courage to attack as sharply as he did the wickedness and shortcomings of men in high places. It was owing to the fierceness of some of these attacks that Dean Farrar lost the favor of the court and was left to struggle on to the end in comparative obscurity, while preferment came rapidly to men avowedly his inferiors. He had a large family, and toiled for them up to the last day of his life. His son paints him as a "majestic personage, stately in bearing," and aloof in his thoughts and words from ordinary men. But such of us as were

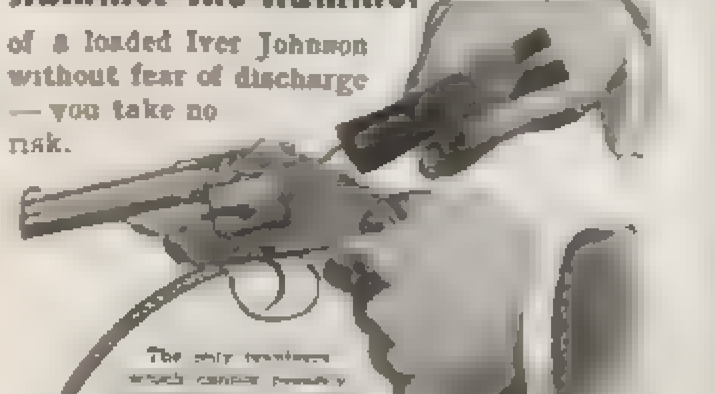
Columbia Mark XLV 35-40 H.P. Gasolene Cars

A surplus of material for every strain, but no excess of material where it is not needed. Every part and piece of chassis from selected stock subjected to the most [illegible] laboratory tests [illegible] parts that most frequently [illegible] springs, castings, [illegible] Exclusive features [illegible] new method of [illegible] other improvements [illegible]

COLUMBIA supremacy in body designs and furnishings has never been questioned. We supply the Mark XLV Chassis with the following styles of bodies: Standard Double Side Entrance Tonneau, $4000; Royal Victoria, $5000; Double Victoria, $5000; Landaulet, $5500; Limousine, $6500 [illegible] appointment

Catalogue of Columbia 35-40 and 18 h. p. Gasolene Cars will be sent on request. Also [illegible]

Columbia
35-40 H. P. Touring Car
ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
HARTFORD CONN.
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
BOSTON
74 STANHOPE ST
MEMBER OF ASS'N LICENSED
AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS



Hammer the Hammer of a loaded Iver Johnson without fear of discharge — you take no risk.

The only revolvers which cannot possibly be discharged by accident are the

IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS

[illegible] snappy style — with the subject of revolvers in the home. It will be sent free, together with [illegible] ated catalogue telling the whole story of sizes, [illegible]

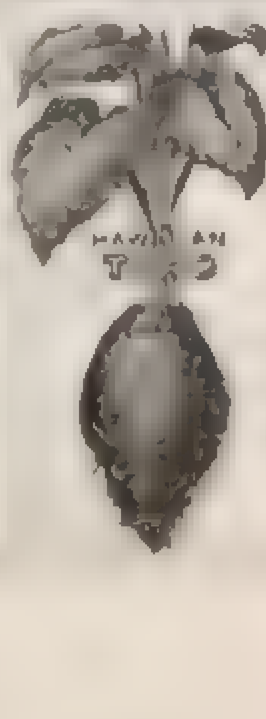
WARNING Every genuine Iver Johnson has the name Iver Johnson on the barrel and the *Owl's Head* trade-mark on the grip — look for it. [illegible] Johnson Revolvers are for sale at all Hard[illegible]

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York Office: 99 Chambers Street

The capital and surplus of
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS
and Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio
amount to
Six Million Dollars
and its total assets to over
Thirty-Seven Million Dollars
affording a place of unquestionable safety for savings accounts, whether large or small.

Send for booklet "M" telling how you can open a savings account by mail at 4% INTEREST [illegible] where you live.

[illegible]
PRESIDENT Suspenders
None so easy. Absolutely guaranteed. 50c. and $1 any store or mail.
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Box [illegible], Shirley, Mass.



Taroena
THE FOOD THAT DIGESTS ITSELF

T[illegible] Hawaiians. It is grown, cleaned and cooked to a fine meal under ideal American conditions in the Island of Maui, H. T. Only the packaging is done at Danbury. [illegible] when extremely weak. It contains no sweetening or indigestible substance.

TARO-ENA "digests itself." You can live on it, every meal all your life. Hawaiians have, from infancy to old age, and are splendid specimens of health. It is decidedly delicious, satisfying and economical [illegible] tablespoonful to a meal. [illegible] 50c.; [illegible] $1.00; [illegible] $3.00, at drug stores, or by mail prepaid [illegible] guaranteed. SEND 10c. FOR TRIAL SIZE, ENOUGH FOR FOUR MEALS.

To Get FREE — Beautiful picture of Hawaii, 9 x 29, suitable for fine parlor framing, mailed free for "CREST" from top of 50c. or $3.00 TAROENA box.

TARO FOOD CO., Box B, DANBURY, CONN.

The roof on your house is important.

If it leaks, it is a source of annoyance and expense.

Do you know that tin roofs put on over fifty years ago are still weather-proof?

Do you know that only one roofing tin now made comes up to this old-time quality? That tin is the "Taylor Old Style" brand, made by

N. & G. TAYLOR CO.
Established 1810,
Philadelphia

The value of this tin as the most durable roofing material known has been established by more than fifty years of actual service on American roofs. We will send you "A Guide to Good Roofs" upon request

THE
Bates
SHOE
FOR BOYS
TRADE MARK

The Bates Shoe on your boy's feet [illegible] They wear like [illegible] Bates Shoe will make your boy's feet happy.

Ask your dealer for the Bates Shoe $2.50 per pair [illegible] If not obtainable [illegible] in United States upon receipt of [illegible] prepaid.
FREE [illegible] your boy's feet

A. J. BATES & CO., 3 Bates St., Webster, Mass.

EUROPE *Go Clark's Way*
New S. S. CALEDONIA, 9,400 Tons
Specially Chartered. July 1st. $24[illegible]
[illegible]
FRANK C. CLARK, 113 Broadway, NEW YORK.

fortunate enough to know Dean Farrar remember him rather as the gentle, cordial host and friend, apt to be excited about trifles and to fall into little flurries of temper, but eager to do good to every living thing that came in his way—a great man who did great work in the world. But the man and the work were greater for the little faulty human traits in both

Here is a little book, the story of a man who fought the devil that lets loose sin and misery in the world on another field and in fiercer fashion than that of the good Dean But their purpose was the same. The Knights of the Holy Ghost, of whom the old German legend tells us, wear different armor in the world, and do not know each other But they fight the one battle, and under the same flag. Doctor Luke of The Labrador, by Norman Duncan *(Revell)*, is an attempt to put into fiction the true story of a physician who gave his life to the help of the poor wretches living on the coasts of Labrador

These miserable folk, huddled in huts upon the frozen coast, are, like other fish eating people, victims of scurvy, tuberculosis and cancer, and until lately were able to secure no help but from the yearly visits of a ship's doctor, who usually reeled on shore in a normal condition of drunkenness Mr Duncan draws a vivid picture of them and their miseries. The story is supposed to be told by a boy whose mother, with other victims, is murdered by the neglect of the drunken doctor. The whaling crews, the strange odds and ends of humanity ashore on these frozen, outlying coasts of the world are graphically sketched

There is enough power in this little volume to magnetize a dozen of the popular novels of the winter. But the reader will probably feel uneasily that the power is spent too consciously. The writer is intense, but intense with malice aforethought. Just as the book is aggressively nautical in appearance, being covered inside and out with pictures of ships, the story is aggressively tragic Probably a plain statement of the facts in the matter would have moved the reader more deeply and commanded more general attention. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Norman Duncan has power and will achieve success if he does not fall into the habit of making exhibitions of this power

The sympathetic reader will find a novel and curious attraction in two huge volumes The Social History of Ancient Ireland, by P. W. Joyce *(Longmans, London)*. He will take it up as history and find it turning into romance in his hands. Doctor Joyce is a well-known and learned antiquarian; the lost glory of ancient Ireland is his hobby. It has bewildered his judgment. To establish it he seizes frantically upon every tattered shred of evidence, until you feel that he might as well try to prove that the filmy bits of gossamer which fleck the bogs with silver at the dawn are fragments of fairy garments. He gives for example, the exact succession of Irish Kings, beginning a thousand years before Christ, down to the twelfth century ignoring the fact that these savage people until the sixth century, had not a single book nor writing and had no means whatever of preserving their history except in legends and songs

Not content with giving the pedigree of these so-called monarchs through the long night of nearly 3000 years, he draws for us ecstatic pictures of their state, their royal residences the palaces of the nobles, their services of gold plate, and the magnificent garb of the court ladies and knights. His heated descriptions remind you of the car driver who takes all tourists to Blarney Castle.

"One day, ages before Christ was born," he tells you, "the MacCarty was seated in this very banquet hall with hundreds of other lords, 'ating off his gold plate, when his enemies besieged him an' threw all the dishes into the lake." Meanwhile, the castle is before you, a meagre little stone tower which would not hold a dozen men, its window slits cut in the walls through which the savages inside might hurl down stones on the savages without.

But Pat believes in the banquet and the gold plate, and so does Doctor Joyce. He describes the people of Ireland from the sixth to the twelfth century as famous throughout Europe for their piety and learning The lower classes lived in comfortable wooden dwellings; then came the artisans and farmers, doctors, lawyers, judges, poets and historians living at ease, and next the nobles who dwelt in magnificent state and were patrons of art and music. Doctor Joyce assures us that they had certain luxuries such as napkins, bathrooms, gloves and satin shirts, which, in fact, were unknown in

"A Real Dutch Treat"

THE COCOA WITH THE YELLOW WRAPPER
THAT'S
BENSDORP'S

Made in Holland.
Has Double the Strength of any other Cocoa.
Healthful and Nutritious

A trial can for 10 cents making 20 cups by
Addressing—
STEPHEN L. BARTLETT
Importer
BOSTON, MASS.

ALL GROCERS

PURVEYOR
ENSDORP
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
TERDAM-HOLLA
This Cocoa For Ca
IN PLACE OF CAKE CHOCOLATE

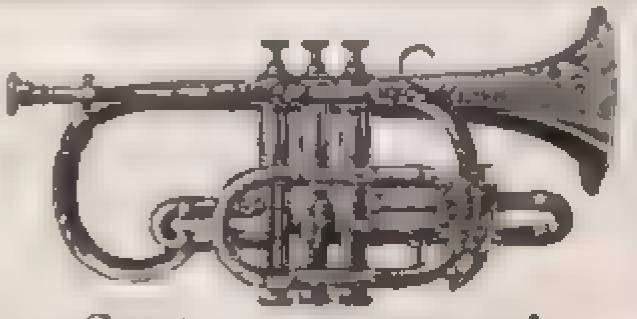
Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

Some appetites need to be tempted Dishes which are ordinarily flat and tasteless may be made just the reverse by proper seasoning. Soups, Fish, Roasts, Gravies, Salads, etc., are given a delicious flavor by adding

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.
No other "just as good."

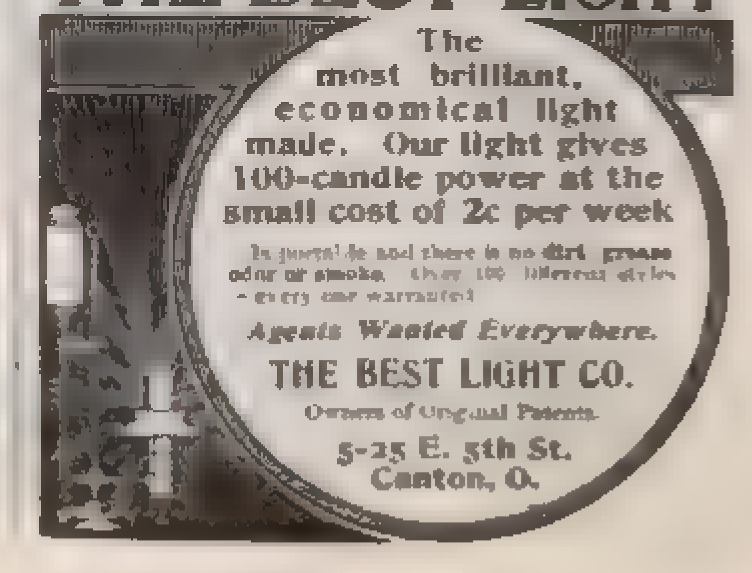
John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York



Sent on Approval

St. Louis World's Fair Judges were astounded at the wonderful tone effects produced by "HIGH AM" Horns, and promptly awarded them the gold medal. "HIGH AM" Horns are made in England and are world renowned. We are sole U. S. Agents. Write for any band instrument on approval. Special introduction price for 60 days. Free Catalogs. FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE, 510 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

THE "BEST" LIGHT



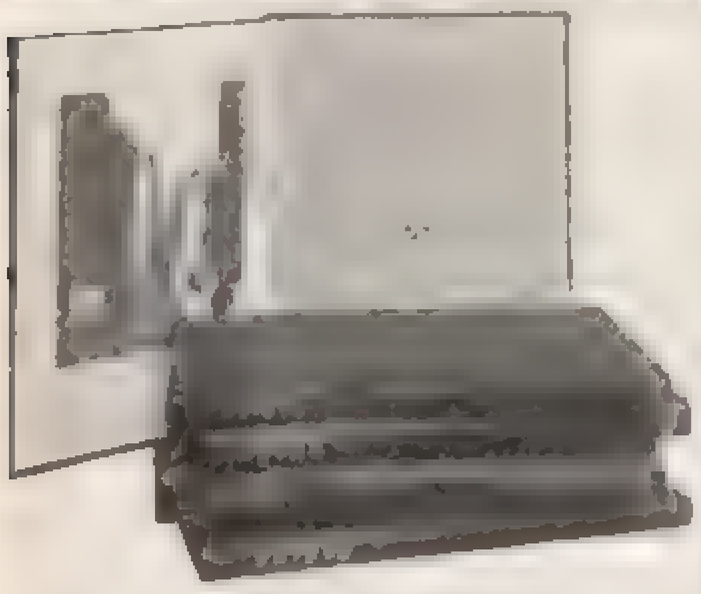
The most brilliant, economical light made. Our light gives 100-candle power at the small cost of 2c per week

Is portable and there is no dirt grease odor or smoke. Over 100 different styles —every one warranted

Agents Wanted Everywhere.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
Owners of Original Patents.
5-25 E. 5th St.
Canton, O.

$9.75 for $5.50

HERE'S a proposition that will interest every business man, every bank official, every stockholder of a corporation. [illegible] your order, and $1.00 a month [illegible] $5.00 cash, we will send you [illegible] Wall Street Library [illegible]



The Wall Street Library

The [illegible] this clever five-volume set of books is [illegible] to describe the practical workings of the Stock Exchange [illegible] the way banks [illegible] all experts in [illegible] in half-leather [illegible] printed [illegible] work sells for $5.75

With PUBLIC OPINION One Year

If you are not reading "The [illegible] About Frenzied [illegible]" now being published [illegible] in PUBLIC OPINION, you are missing one of the most interesting [illegible] written. [illegible] the world is thinking and doing in [illegible] nancial, Literary, Scientific and [illegible]

Read "The Confessions of a [illegible]" now appearing serially in PUBLIC OPINION. This is only one of the many interesting serials soon to appear

Send 50 Cents

Fill out the coupon printed in this advertisement and [illegible] it with 50 cents. We will send [illegible] who refund [illegible] satisfied [illegible] Or, if you [illegible] for payment in full [illegible] we will enter your name for a year's subscription [illegible] your present subscription has expired but will [illegible] the books at once

PUBLIC OPINION, 44-60 East 23d St., New York

PUBLIC OPINION, New York:
[illegible]
Name
Street
City and State
(If you desire to pay cash, send $5.00 with order [illegible] payment.)

THE DAISY AIR RIFLE

There's nothing a boy enjoys so much as he does a gun. It means fun; teaches accuracy; trains the hand and eye; steadies the nerves and develops manly qualities.

THE Daisy Rifle

is a safe gun for boys [illegible]

Price $2.00

[illegible] factory prepaid, on receipt of price. Send for Catalogue

The DAISY MFG CO
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

England for many centuries later. His fervor and exaggeration lead the reader to doubt the mass of actual facts which, with enormous labor, he has accumulated.

Certain traits which we find in the Irishman of the fifth century have an oddly familiar aspect to us. Hospitality was universal. The door of every house, from the monastery to the peat cabin, stood open to the stranger. Hospitals and free hostels were found in every county. The people were counted the most devout in Europe, they loved music, art and dancing better than any kind of labor, they sometimes even overstated facts. The accursed owner of an evil eye, for instance, was not content, as in other nations, to wreck the life of one victim: "His eye was so huge that it took four men with poles to lift the lid. He was taken into battle, and the whole army of the enemy fell dead when he looked at them." The nation neglected all work to fight. Battles and single combats were common where there was no inimical feeling. Brothers and friends fought to the death, simply because fighting was a man's business. The legends of the Greeks and Romans have no finer heroic strain than we find in the doings of Finn.

Doctor Joyce's great volumes leave us incredulous, but here is a little book which with a single magic touch, carries us actually back into ancient Ireland. It is Gods and Fighting Men, put into English by Lady Gregory *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*. Scarcely any other folk lore speaks so directly from the childhood of the world as do these legends of the ancient Celts. The men and women of the Stone Age might have talked and acted as do Cuchulain and Finn. The Fianna, Mr. Yeats tells us in the preface, "are hardly so much individual men as portions of universal Nature. They are part of the strength of things." We are not surprised to be told "that it is doubtful whether Finn ever died at all, and that it is certain that he will come again."

The stories are simple enough, but they have a strange power over us; they take us back among the children of all time. We find our way through the primeval forests and have personal dealings with the winds and the sea and the wild beasts. All the heroes are gigantic in stature, and are fair and blue-eyed with yellow hair. They slaughter each other by scores, but there is no hate nor vice in the fighting. They kill because killing is the natural occupation of men. All the maidens are also tall and fair and blue-eyed, with golden hair down to their feet. The villains usually are the spirits of the former husbands of the heroines in a former state. The lover promises the woman on their wedding day "great heaps of pig's flesh in golden vessels." There really seem to be no actors in this wonderful new [illegible] world but heroes, pigs, fish, cows and gods. When the good folk are hounded too closely by the villains or Druids, they quietly turn into swans and rise and float away into the white, driving clouds, which, we are sure, are legions of heroes and their innocent queens. We are not at all surprised to hear that Finn brought to the hunt 3000 hounds in golden chains, or that the herbs turned into soldiers at his bidding, and the tall white foxgloves into women.

And we are secretly quite sure that now, somewhere in the gray mountains of Munster, in the cave where the great hero lies asleep, his dog and horse beside him keeping watch for his waking.

To read this book after the modern novels is like going out of city streets on a noisy Fourth of July to keep company with the silent mountains or the sea.

* * *

Stolen Stevensoniana

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD is still deploring the loss of some of the Stevensoniana which made glad his rooms on the East Side in New York. These included matting, wall-mats, willow couches and chairs and a large number of articles, including some autographed and unpublished portraits of Stevenson, which had furnished the house of the Stevensons in Samoa. Most precious of all was the huge wooden tobacco box which the family had with them on that first voyage among the islands, and on whose inside cover Stevenson himself had cut with a jackknife the names of all the islands at which they had gone ashore. When Mr. Stoddard went to Cambridge a short time ago most of these articles were stolen from his New York apartment.

The old basket with all its former delights recalled never held anything half so good as the pure sparkling mineral water
White Rock

"Time's the King of Men" and

The ELGIN WATCH is the royal time-keeper

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches in men's and women's sizes and in all varieties of cases.

"Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated joint history of the locomotive and the watch, sent free upon request to
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois

Six months Guarantee Against Holes
A Good Home For Your Feet

We Guarantee that our "HOLEPROOF SOX" [illegible] provided they are returned to within six months from date of sale to the wearer.

Holeproof Sox (TRADE MARK)

Made in Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, Black legs with White feet. All fast [illegible] Sizes 9 to 12. Two grades [illegible] medium or heavy [illegible] pairs for $1.50 [illegible] prepaid. Only one size to a box; state size desired when ordering.

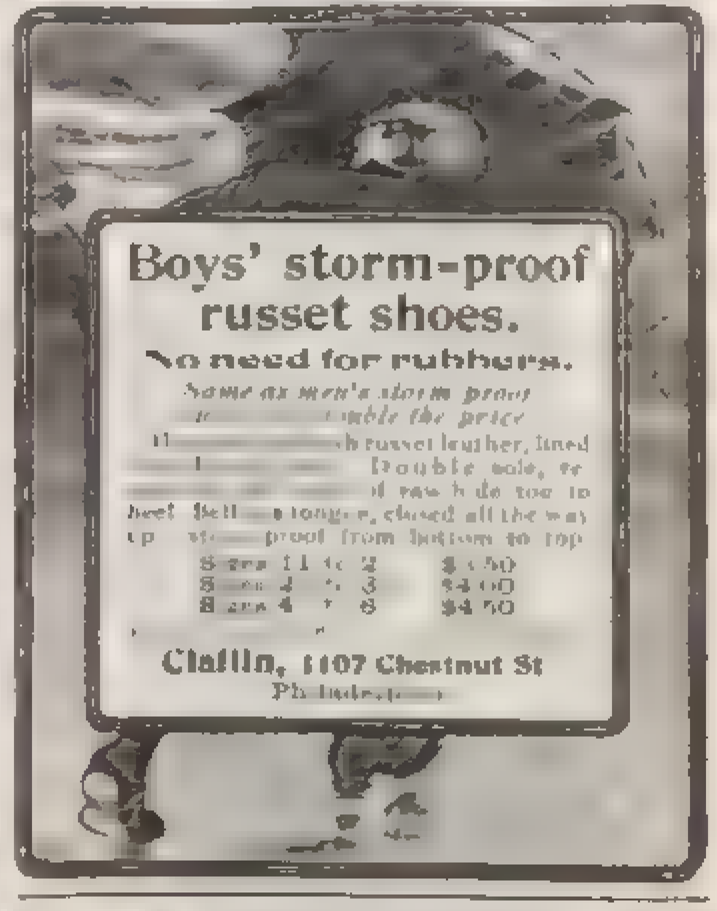
Edwin Duryea, Jr., Chief Engineer, BAY CITIES WATER COMPANY, San Francisco, writes:

I have used your Holeproof [illegible] times for six or eight years past and like them very much and I send [illegible] more sets for [illegible]

[illegible] yours,
[illegible] RYEA, Jr.

[illegible] Interesting Booklet about Holeproof Sox sent free on request

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Dept. C
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Boys' storm-proof russet shoes.

No need for rubbers.

Same as men's storm proof [illegible] the price

[illegible] russet leather, lined [illegible] Double sole, [illegible] raw hide toe to heel. Bellows tongue, closed all the way up. Storm-proof from bottom to top.

Sizes 11 to 2	$3.50
Sizes 2½ to 3	$4.00
Sizes 4 to 6	$4.50

Claflin, 1107 Chestnut St
Philadelphia

SQUABS [illegible]

There is good [illegible] labor, no young stock [illegible] do this? Send for our FREE BOOK "How to Make Money with Squabs," and [illegible] this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 299 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

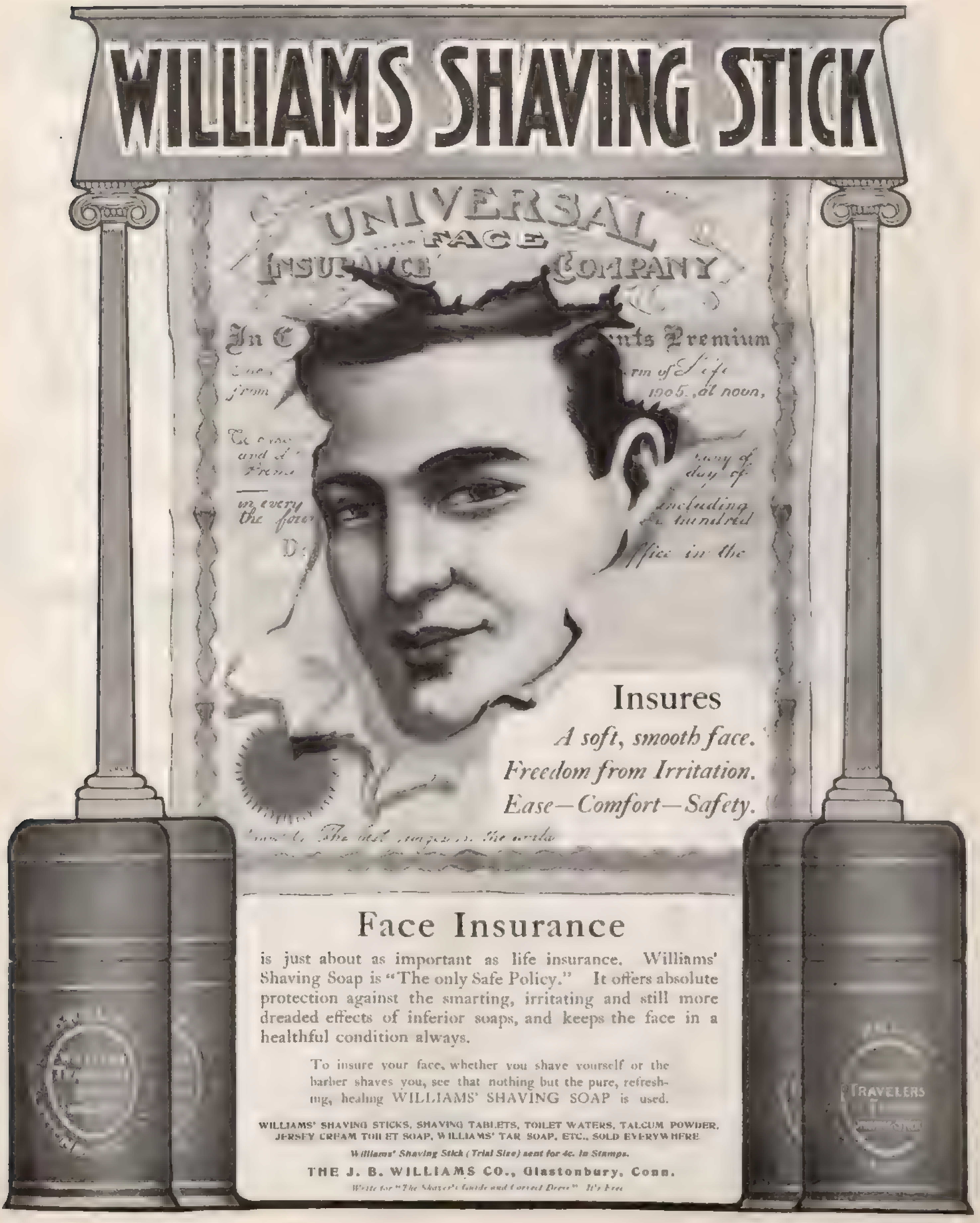
The Improved Method of FINISHING FLOORS

old or new, for rugs or otherwise, with GRIPPIN'S [illegible] and [illegible]

lay for our de[illegible]

GRIPPIN MFG. CO.
Dept. 4, Newark, New York

IT PAYS men with small capital to give Public Exhibitions with a Magic Lantern, Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit. [illegible]
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.


UNIVERSAL
FACE
INSURANCE COMPANY
In C
nts Premium
rm of Life
1905, at noon,
office in the
TRAVELERS

WILLIAMS SHAVING STICK

Insures

A soft, smooth face.
Freedom from Irritation.
Ease—Comfort—Safety.

Face Insurance

is just about as important as life insurance. Williams' Shaving Soap is "The only Safe Policy." It offers absolute protection against the smarting, irritating and still more dreaded effects of inferior soaps, and keeps the face in a healthful condition always.

To insure your face, whether you shave yourself or the barber shaves you, see that nothing but the pure, refreshing, healing WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP is used.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS, SHAVING TABLETS, TOILET WATERS, TALCUM POWDER, JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP, WILLIAMS' TAR SOAP, ETC., SOLD EVERYWHERE

Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) sent for 4c. in Stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress." It's Free

The Missing Sense

In England Only the Highest and the Lowest Know What Fun Is

By James L. Ford

THERE is a certain quality that the American visitor finds lacking in the social life of England, although it has its place in nearly every entertainment, every social gathering and every form of recreation with which we in America seek relief from the strain of our swift-paced national life. Not until we have returned from abroad do we realize that it is the quality called "fun" which we have been missing — a quality which is the one acknowledged necessary ingredient in every recipe for the preparation of a "good time"; a quality which in England is found but seldom in the middle and upper middle classes of society, though it occurs with comparative frequency in those circles that are adorned by the presence of omnibus drivers, very humble [illegible] crossing-sweepers and other cheery folk whose personal traits and manner of life were entirely unknown until Charles Dickens took up his pen.

It is difficult to imagine any sort of fun going on in the long, dull rows of brick houses in which the rank and file of Londoners dwell, but we can imagine that there is fun now and then behind the [illegible] walls of some of the splendid homes of Belgravia and Mayfair and perhaps even in the state rooms and corridors of Buckingham Palace. There was plenty of fun around Bob Cratchett's humble board when the Christmas goose was brought in, hot, smoking and delicious, from the bake-oven, and the small Cratchetts crammed spoons into their mouths to keep down their shrieks of delight. Sairy Gamp had fun in the intervals of her professional labors; and Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness had no end of it; and even Bill Sykes was not unused to it.

Shocking Bad Form

But in the life of the average well-to-do Englishman fun plays a very small part indeed compared with what it plays in this country. Here there is scarcely any one, no matter how high his place or how great his personal dignity, who does not now and then unbend and yield himself to an abandon of genuine foolish fun from which he recovers in due course of time to find himself a stronger, saner and better man. I myself have heard one of the greatest of American thinkers and philosophers sing, at a convivial festive board, a comic song with a chorus of "ritooralade" that was absolutely infectious; but I am firmly convinced that if a Darwin or a Tyndall or a Huxley were to endeavor to prolong an evening of merriment with such an effort he would be promptly clapped into a strait jacket.

If, however, the English have very little real fun they have a number of excellent substitutes for it, known variously as a "charming time," an "instructive evening," a "swagger time," or a "jolly time," each one of which is at best but a species of what I may call "near-fun." "They amuse themselves sadly," said some Frenchman long ago in speaking of the English of a bygone day, and the remark applies with equal force to those of the present year of grace. The Frenchman did not explain, however, that it is the cast iron scheme of social rank that sets so heavily on the backs of the English that, sleeping or waking, eating or working, at weddings or christenings, they find it impossible to rid themselves of the anxiety and self-consciousness that are part of the burden of every station in life save the very highest and the very humblest. I know that there is plenty of fun in households like that of the Cratchetts who are absolutely devoid of social ambitions, and I am willing to believe that there is fun among those whose station is so exalted that when they look up they see nothing above them but the blue sky and the stars, instead of the coat tails of the more fortunate climber who takes precedence on the social ladder.

But in the many strata that lie between Buckingham Palace and the little family circle of which Tiny Tim was the idol there is not one that does not have to bear its share of the self-imposed and [illegible] burden of social caste.

Introduce an Englishman to one of your friends and he will freeze up at once, although

Sure Warmth

In hot air heating the heat is expected to "come up" through registers placed in the most protected part of the room. It has to be so "coaxed" in—especially on windy days. Stoves of course heat the rooms only in "spots."

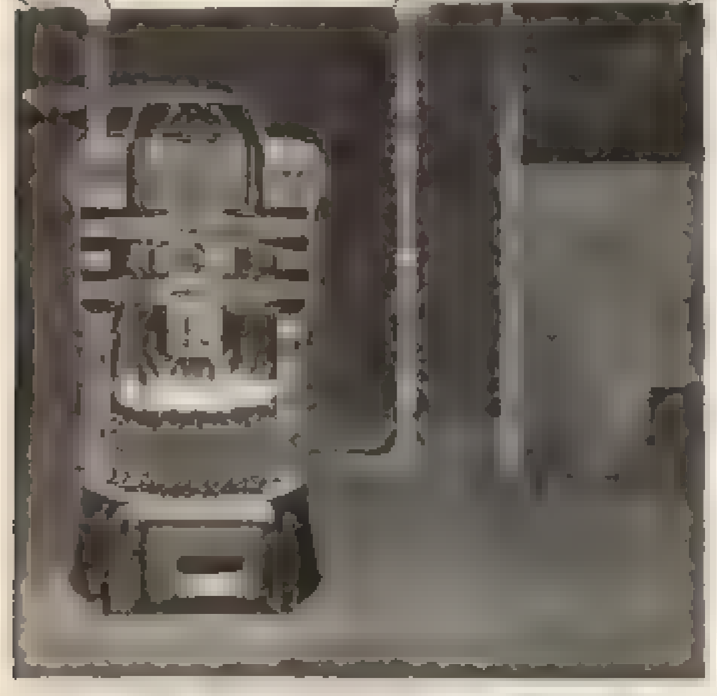
In steam or hot water warming the heat is compelled to circulate through the hollow pipes and radiators, which are placed wherever warmth is most needed.

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

[illegible] warmth *uniformly* to all parts of the building, no matter how stormy or bitter cold. The [illegible] family suffering from a cold house [illegible] quickly, simply, [illegible] and brings great [illegible]

[illegible]

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 28 CHICAGO



NORTHERN

The Acme of Mechanical Simplicity

Positively noiseless and dustless—the **Northern Touring Car** is absolutely free from vibration and is the only car with [illegible] motor and eliminates all dust.

Only car with **three point motor support** insuring true alignment of machinery over all roads, no belts, chains or gaskets, all working parts encased, dust proof and oil retaining. Ample speed [illegible] planetary transmission [illegible] exchanging four different bodies, including Limousine pattern at little expense. **Northern Runabout** is still the best

Two Passenger Runabout $650.00

Five Passenger Touring Car . . $1700.00
(Side Entrance)

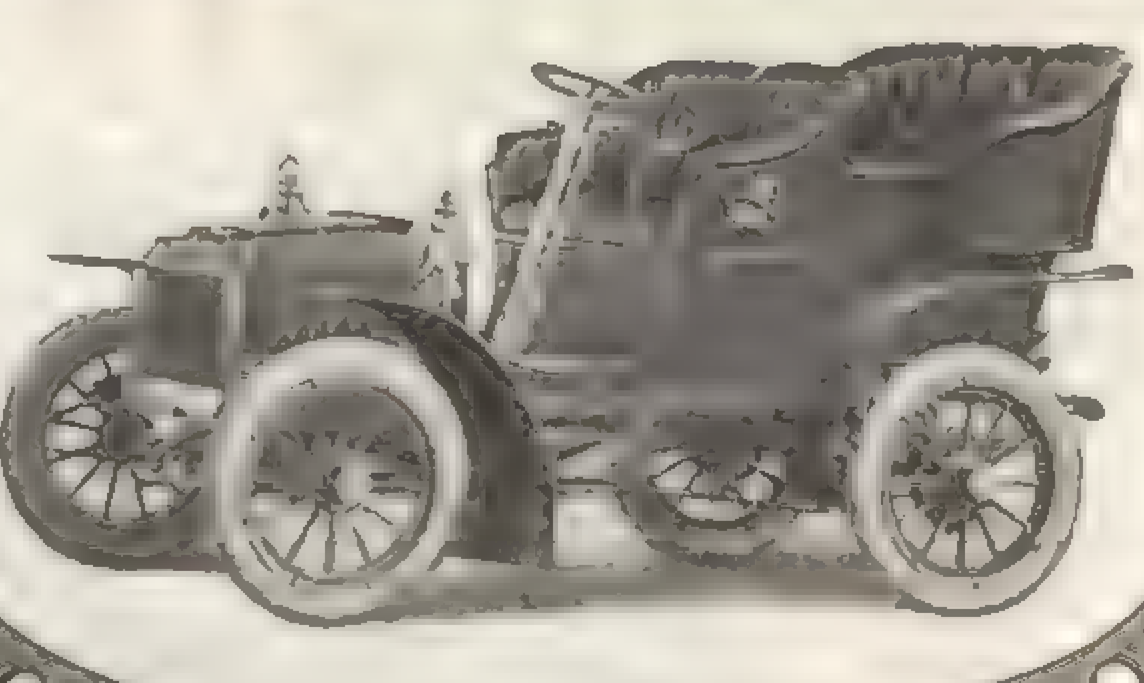
Write for Booklet 5, which tells all about **Northern** [illegible]

Northern Manufacturing Co.
Detroit, U. S. A.

6% Interest Paid on Deposits
Compounded Semi-Annually

"Banking by Mail" on request

Equitable Banking and Loan Co.
GEO. A. SMITH Pres. MACON, GA.



Autocar Type VIII $1400

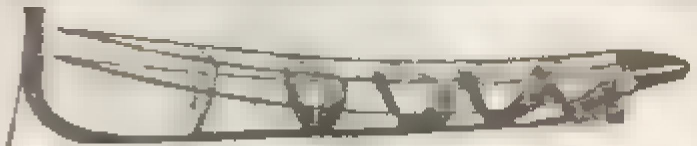
A Wonderful Value

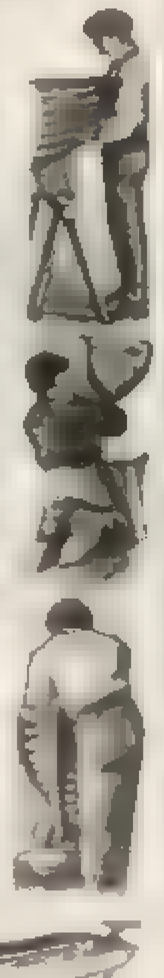
Type VIII Autocar at $1400 represents a wonderful automobile value. This type is the foundation of the Autocar's enviable reputation. [illegible] value. The price of Type VIII is now $1400 because, having [illegible] so long we can now build it more economically. For the man who wants a thoroughly reliable four-passenger car at a moderate price Type VIII at $1400 is his opportunity.

SPECIFICATIONS:

Horizontal two-cylinder opposed engine—no noticeable vibration. Twelve actual horse-power. [illegible] automatically. Water cooled.
Transmission, sliding gear type. Three speeds forward and a reverse. Ball bearing [illegible]. No greasy, gritty chain. Front and rear construction has ball bearings throughout. [illegible] holds 10 gallons — sufficient on good roads for 200 miles.
Tonneau is removable. Front seat divided. Engine and transmission case are [illegible] from above without disturbing body. [illegible] Type VII, Type X Runabout and Type XI Four cylinder car, with [illegible]

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.





Build Your Own Boat
BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM

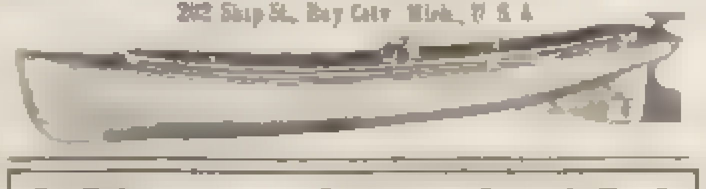
You can build your own Launch, Sailboat, Rowboat or Canoe in your leisure time—evenings—and the work will be a source of profit and pleasure. It's easy when we show you how. $12 covers the cost of a $50 boat. Cheaper boats cost less in proportion. Write us—we'll tell you how.

[illegible] Printed Patterns [illegible] Detailed Instructions [illegible] Working Illustrations, [illegible] Material [illegible]

Over six thousand amateurs [illegible] have built their second. Many have established them[illegible]

[illegible]

Brooks Boat Manufacturing Co.
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building.
202 Ship St., Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.



Baltimore & Ohio R. R.
to
WASHINGTON
Account Inauguration
of
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
VERY LOW RATES

FROM POINTS 100 MILES OR LESS FROM WASHINGTON, tickets will be sold at ONE AND ONE THIRD FARE for the round trip, good going March 3d and 4th, and returning, good leaving Washington until March 8th, 1905, inclusive.

FROM POINTS MORE THAN 100 MILES FROM WASHINGTON EAST OF OHIO RIVER, tickets will be sold at ONE FARE PLUS 25 CENTS, [illegible] March 2d, 3d and 4th, and returning, good leaving Washington until March 8th, 1905, inclusive.

FROM POINTS WEST OF OHIO RIVER tickets will be sold at ONE FARE, PLUS 25 CENTS, [illegible] going March 1st, 2d and 3d, [illegible] leaving Washington until March [illegible]

By depositing ticket with joint agent at Washington not later than March 8th, and on payment of fee of [illegible] Washington not later than March 18th, 1905.

Solid vestibuled trains, [illegible] equipped, from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburg. Unexcelled dining car service.

"Every two-hour" service from New York and Philadelphia, "hourly service" from Baltimore via the famous Royal Blue Line.

For additional information call on Ticket Agents Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

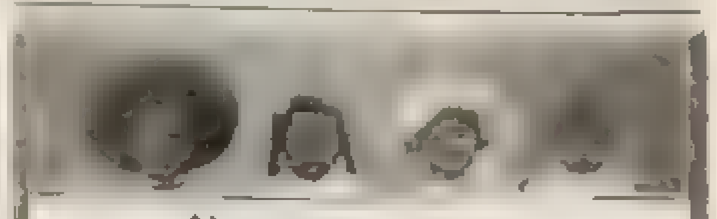
C. W. BASSETT, Genl. Pass. Agt., Baltimore. B. N. AUSTIN, Genl. Pass. Agt., Chicago.
D. B. MARTIN, Manager Passenger Traffic, Baltimore.

The OWEN
SECRET-BED NO OTHER LIKE IT

Perfect Davenport Perfect Bed

[illegible]

D. T. OWEN CO. 101 Dean Ave. CLEVELAND, O.



You can't insure

when you're sick [illegible] while you are healthy. [illegible] next week? Don't take chances.

Get our booklet, "The How and the Why."

We insure by mail

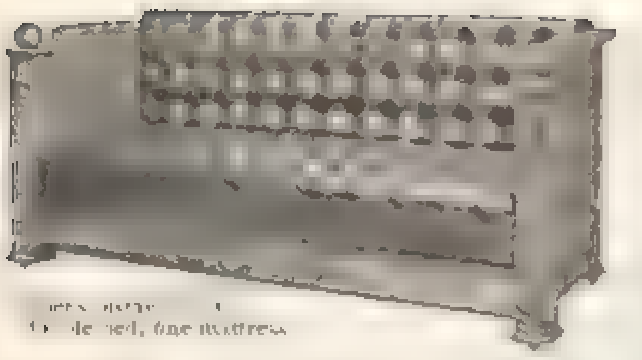
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

COME HERE! [illegible]

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

STAMPS [illegible] your while to [illegible] free samples [illegible] agents, all free. [illegible] Write today.

EXCELSIOR STAMP CO., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.



[illegible]
[illegible] bed, fine mattress

"Streit for Service"

Made throughout to withstand steady [illegible] sure to get it because wonderfully comfortable.

Streit TRADE MARK. Morris Chairs Davenport Beds

Look for this mark

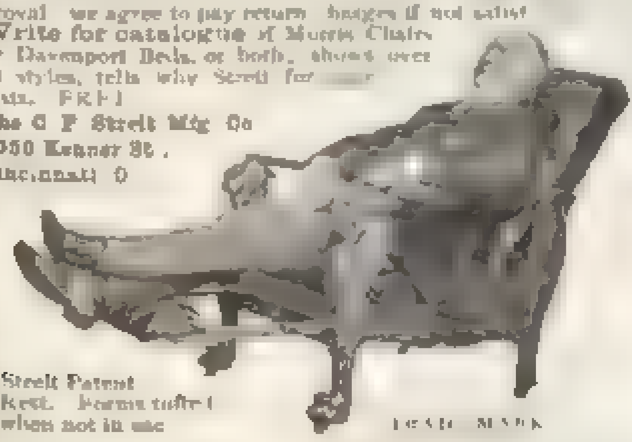
Trade-mark on every piece a guarantee of sterling worth and wear. Beautiful, colonial, classic and popular designs; artistic carving. Upholstered in genuine leather or any other covering.

Buy of your dealer, if possible. If he hasn't "Streit," order direct from us

We'll send bed or chair anywhere in United States on approval — we agree to pay return charges if not satisf[illegible]

Write for catalogue of Morris Chairs or Davenport Beds, or both, shows over 30 styles, tells why Streit for[illegible] lasts. FREE

The C F Streit Mfg Co
1050 Kenner St.,
Cincinnati O



With Streit Patent Foot Rest. Forms tufted front when not in use

TRADE MARK

BOUND TO SUIT

This Split Hickory Special is a Made to Order Buggy, yet sold for only

30 Days' Free Use Plan

$50

Therefore it is bound [illegible] skilled [illegible] of the largest [illegible] no [illegible] labor [illegible] boys [illegible]

Screwed rim wheels, quick shifting shaft couplers, long distance dust proof axles, oil tempered springs, finest quality imported [illegible] broad cloth upholstering, cushion [illegible] and solid spring back, top has [illegible] ly and all woodwork [illegible] 100 days in pure oil and [illegible] 16 coats of paint, with highest grade of finishing varnish.

[illegible] 1905 Catalogue [illegible] our complete line of Vehicles and Harness

Send on a postal card request. Address

The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co. (H. C. PHELPS, Pres.)
Station 108, Cincinnati, Ohio

[illegible]

As a Trial Offer we will for 10 cents mail 5 Pkts. Giant Pansies, Snow White, Coal Black, Cardinal Red, Pure Yellow, Azure Blue;

Five Pkts. **New Giant Sweet Peas for 10 cents,** White, Pink, Scarlet, Blu[illegible]

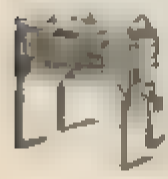
[illegible] Pkts. new [illegible] Carnation Pinks for **10 Cents,** Scarlet, White, P[illegible]

OR ALL 15 PKTS. FOR 25 CENTS

Our Catalogue for 1905 — Greatest Book of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits. 148 pages, 500 illustrations, many plates — will be mailed Free. Scores of Great N[illegible]

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

THE "GEM" MONEY MAKER



hatches chickens at a lively rate — live chickens too — that live and grow into money. Our catalogue tells of "Gem" features no other incubator has. Write for copy — it is free.

GEM INCUBATOR CO., Box 417, Dayton, Ohio

the moment before he may have been roaring with laughter over one of your "bright American stories." It is not that he means to be uncivil, but because he is filled with an awful fear lest this stranger should be above or below him in the social scale, and in neither case could he afford to be polite. If of a grade lower than his own he fears that the stranger will take advantage of the introduction and claim acquaintance at some unpropitious moment. If the stranger prove to be a "social superior" he dare not be civil for fear of being taken for a snob. On the other hand, introduce to an Englishman your friend, Mr. Brown, and explain a moment later that Mr. Brown is an American. Then mark the sudden change in the Briton's demeanor, for here is a person about whom he need have no anxiety, one of a people so curiously organized that it is impossible to classify them according to any of the accepted European laws of caste

As to Englishwomen, they bear not only even more than their share of the burden of caste but also the far heavier burden of maternal responsibility. Indeed, we have only to see an Englishwoman marshaling her daughters about her to understand how serious an affair society is to such as her, and how remote the possibilities of anything like fun where husband-hunting and social advancement are uppermost in every mind

The rules under which the games of society are played in London are infinitely more severe than those that prevail even among the most shameless "climbers" in New York, and the pace maintained by the players is very much swifter. For example, an American woman giving a reception or party naturally aims to secure the presence of the most distinguished "social lights" on her visiting list, and is only too happy to have her more modest acquaintances find her drawing-room peopled with an aristocratic gathering. It is with feelings of positive pride and delight that she introduces her cousin from the suburbs to some woman whose name glistens daily in the chronicles of "Society."

"A Chop for a Chop"

Not so the Englishwoman whose intimate acquaintance with Lady C. and the Countess of X. have long made her the envy of her less fortunate sisters. When she gives an "at home" she takes particular pains not to invite the two peeresses whom she regards as the most precious gifts that Heaven has ever sent her, and whom she cherishes in a manner that makes the maternal love of the mother of the Gracchi seem cold in comparison. She knows perfectly well that the rest of her friends will come to her house, not to do honor to her, but in the hope of being presented to Lady C. and the Countess of X., and it is with grim satisfaction that she sees them, even while exchanging greetings with her, scan with roving eye and growing disappointment every corner of the room

"Ah," says the hostess triumphantly to herself, "you thought you were going to meet them here, didn't you? Well, you're not!"

And not until an exact equivalent is offered will any one of her other friends make the acquaintance of these desirable women.

"An eye for an eye and a chop for a chop" is the rule that governs the social life of the average Briton, and it is a rule that might be extended indefinitely so as to show the precise value of every desirable acquaintance and the exact cost of every step from rung to rung on the social ladder

It is quite easy to understand how the conditions that I have indicated put an effectual damper on all genuine fun. Nor does the entire absence of anything like informal calling or visiting — "dropping in," as it is generally termed — tend to make life in the smaller English cities as pleasant as it is in similar American communities.

The belief that most Americans wear blankets and beads and roost in trees exists only in the Never Never Land of the humorous column, but our actual mode of life seems to the ordinary run of English person almost as strange. I once explained to a British matron, who had been good enough to express some curiosity in regard to the manners and habits of native Americans, the manner in which we enjoy ourselves in the smaller towns. I told her that it was by no means uncommon for Mr. and Mrs. Smith to sally forth after the evening meal and appear, unexpected and uninvited, at the home of their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. I furthermore described the manner in which the young people would stroll from house to house during long summer evenings, and how an impromptu dance or game of cards or

BURPEE'S
"Fordhook Finest" Lawn Grass
AT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

The Only Gold Medal for Lawn Grass at St. Louis World's Fair

was awarded to us for the lawns produced from BURPEE'S "FORDHOOK FINEST" LAWN GRASS. This is the *highest award possible.* The seed from which these lawns were produced was *exactly the same "prescription" and quality* as supplied regularly to our trade. If you would have **the best lawn** it is possible to produce you should order this *unequaled* "GOLD MEDAL" MIXTURE. 35 cents per lb. box, postpaid. By express or freight, 25 cents per lb.; 25 lbs. or more, at 20 cents per lb. It is the cleanest and heaviest seed on the market; *weighs 25 to 27 lbs. per measured bushel*

A GRAND PRIZE for Vegetables at ST. LOUIS was won by the products of Burpee's "Seeds that Grow."

If you garden you want THE BEST, and we shall be pleased to mail you **Burpee's Farm Annual for 1905** — an elegant *new book of 178 pages,* which tells the plain truth, with hundreds of illustrations, beautiful colored plates and describes *Superb Novelties* of unusual merit. *Write to-day!* A postal card will do, while it is sufficient to address simply

BURPEE'S SEEDS, PHILADELPHIA
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Seed Growers and Proprietors of the World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade

If you want to get the biggest returns for your labor and your ground, you can't afford to plant anything but

FERRY'S SEEDS

— the standard after 49 years test. They always produce the largest and surest crops. All dealers sell them. Our **1905 Seed Annual** free on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.

The Most Beautiful
FLOWERS

fully described and beautifully illustrated are to be found in the Maule Seed Book for 1905. It [illegible] over $20,000 to mail the first edition (each copy takes a 5-cent stamp), and no matter how small your garden you need it. Everything worth growing (either **plants, bulbs** or **seeds**) will be found listed in this great book, which will be mailed together with four packets of the largest Sweet Peas to anyone sending five 2-cent stamps. Address

WM. HENRY MAULE,
1711 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A COPY OF VICK'S 1905
Garden and Floral Guide
Mailed FREE on Request
JAMES VICK'S SONS 315 MAIN ST. ROCHESTER N.Y.

MISS LIPPINCOTT'S
FLOWER SEEDS

Nasturtiums, [illegible]
Rock ShowPansy [illegible]
Sweet Peas [illegible]
Asters Mixed, [illegible]
[illegible] Four Packets
[illegible]
"Flora Culture" FREE
MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT
Minneapolis, Minn.

8¢

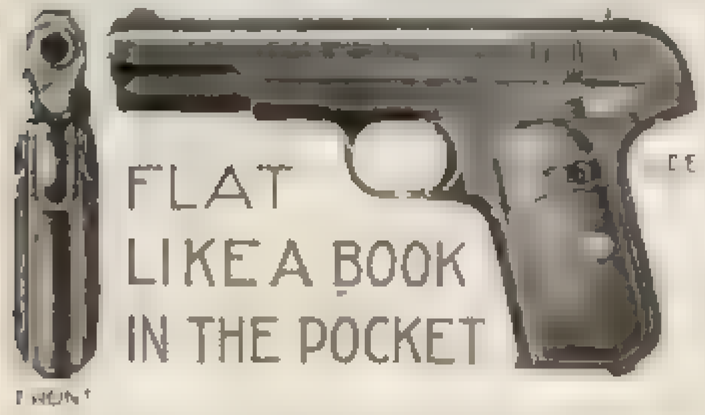
Style 335
Boston's most fashionable piano

IVERS & POND PIANOS

You should examine these masterpieces of artistic piano construction before you buy. Connoisseurs quickly detect the superiority of their tone quality and the delicacy and perfection of their action touch. In these essential conditions the latest Ivers & Pond models approach perfection. The compound bent wood sounding-board bridge and the agraffe construction are recent improvements that greatly enhance the vibration and tune-staying qualities of these pianos. A new catalogue picturing and describing our 1905 models, the most perfect musically and beautiful architecturally we have ever made, will be sent free.

Prices are the lowest consistent with best quality. We will mail you our price list if no dealer sells our pianos in your locality. Easy payments wherever you live. May we submit our proposition, which includes prices, easy payments, sending pianos for trial in your home, etc.? Write us

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.
103 Boylston St., Boston

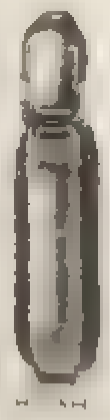


These illustrations represent (about one-third actual size) pocket model automatic COLT pistol—calibre 32—9 shots. This is the most rapid-shooting arm with absolutely no recoil. It is safe and reliable. We make four models of automatic pistols and numerous models of revolvers in all calibres.

COLT'S arms are for sale everywhere and are backed by the COLT guarantee.

Descriptive catalogue sent on request

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.
London Office: 15 Pall Mall, London, S. W.



AUTOMATIC
• COLT •

Luxurious Smoking

French's Mixture is the highest grade smoking tobacco manufactured—a superb blend of fine old North Carolina Golden Leaf carefully selected and perfectly cured.

French's Mixture is sold direct from factory to smokers; cannot be bought of dealers. *Large sample package for 10 cents* [illegible] *stamps.* Ask for booklet.

FRENCH TOBACCO CO.
Dept. P, Statesville, N. C.

round of song was simply the natural outcome of this sort of friendly visiting. I tried my best to make her comprehend how pleasant society is under these informal conditions, and how stupid life would be if we were obliged to wait for a formal invitation before paying a neighborly call. But my eloquence fell upon a cold and disapproving ear.

"Do you know," said the Englishwoman, speaking as one who would voice an unpleasant truth as gently as possible but withal so firmly that not one whit of its significance should be lost—"do you know, it strikes us as very odd when we hear of such indiscriminate visiting. I don't see how you could be sure that persons of a class not quite your own might not take advantage of such very lax and informal social customs, and thrust themselves upon your acquaintance. Now, in Liverpool and Birmingham, where I have lived, it would be considered very presumptuous to go anywhere without being specially invited. Of course the ladies make formal afternoon calls on one another, and now and then there is an 'at home,' or perhaps an evening party for the young people; but really, I must confess that the idea of half a dozen or more young men and girls singing nigger songs without a suitable chaperon, or going unattended to the ice-cream shop simply fills me with horror. It is precisely such occasions as you describe that attract all sorts of detrimental young men, and undo in a single evening the whole winter's work of the mother who has done her best to encourage the attentions of the eligibles."

Although she did not say so, I am perfectly sure that that woman considered that the social customs which I have described were our direct inheritance from the Indians. I wasted no further words on her, for I saw that it was impossible for her to picture to herself a society in which people could sing coon songs undisturbed by the awful fear that some undesirable or ineligible person might join in the chorus; a society in which the young of both sexes could meet simply and naturally, and enjoy the passing moment free from the menacing eye of the husband-hunting mother; a society in which fun—that quality which has such a little part in British revels—is regarded as of supreme importance.

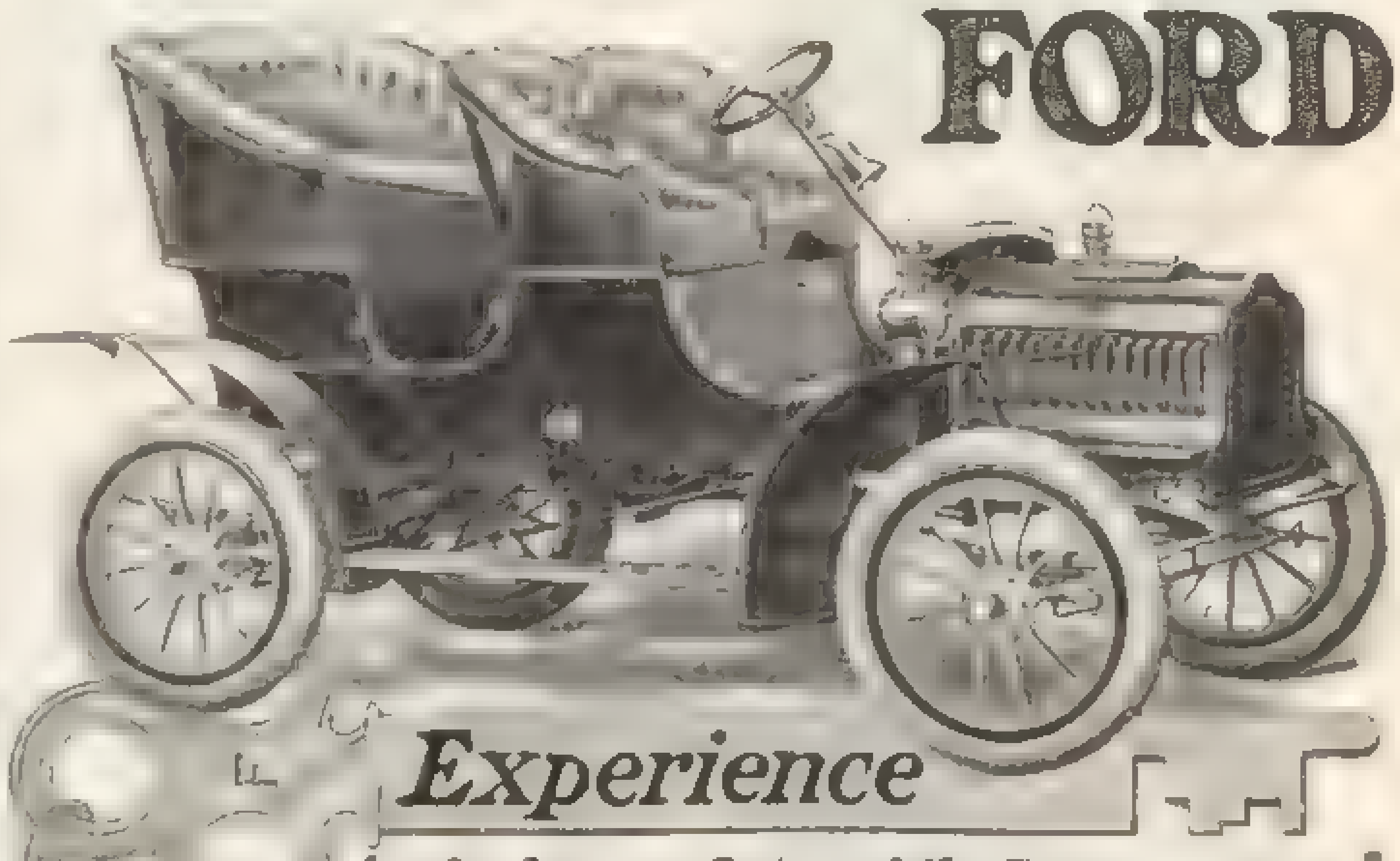
What the Houses Tell

One has only to walk about the streets of an English provincial city to gain an idea of the funless lives that are led within those solid, ivy-hung, graystone walls. It is seldom indeed that we see young men and women playing tennis or clustered in merry groups about the doorsteps; almost never that the sound of fresh young voices raised in song floats out through the windows. There is as much difference between the life in one of those cities and in one of similar size and importance in America as there is between the high brick walls that hide the lawns and gardens from view, and the long stretches of trees, flowers and turf, for the most part unfenced, that make our residential avenues charming and attractive to the eye and suggestive of friendly, informal hospitality.

The truth is that the English do not care about having what we call fun. They greatly prefer to have a "very nice time," by which they mean enjoying themselves decorously and properly and in a manner that may some time enable them to uplift themselves socially.

I shall never forget the first time that I was invited to take tea on the terrace of a fine country-house. It was on the afternoon of a pleasant August day, and the table was set on a stretch of green velvet turf just within the shadow of a gray ivy-hung turret. The lady of the house made tea, and a well trained man-servant made himself useful. As it lacked but two hours of dinner time, we ate all sorts of sweet, sticky and appetite-destroying cakes, pastry and jam. Among those present—if I may employ the familiar formula of the "Society [illegible] [illegible] a daughter of the hostess, who scarcely lifted her eyes from her knitting, and seemed to have been brought up only to answer questions, and those sparingly; the village curate, composed largely of feet, teeth, elbows and joints, who fell over himself when he tried to walk and dropped everything he had in his hands when suddenly spoken to; Lady Q., an aunt of the hostess, who appeared to wear top-boots, and who informed me in a loud voice that the quarter of London in which I had taken a modest lodging was a "beastly hole" to which it would be impossible for any really self-respecting person to send a card of invitation; and the Honorable Mrs. G., who regarded me with unconcealed

Don't experiment—Just buy a FORD



Experience is the key to Automobile Construction and we have the key

Henry Ford has made a life work of the development of the Automobile and presented to the world a car so perfected that the success of the Ford Motor Co. is without a parallel in the Automobile Industry.

The fundamental features of the first Ford Car were light weight (resulting in economy of maintenance), ample power (not too much and not too little BUT ALWAYS POWER) and absolute simplicity, with the elimination of every unnecessary complication. These features still further developed are distinctive in Ford cars to-day. There have been no freaks, no failures, no experiments in Ford cars.

Send for detailed description of
Model "C" Tonneau Car, 1250 lbs., 2-cylinder opposed, price, **$950.00.**
Model "F" Side Entrance Tonneau, weight 1400 lbs., 2-cylinder opposed, price, **$1200.00.**
Model "B" 4-cylinder, vertical, weight 1700 lbs., side entrance tonneau, price, **$2000.00.**
Delivery Car, weight 1350 lbs., 2-cylinder opposed, price **$950.00.**

Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Trade Supplied by The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

TORREY'S PULLMAN RAZOR STROP

[illegible] Very handy in traveling.

STYLES No. A [illegible] No. B [illegible] Single Leather, price $1. No. D. Engraved Aluminum Case, Canvas and Leather, price $1.50. No. E. Sterling Silver Case, Ebony Rods, Canvas and Leather, finest quality, price $5. Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Warranted [illegible]

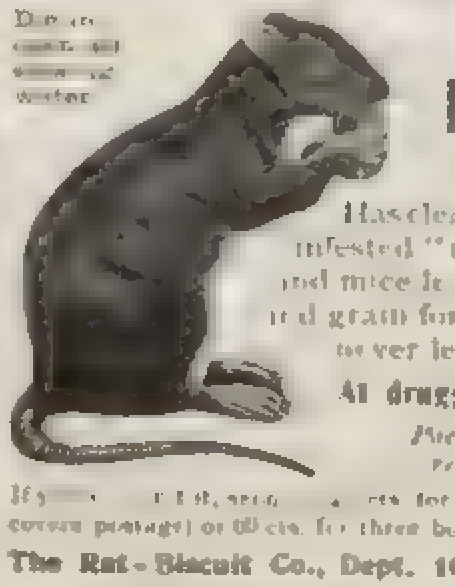
[illegible] Oil-Edge [illegible] those who shave, sent *free*

J. R. TORREY & CO.
P. O. Box 35 Worcester, Mass.

THE MOST POPULAR SHIRT IS MARKED
Monarch

Made for men looking for the maximum of wear at the minimum of cost. Fast color fabrics. They're $1.00 and $1.25

Cluett, Peabody & Co.



Rat Bis-Kit
"Gets them all."

Has cleaned out the worst infested "rat holes." Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

At druggists, 15c. a box.
Packed in boxes, ready for use.

If yours [illegible] 25 cts. for one box (extra 10 cts. covers postage) or 60 cts. for three boxes, express prepaid.
The Rat-Biscuit Co., Dept. 10, Springfield, O.
J. H. MAIDEN, Montreal, Agent for Canada

Restu

A Cushion for the Feet

Restu worn in any shoe by anybody. Comfortable and restful. Affords instant relief from rheumatism of the feet, weak ankle, cramp of the toes, or bunions. Prevents flat-foot and gives a graceful arch to the instep. Write for interesting booklet.

RESTU MFG. CO., 50 State St., Sharon, Pa.

Jones' National School of Auctioneering and Oratory Teaches [illegible] Third term opens April 3d. No lessons by mail. Write for catalogue to CAREY M. JONES, Pres., Box 185, Davenport, Ia.

suspicion until she found out that I was not one of her own countrymen, when she became extremely cordial and told me that her husband would call on me the next day.

It was all very fine and civil and well bred, and I felt like a character in one of Trollope's novels. I even persuaded myself that I was having a good time, and the next day, when the Honorable Mr G called on me and invited me to dinner, I knew that it had not been a dream But sober reflection tells me now that, although everything had been very nice and charming, and the courtesy extended to me genuine, cordial and actuated by absolutely unselfish motives, nevertheless there had not been a particle of fun during the entire afternoon

The first time I went down to Margate I wondered why it was that we could not have such an orderly, quiet and healthy seaside resort in America. I wondered too, how the steamship company succeeded in resisting the temptation to swindle the passengers while they had them at their mercy on the trip down the Thames. I admired the spirit of fair dealing which enabled the pleasure seekers to obtain an excellent luncheon for as low a price as it could be had in a London eating-house. Beholding all these things, I went back in memory to Coney Island, and shuddered at the recollection of its suspicious sausage inclosed in last season's revarnished roll, and its table d'hôte dinner served with deliberate criminal intent. Remembering all these things, together with the chalk faced and brazen throated singers in the variety theatres, the discordant steam organs and jangling pianos, I gazed with feelings of genuine respect and admiration on the solidly built, orderly and respectable watering place that rears itself on the cliffs above the Margate sands.

Quiet—Not Fun

Here I found clean and comfortable quarters and excellent food at a moderate price. And, as I strolled through the quiet streets lined on either side with substantial stone and brick dwelling-houses, it was difficult to realize that I was in a famous seaside resort. I looked on every hand for the rum-shops, the wooden shanties, the photograph galleries and the variety theatres that were associated in my mind with seaside amusement. Strain my ears as I did, I could hear no steam organ no side-show "barker," no "Hiawatha," no foggy voices lifted in "The Maid of the Mill." Then I said to myself "It is surely a magnificent spectacle that this place affords Neither in Coney Island nor in Atlantic City nor in any resort along the American coast can one behold such a large number of people sitting quietly on the benches, content to look out upon the sea and breathe the fresh air, while asking for no other pleasure than that afforded by the fine string orchestra which rendered classical music every Thursday afternoon and evening."

But I had not been there twenty four hours before I became conscious of some missing quality—something that was needed to make the place a pleasure resort in the real sense of the word; and then it dawned upon me that the name of that missing quality was "fun." People were having a restful time, and a quiet time, and a good time, and were gaining in health and strength; but nobody was having any fun except a few little children who were riding on donkeys, and making sand forts, and racing in and out of the foaming waves down on the sands below.

Then I began to think with tender affection of those great [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] and wood where the steam organs roar, and the phrenologist and thimble-rigger seek their prey, and where there is "something doing" every minute in the day. The food may be uneatable, but there is more genuine fun in a quarter of an acre of noisy, turbulent Coney Island than in all the seaside resorts of England put together.

Once, in the course of a three months' stay in London, I saw three men who were having genuine unalloyed fun under conditions so disheartening that only the most buoyant natures could have overridden them. It was on Derby Day that I ran across these merry wights, and if there is any capacity for fun in an Englishman that annual festival is sure to bring it out. It was St. Amant's Derby, which, as every horseman knows, was last run in a pouring rain that turned into an actual waterspout the moment the horses came to the post, and continued to fall in an unbroken sheet until the finish

At half-past nine on the morning of this day I found an omnibus with four horses and not a single passenger drawn up beside the curb directly opposite Waterloo Station

Under Your Thumb
is the instantaneous cleaning and filling device which puts this pen into a distinct class by itself

Conklin's Self-Filling Pen
is literally unlike any other fountain pen on earth You can't make comparisons any more than you can compare electricity to candle light. Every day you delay buying and trying the SELF-FILLING CONKLIN, you're simply losing so many hours of comfort and convenience which *cannot* be secured in any other way. Three hundred thousand users the world over, including such notables as *Gen. Lew Wallace, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mark Twain, George B. Cortelyou*, and many others, echo heartily everything we claim for the "Conklin"

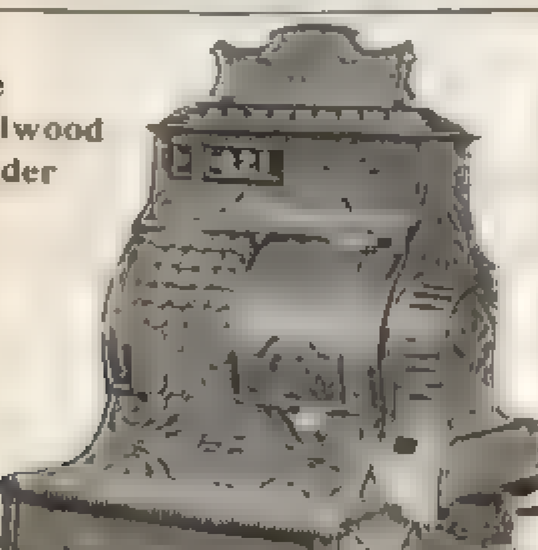
Sold by Dealers Everywhere

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.
190 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, O.

New York 93 Reade Street
Pacific Coast Cardinell-Vincent Co., 27 Jessie St., San Francisco

The Hallwood Leader

Thirty days' free trial



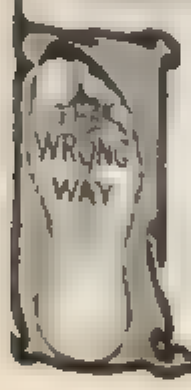
A $250 Cash Register for $125

Write for Catalogue and our booklet "SYSTEM" for a retail store

THE INTERNATIONAL CO.
Sole makers Hallwood Cash Registers
1165 State Street Columbus, Ohio.

EDUCATOR SHOES

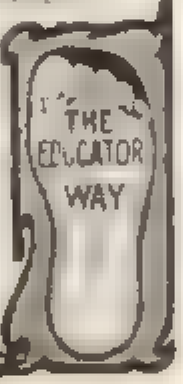
"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD"



Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

Take no imitation

RICE & HUTCHINS
Shoemakers
17 High Street, Boston



"Play Ball"

Yes, baseball indoors, and with cards. The most exciting card game ever invented. Everyone who has ever played baseball will get fun, excitement, enjoyment and amusement out of this novel card game.

Every play known in baseball is covered by the cards. Every game different. Scores kept on real score cards.

Boys and others who want to keep in practice upon the plays and technical points of the game will find it the best thing for evenings and other spare time.

Captains of baseball nines should buy a set for every member of the team.

Boys and women who love the national game, and who are debarred from playing it with balls and bats, can play it with cards, and show their knowledge of the game, besides getting lots of fun.

"Baseball" is sold by most dealers. If you cannot buy it easily in your town, send 50 cents direct to us, and we will send you the complete set of cards for the game—94 cards.

Captains of Baseball Nines Notice

We want the name and address of the captain of every baseball nine in the country, large or small, big or little. We have a proposition to make that will interest you. Write to-day.

GEORGE G. NORRIS COMPANY, 170 Summer Street, BOSTON, MASS.

6=26
Office Workers

Not one office worker in 50 knows the right kind of a pencil for his particular kind of work. On pages 6 and 26 of Dixon's Pencil Guide he will find his pencil designated by both name and number.

Other pages for every person and every use

Dixon's Pencil Guide, a 32-page book, *indexed by vocations*, correctly indicates the right pencil for your special use. The book is absolutely *free*

Department X,
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.,
Jersey City, N. J

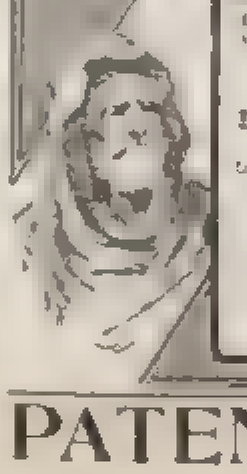
An Ideal Voyage to the MEDITERRANEAN

By the Twin-Screw Cruising Steamer
"Prinzessin Victoria Luise"
FROM NEW YORK, APRIL 4th, 1905

Rates $90 and upwards

During June, July and August

Hamburg American Line
37 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Agencies in all Principal Cities



PATENTS that PROTECT
Book Mailed Free
R. S. & A. B. LACEY Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON D C

The Way to be a Thinker

is to get in touch with thinkers. All the world's prizes are captured by those who have seasoned their views with the spice of originality—and originality means the habit of clear and fresh thinking. Even the best of us have a tendency to fall into mental ruts, to go plodding on year after year, in the same track, to do things without knowing precisely why. The way to keep alive, the way to be original, the way to be a success, is to talk with brainy people and to read books that make you think. That's the reason

The New Science Library

is a cure for mental paralysis. It contains the best work of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall and great leaders of modern thought. It will tell you what the famous Darwinian theory is; how the planets are weighed and their motions charted; what radium is; how liquid air is made and used—and ten thousand other interesting things. It is a work to be read and enjoyed, for it is written in a clear and interesting style—not abstruse or technical. The work consists of sixteen superb volumes, handsomely printed and bound.

Sixty-four-Page Book Free

If you mail us the coupon below at once, we will send full information of the New Science Library, and how you may get it at half price and on the Individual Payment Plan, by means of which you can arrange the payments to suit yourself. At the same time we will send you a complimentary copy of our handsome 64-page book, "Some Wonders of Science." This book, containing articles by Huxley, Tyler, Proctor and Ray Stannard Baker, is so bright and interesting that you will read it from cover to cover, and when you have read it you will wonder how you ever could have thought science dry and dull. There is an edition of a thousand copies. Each copy is beautifully illustrated and printed.

PUBLIC OPINION
44-60 E. 23d Street, New York

S. E. P. 2-25 EXCHANGE COUPON.

Good for one complimentary copy of "Some Wonders of Science," if mailed at once to Public Opinion, 44-60 East 23d Street, New York

Name

Street

City and State

We will send, at the same time, full particulars of our New Science Library and our Introductory Half-Price Offer.

Buttonless Suspenders
50c pair
at dealers

One advantage over other suspenders is that the "Buttonless" is instantly fastened, on your trousersband, where most comfortable—no buttons to move. The little clasps support the trousers from the very top—where the support should be.

The most convincing proof of the superior advantages of the "Buttonless" is the test of wearing. If dealer won't supply you, sample pair sent from the factory on receipt of price, postpaid.

Write for booklet. *Agents wanted.*

The Buttonless Suspender Co.
West Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

and in the midst of a pouring rainfall. The outfit, which had been hired by the three funmakers as a holiday speculation, was drenched and dripping from the tailboard of the 'bus to the disapproving faces of the leaders, and presented a most woebegone appearance. Partly from pity, and partly because I knew that the trains would be crowded to the utmost limits of endurance, I yielded to their importunities and agreed to let them drive me down to Epsom for the modest sum of ten shillings. A moment later we started, and I found myself seated on top of the 'bus, the only paying passenger in a venture that had probably swallowed up the entire capital of the little syndicate.

The three capitalists formed the crew of the wheeled craft, one acting as driver and the others watching for chance fares and hailing passers-by with offers to take them down at their own price. These two gave a continuous performance which lasted all the way from Waterloo to Epsom. They climbed up to the roof of the 'bus and dove down into its interior with merry shouts; they exchanged courtesies with the crews of other vehicles, and gave exhibitions of Greco-Roman wrestling and athletics. In all this they received competent aid from two lads who went down as volunteer aids in caring for the horses. As for the driver, he was a veritable Sam Weller in vivacity and humorous repartee. Done up in layer after layer of blankets, and with his cheerful, red face looking out from under the dripping brim of a hat that still had a jaunty, rakish swagger, he managed his four horses with wonderful skill, picking his way along the crowded, muddy road, and availing himself of every advantage to forge ahead with the skill of an experienced jockey who knows how to hug the rail on the turn. Whenever he caught the eye of a girl by the wayside he uttered a facetious bark and shook his whip at her, then twisted his face into the most extraordinary squint I have ever seen, transfixed her with his waggish look, and held her spellbound until the coach had passed well on its way. Whenever the coach stopped, the entire crew descended, and the driver, after having first seen that the volunteer aids attended to the needs of the horses, led the way into the public-house and called for a pint of fourpenny ale for each.

Whenever we collided with another vehicle—and this happened with increasing frequency as we neared our destination—the entire crew, volunteers and all, broke into a torrent of blasphemy in which I could hear the strident voice of the driver rising shrill and clear above the others. At last we reached the downs and I paid my ten shillings, "remembered the driver," and made my way to the grandstand, turning to catch a last glimpse of the three funmakers who were adroitly forcing their omnibus into a most desirable place which commanded a good view of the course. Bankrupt they very likely were so far as their finances were concerned, but I doubt if even in the royal inclosure it would have been possible to find three souls as rich in the capacity for having fun as there were on the top of that drenched and dirty London omnibus.

* * *

Smartweed and Ticklegrass

By Nixon Waterman

Tongue-Tied

At the banquet he was scheduled for an after-dinner talk,
But when his time for speaking came his courage seemed to balk;
He felt that if he tried it he should just give up the ghost,
And so they skipped his number, but they marked it "quail on toast."

Between Dances

"Until this precious evening when I met you in the dance
My life has been a desert," whispered he;
"Ah, that must be the reason" (here she gave her skirts a glance)
"Why you waltz so like a camel," murmured she.

Art and Nature

Among the painters, Rubens holds a most exalted place,
For he, by just a single stroke, could change a laughing face
Into a sober one, they say. But, come to think, mayhap
He didn't do it with a brush, but with a stinging slap.

Rambler

SURREY, TYPE ONE
With Top, 18 horse power, $1500

Even one armed men are running RAMBLERS; one in Michigan, another in Ohio. ¶ There is only one lever. ¶ No machine can be more easily controlled. ¶ Full information on request. ¶ Other models $750, $850, $1350, $2000 and $3000. ¶ *Immediate delivery.*

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY,
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.
Branches, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia.
New York Agency, 134 West Thirty-eighth Street.
Representatives in all other leading cities.

The best that money can buy.

"Speedway" Gasolene Launches and Motor Cars.
Send 10c in Stamps for Catalogue
GAS ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY and CHARLES L. SEABURY CO., Consolidated
Morris Heights, New York City
Member of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers
Downtown Office, 11 Broadway. Chicago Office, 1409 [illegible]

CLASS PINS OR BADGES
For any College, School, Class, Club, Society or Lodge.
Direct from Factory to Wearer.

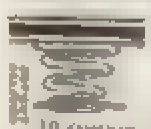
We make to order Gold, Gold-Plated, Silver, Silver-Plated Pins, Buttons or Medals of all descriptions. Either of the two styles illustrated in one or two colors enamel, any letters or figures if not more than shown.

Silver Plate, $1 doz. Sample, 10c.
Ster. Silver, $2.50 doz. Sample, 25c.

Free—Large Catalogue [illegible] of designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. [illegible] Badges at low prices.

Bastian Bros. 21 [illegible] Av., Rochester, N. Y.

REICHARDT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

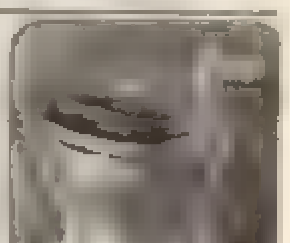


MAKE WALKING A PLEASURE
Book showing our latest inventions SENT FREE

10 springs like above used in these cushions. (Exact size.) Spring Cushion in Place. Cushions easily placed in any shoe by wearer, does not require a larger size shoe. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. 30 DAYS TRIAL. Money returned if not satisfactory. Mention size of shoe.
Agents Wanted Everywhere
F. E. REICHARDT MFG. CO., MENDOTA, ILL.

A 1000 years of mistakes and then the

NATURO



the closet with a slant, the only construction that is healthy, clean, comfortable. The NATURO is the only [illegible]

Aren't you interested in knowing "Why?" Write for book E. It tells in detail, with illustrations. THE NATURO CO., Salem, N. J.

Temple-Clasps
Never Hurt

YOUR GLASSES

Do they hurt? Are they shaky? Send 4c. for our "Eye-Logic." It is full of information, also tells all about proper glasses, the kind that do not hurt [illegible] nose or fall off. [illegible] and for it.

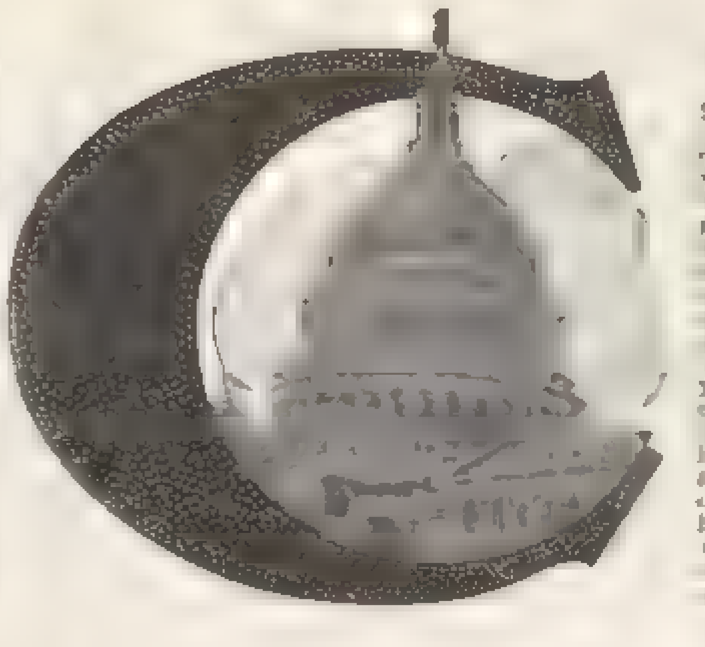
Briggs Optical Co., 380 E. Triangle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

DRAW for MONEY

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN LARGE SALARIES. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating"; tells how we teach illustrating by mail.
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE DIRECT ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE

A correspondence university is not a [illegible] to [illegible]. It is a short cut in the sense that [illegible] New York [illegible] New York to [illegible] because the right of way of the [illegible] by surveyors, leveled and [illegible] by [illegible] en by it, comfortable, [illegible] constructed, and to-day a man [illegible] New York to Chicago in twenty [illegible] supposed to constitute a course. Whatever object the student had in mind, whatever branch of knowledge he was anxious to acquire most quickly, he had to wade through a certain amount of minor studies which were not really [illegible] ever could be useful to him. The Intercontinental Correspondence University is eclectic. It is the well ballasted, straight railroad between ignorance [illegible]



NO SOLICITORS OR AGENTS

It seems to me that your privacy is your own, and that it belongs to you as much as does your personal property; that one who deprives you of [illegible] your consent [illegible] steal your [illegible] you are dete[illegible] education. The I. C. U. [illegible] interchange of ideas [illegible] and [illegible] the I. C. U. [illegible] on by correspondence [illegible]. We have no solicitors, [illegible] write to me freely in the full assurance that your privacy will be [illegible]

Intercontinental Correspondence University

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Quietly, and with the aid of only advertising and correspondence, the I. C. U. is founding the greatest university the world has seen. Every one who desires education may write to me with the full assurance that his communication will be considered as confidential, and that all transactions between us will be carried on by mail. He will not lay himself open to calls and solicitations from injudicious, inconsiderate and tactless solicitors. The I. C. U. has no solicitors other than the printed announcements in the pages of the best publications of the world. There is only one way in which you can find out what the I. C. U. has for you, and that is to write to me about it. I cannot tell you what you should study until I know who you are and what you need. I can say, however, that no matter who you are, no matter what you wish to know, no matter how much or how little you wish to study, no matter, in fact, if the subject you wish to know about has never been taught in any institution before, I can make it possible for you to study it.

Edward Everett Hale, one of the [illegible] of the United States [illegible] writer, and has through all his long life been associated with the creators of American Literature. He received [illegible] Hand" Club [illegible] "The Man Without a Country," [illegible] In His Name," and other inspiring and helpful books.

College of Commerce, I. C. U.

New Ideas in the Study of Business

The field of business is the model battle ground of giant intellects. The most in[illegible] magazine literature [illegible] literature which deals [illegible] their particular business. What they have learned you can learn.

These courses probably represent the broadest outlook in business that has ever been [illegible] the World Market [illegible] great [illegible] as, for instance, the Cotton Trade and Industry. In a course like the Cotton Trade and Industry any man anywhere along [illegible] handling this great staple could [illegible]. In it will be [illegible] all who know [illegible] cotton grower will learn something of the processes to which cotton is subjected after it is marketed. Such a course will widen the outlook of the man who takes it, so that he can take advantage of every possible new market to development of a market in the world.

Booklet for the asking.

LIST OF COURSES

- I. Accounting or Bookkeeping.
- II. Agricultural Economics.
- III. Banking.
- IV. Business Law.
- V. Commercial Arithmetic.
- VI. Commercial Geography.
- VII. [illegible]
- VIII. [illegible]
- IX. [illegible]
- X. [illegible]
- XI. [illegible] of Commerce.
- XII. Maritime Economics.
- XIII. New Wealth of Nations.
- XIV. [illegible]
- XV. [illegible]
- XVI. [illegible]
- XVII. Colonial [illegible]
- XVIII. The World Market.
- XIX. The Cotton Trade and Industry.
- XX. World Politics.

(Others in preparation.)

College of Law, I. C. U.

New Ideas in the Study of Law

The idea that the study of law is necessary to a great [illegible] expect to practice it as a profession is not entirely new, but the idea of providing courses for these people fully sufficient for the purpose, but not necessarily the complete course of the professional [illegible] and is now offered for the [illegible] the Intercontinental Correspondence University. The law courses [illegible] are intended for [illegible] people — the [illegible] the general student, the [illegible] student.

The five courses have been discussed [illegible] the following popular and easily identified names:

- I. Citizen's Law.
- II. Business Law.
- III. Cultural Law.
- IV. Professional Law.
- V. Jurists' Law.

Ask for full description.

Founders and Trustees of the University

David J. Brewer, LL.D.
Justice United States Supreme Court

Henry Billings Brown, LL.D.
Justice United States Supreme Court

Walter C. Clephane, LL.M.
Member United States Supreme Court Bar

Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D.
United States Senator from New York

Edward Everett Hale, D.D., LL.D.
Chaplain United States Senate

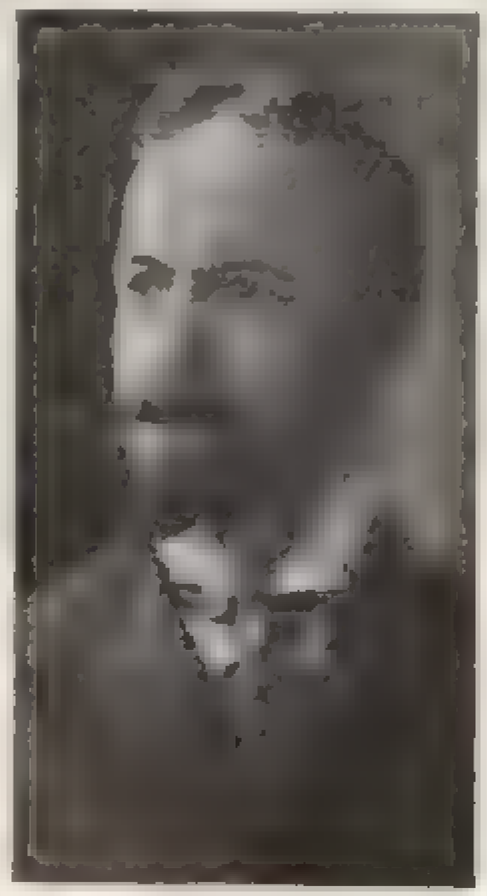
George F. Hoar, LL.D.
[illegible]
Late United States Senator from Massachusetts

Martin A. Knapp, LL.D.
Chairman Interstate Commerce Commission

Henry B. F. Macfarland
President District of Columbia Commissioners

Channing Rudd, D.C.L.
[illegible]

Officers of the University



President,
Channing Rudd, D.C.L.

Vice-President,
David J. Brewer, LL.D.

Secretary,
Walter C. Clephane, LL.M.

Educational Director,
John Franklin Crowell, Ph.D., L.H.D.,
Ex-President Trinity College

Chairman Advisory Faculty
William Torrey Harris, LL.D.
United States Commissioner of Education

College of Government, I. C. U.

COURSE IN CIVIL SERVICE

Personal Foresight

If you have in mind an opportunity to improve yourself by taking an examination for a Civil Service position, why not take the matter up at once, prepare yourself thoroughly for the examination and take it at the usual time? You will then be entered on the list of availables, and at any time thereafter within the legal limit, may be offered an opening. However well you may be occupied at present, it is always well to have two strings to your bow. One never knows what may [illegible] to be prepared for [illegible] think [illegible] true perspe[illegible] of life. If [illegible] try to get a better one?

Ask for full description.

College of Technology, I. C. U.

The Work of the Engineer To-Day

The engineer is the builder of nations. The work of the engineer to-day is the making of cities, the lighting and draining of them, the tunneling of them with subways, the covering of them with transportation facilities, and the connecting of them with other cities by means of steam or electric roads, telegraphs, telephones, and finally the connecting of nations with nations by the most improved methods of water travel. The profession of engineering is related to nearly all the great problems of civilization, large and small. At present the I. C. U. is prepared to offer eight courses, [illegible] a thoroughness and breadth of attainment which most aptly prepare students for leadership in their profession. The College of Engineering is divided into the following four regular schools:

- I. Civil Engineering.
- II. Mechanical Engineering.
- III. Electrical Engineering.
- IV. Sanitary Engineering.

Ask for full description.

John Franklin Crowell, Ph.D., L.H.D., Educational Director of the I. C. U., has taken degrees from Yale, Columbia, and studied at Berlin and London. His writings upon economic subjects are widely and favorably known. As Expert [illegible] reports on the Iron and Steel Trade, the Shipping Industry, and the Warehousing Industry, stamp his work as that of a mind which combines the scientific method with practical insight, highly desirable in the direction of educational [illegible]

College of Oratory, I. C. U.

Who Should Study Oratory

Oratory, the art of persuasion, is practiced by the conversationalist every day. Successful conversation is one form of applied Oratory. The successful lawyer, [illegible] he be a [illegible] an orator. The success[illegible] especially be an orator. [illegible] statesmanship offer unusual opport[illegible] for Oratory, and while there are in[illegible] in which a great statesman has not been an orator, such instances are rare and [illegible] due simply to the superior mental power of the statesman in question. Any man who expects to rise in any profession, especially in the professions of law, divinity or politics, should study Oratory. Finally, any man who wishes to talk easily and well and to the point will find that the principles of Oratory will help him [illegible]

- I. [illegible]
- II. [illegible]
- III. [illegible] Oratory.
- IV. [illegible]
- V. [illegible]

Ask for full description.

I want you who read these lines to write to me to-day for the Personal Statement of the President, which I will be glad to send to you with my compliments. Your letter asking for information, or for anything else, will be considered sacred, and under no circumstances will any solicitor or agent call upon you. I believe I have courses to offer which will better the life of every human being, make him more useful to himself and his community, and add to his success in life. The work of the I. C. U. is carried on on the basis of a personal relation between you and me, and of the sacredness of that relation the founders of this university are a guarantee.

Yours for knowledge,

Channing Rudd

PRESIDENT, for the Trustees.

Write me at 511 I. C. U. Building, Washington, D. C.

6% ON NEW YORK REAL ESTATE

The Best Security on Earth

is earth itself — real estate — above all New York City real estate; and it is this security — millions of dollars' worth of it — which secures A-R-E SIX'S.

New York Real Estate

does not fluctuate; it has for over 100 years been steadily growing in value, paying large profits on and constantly increasing the safety of any investment based upon it.

An Interest-Bearing Security

based upon carefully selected New York City real estate always pays, and it does not hazard the money invested. A-R-E SIX'S have paid 6 per cent steadily for seventeen years to thousands of investors.

The American Real Estate Co.

founded in 1888, is the original and oldest corporation among the hundreds now successfully engaged in the business of buying and improving New York real estate for income or for sale. In the enlargement of its business it offers at par in multiples of $100

Six Per Cent Bonds

Principal and Interest guaranteed by Assets of over $7,000,000, including Capital and Surplus of over $1,125,000; interest semi-annually by coupons payable at the Chemical Nat'l Bank, N. Y.

Map of New York City, showing the location of our various properties along the Subway and other circulars with full particulars on request. Write to-day.

American Real Estate Co.
921 Dun Bldg., New York City

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
EDWIN K. MARTIN Pres
DYER B. HOLMES V. Pres & Treas
WILLIAM B. HINCKLEY Secretary
EDWARD B. BOYNTON
WILLIAM H. CHICKERING
JAMES COWDEN MEYERS, Counsel

A-R-E SIX'S

$7.66 per day Profit

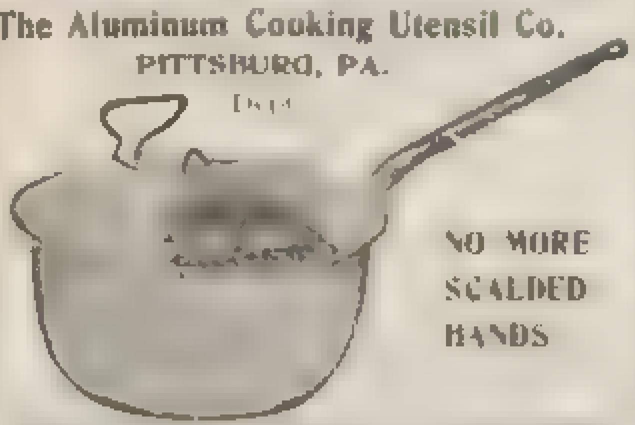
IS THE AVERAGE FOR

One Month by 100 of Our Salesmen

Their names and addresses will be furnished on request if [illegible] assures a hearing in every instance

Write today for Exclusive Territory and Details

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
PITTSBURG, PA.
Dept



NO MORE SCALDED HANDS

Our specialties are sold by our salesmen ONLY

WOMEN: Write today for special proposition.

IF YOU WISH TO BUY
PATENTED INVENTIONS
ON HARDWARE SPECIALTIES, MAIL ORDER NOVELTIES, MACHINERY ANYTHING WRITE ME

INVENTORS DESIROUS OF SELLING THEIR PATENTS QUICKLY SHOULD [illegible]

CHARLES A. SCOTT 795 Mutual Life Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Works of Plupy Shute

By Henry A. Shute

Author of Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

Exeter, New Hamshire, ——, 186—

DEAR BEANY, i never was so sirprised in my life as i was when i read your letter. i dident think you wood be meen enuf to say you wood coppy my letter and show it to Fatty unles i sent back that letter whitch you sent me by mistake. now i sent you my letter honest and i thaugt you was [illegible] to keep it to yourself. if you are mad becaus i got [illegible] up to Fattys [illegible] i had a good time all rite, that aint enny reason why you shood make a fool of me ennyway i bet you woodent like to get throwed of a horse and land whak on the ground rite in frunt of all the fellers and girls and have to limp round and not go in swiming for 3 days when you aint lame like i did. and if you are mad becaus the girls wated on me ennyway it wasent your girl and you aint got ennything to get mad for now i have been spending 3 cents for postage stamps 2 or 3 times every week to wright you about things and i aint going to do it enny more. i gess if i had a uncle whitch owned a hotel and let me come to the beach and spend all summer i wood be desent to a frend whitch had to stay at home

Yours very respectively, Plupy

Exeter, New Hamshire, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i got your letter all rite. i will agree to what you said. if you will hope to die and cross your throte that you will send back my letter and not keep enny coppy of it i will hope to die and cross my throte that i will send your letter to Lizzie back and not keep enny coppy. send it tomorrow

Yours very respectively, Plupy.

Exeter, New Hamshire, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i got your letter tonite and mine two. i sent yours this morning. now we are all square. church has begun and sunday school two. i had to go to both they wasent enny fun in church becaus you wasent there to blow the organ and make up faces at me. Micky Gould blew it and fell asleep and they had to wake him up before they cood sing the last hym. some of the girls come and asked me if i was lame enny more. i said no i cood walk all rite only some times my hip hurt me. it does two Beany only mother says it is growing pains. well sunday afternoon i went to sunday school. they wasent many there becaus most of the girls dident go becaus the stewdeats havent come back yet. most always a stewdeat passes the tin pan for the colection but they wasent enny there and so Mister Erl come down to our class and jest as i was going to jab a pin into Nipper, he asked me to pass the tin pan and asked Potter two. i was awful ashamd to do it but i coodent get out of it and so i took one tin pan and Potter took the other and we started. most of the fellers pluged there cents down hard into the pans so that it sounded loud and made us laff. well they was a new minister that day becaus our minister Mister Larned hadent got home. so this minister set on the platform looking solem and when i got there i thaugt i had aught to hand him the tin pan. so i held it out to him and he looked at me and tirned red and dident take it and i dident know what to do and so i kep holding it out and he turned redder and stuck his hand down in his britches pocket and he dident have enny chink in that pocket and then he looked mad enuf to bite me and he reeched way down in the other pocket and he pulled out 2 cents and put it in the tin pan and jest then Mister Erl come up quick and grabed the pan and i went back to my seat. they was al laffing and when i got home Keene told father about it and he said i was a prety good colector to make a old minister shell out. but all i wanted to do was to give him the pan. ennyway i gess they wont want me to pass the pan enny more ennyway i dont want to. when are you coming home

Wright soon.

Yours very respectively, Plupy

Editor's Note — This is the fifth of six installments of the letters of Plupy to Beany, by Judge Shute. The sixth will be published in an early number.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Oven Thermometer

It's a matter of dollars and cents to you — this thing of buying a stove or range direct from the manufacturer.

When you buy from a dealer you pay the manufacturer's price plus the cost of an expensive corps of salesmen, plus the dealer's profit, plus a percentage added for bad debts.

When you buy a Kalamazoo you pay **only** the manufacturer's price, and **save all dealer's profits** — amounting from 20 per cent. to 40 per cent.

We are real **manufacturers;** we own and operate one of the most complete and best equipped stove factories in the United States; we manufacture our line of stoves and ranges in its entirety.

Our company was organized and our factory erected for the sole purpose of selling a line of stoves and ranges of the **highest possible grade,** direct from the factory to the user.

[illegible] of the **highest possible grade.**

We [illegible] business thoroughly but we do not know how to make a better stove or [illegible] we do not believe it can be done — we are sure no one is doing it.

We offer you the highest quality, but
We also offer you an exceptionally low price —
A low price made possible by our Kalamazoo-direct-to-you plan of selling. This is [illegible]
We will send you a Kalamazoo Stove or Range of highest quality

Direct From Our Factory, Freight Prepaid

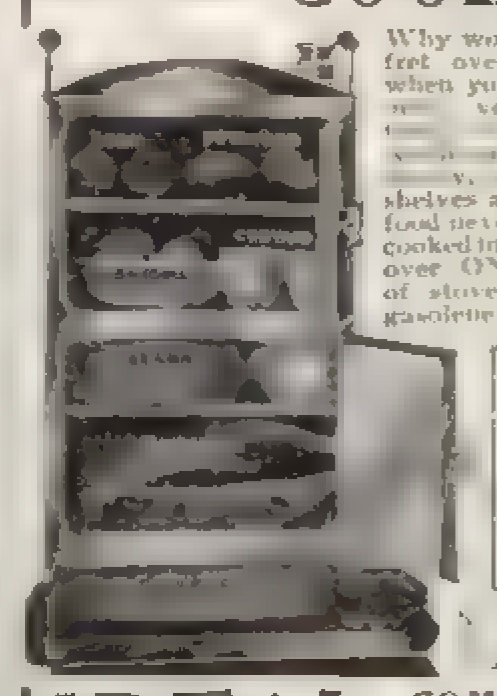
On a 360 Days Approval Test,
[illegible] as strong as any government or bank bond,
[illegible] price
Saving you from 20% to 40% in cost
Giving you a stove or range unexcelled by any in the world, no matter what its price
Now then candidly, is not that on its face an attractive proposition?
A great many thousand persons have taken advantage of it and **they are satisfied.**
If you need a stove or range of any kind for any domestic use, we want you to try a Kalamazoo on our money back guarantee
You run no risk — not even the freight charges
At least do this

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOG No. 152

No [illegible] guarantee compare our prices with your dealer's prices, consider our quality and then — [illegible] will decide to save from $10 to $30, and at the same time get an article of the [illegible] embraces stoves, ranges, base burners and heaters of all kinds for all [illegible] shows our famous Kalamazoo Steel Range — one of [illegible]. All our cook stoves and ranges are equipped with our patent oven thermometer — which makes baking and roasting easy. All stoves and ranges blacked, polished, ready for immediate use; any one can set them up [illegible] you will be interested.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan

LET ME DO YOUR COOKING



Why worry, watch and fret over a hot stove when you can put your meat, vegetables, [illegible] shelves and cook it, as food never was or can be cooked in any other over ONE BURNER of stove, range, gas, gasoline or oil stove

I come in both round and square shape, both kind [illegible] Price $[illegible] $[illegible] $[illegible] up

IDEAL COMBINATION STEAM Cooker and Baker

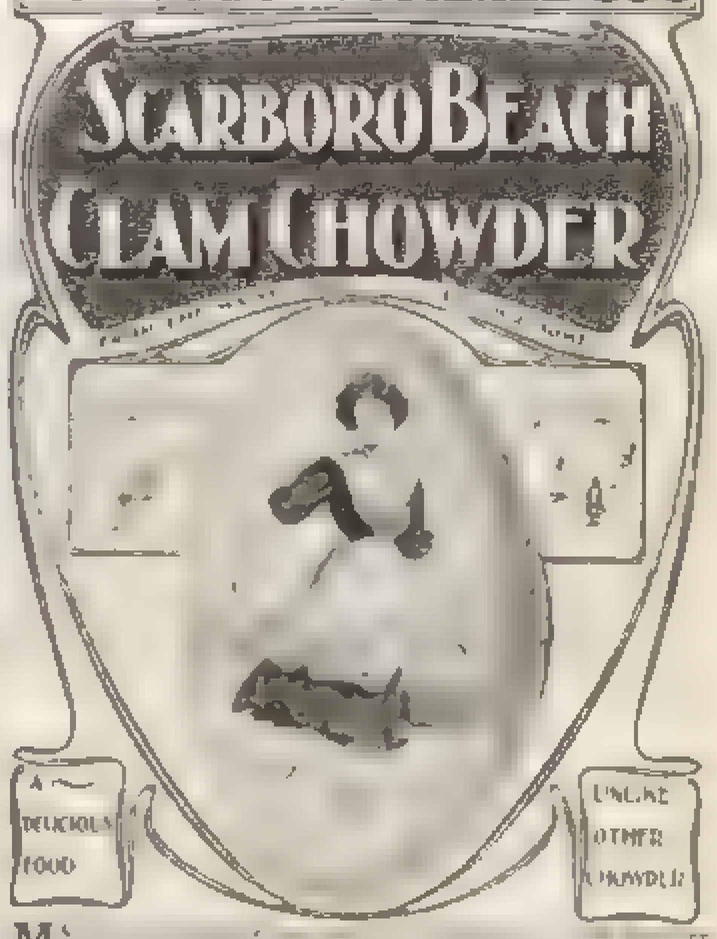
[illegible] save time and [illegible]

Free Book 48 pages. It tells you all about me. Gives full details. Letters from people all over the land who would not do without me for ten times what I cost

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Desk T, Toledo, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED

BURNHAM AND MORRILL CO'S SCARBORO BEACH CLAM CHOWDER



M[illegible] [illegible] proves its superiority [illegible] sample can sent postpaid, 10 cts. Booklet sent free on request

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO., 6 Franklin St., Portland, Me.

ARITHMETIC SELF TAUGHT

SPANGENBERG'S PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC

[illegible] despair because [illegible] what you [illegible] about Arithmetic. Prof. Sp[illegible] Established 187[illegible]

Agents Wanted Everywhere

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A delightful profession, quickly and easily learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of Photography in the world. Terms easy, and living inexpensive. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue. Address

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
952 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

We Are Specialists in Buggies

The Whalebone One-Quality Plan is fully explained in handsome new catalogue. Here it is in brief: We buy only high-grade materials, employ [illegible] appeals to the man who appreciates QUALITY. Catalogue sent free.

WHALEBONE CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CO.
201 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

How Much Can You Earn?

If every man had to depend upon his own earning power there would be no millionaires in the world. It is the earning power of money that makes men wealthy. Your earning ability may be limited but you can SAVE, and your savings if placed in this bank will earn you 4 per cent. compound interest and be absolutely safe.

No government security nor high grade railroad bond will yield as large a return for the money actually invested, and when the high standing and large capital and surplus of the institution are taken into consideration it will be seen that no securities have a better foundation or afford greater safety.

The Peoples Savings Bank was founded in 1866 and is operated under the strict banking laws of Pennsylvania, being subject at all times to examination of the State Bank Examiners. It has depositors in all parts of the world, whose accounts range from $1 up to many thousands.

The mails are swift and sure and of all the money sent to and from the bank not a dollar has ever gone astray or been lost.

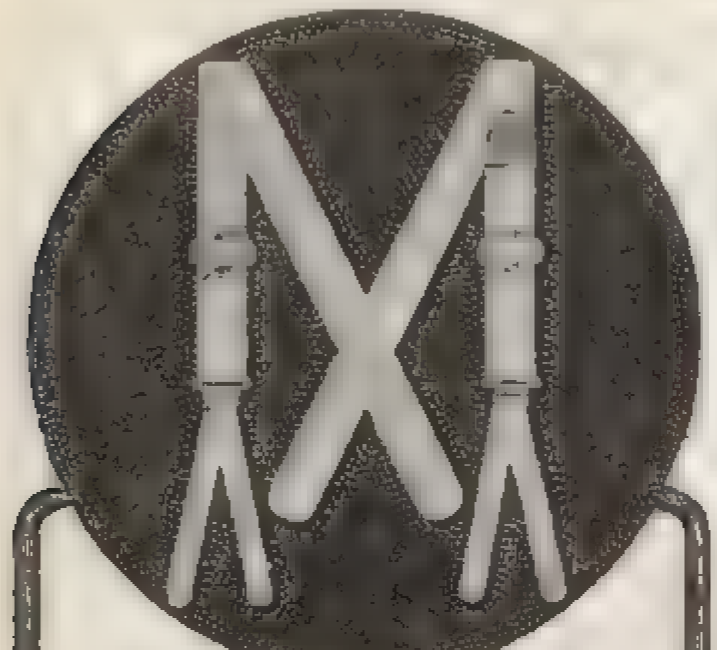
The following figures show how rapidly savings multiply under the stimulus of compound interest.

Weekly Savings	Rate of Interest	For 5 Years	For 10 Years	For 20 Years	For 40 Years
$ [illegible]	4 per cent per annum compounding twice a year, 1st April and 1st Oct	$ 74	$ 162	$ 403	$ [illegible]
0.50		140	324	806	[illegible]
1.00		[illegible]	[illegible]	1,611	[illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	8,070	25,888

Write today for handsomely illustrated booklet telling how to bank by mail. Sent free if you mention this magazine.

Capital $1,000,000 Surplus $1,000,000

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
Pittsburgh, Pa.
THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

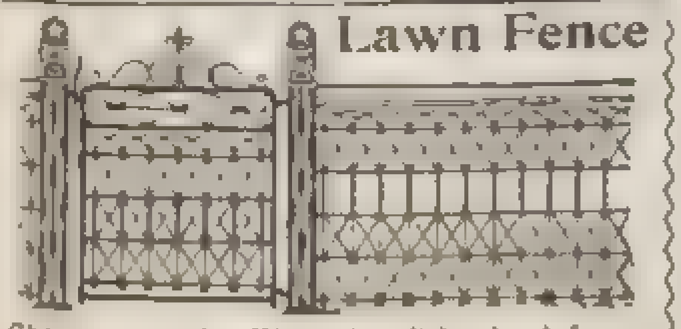


Genuine
GUYOT
Suspenders

[illegible]

[illegible] everywhere, or by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50c. to

OSTHEIMER BROS., 900 Chestnut St., Philadelphia



Lawn Fence

Cheap as wood — We make all kinds of Lawn, Farm, Park and Cemetery Fence, also steel Ranges, and sell direct to consumer at manufacturers' prices. Catalogue Free
UP-TO-DATE MFG. CO., No. 937 No. Tenth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, they is a feller here staying at Doctor Soles. he is a short fat feller and Fatty calls him Stubby Sole. he is a prety good feller only he cant fite. i know he cant becaus he dubles his fists up with the thums inside. no feller can fite that way. i have got a tin whissle. it is a fine one and i can play the ferst part of home sweet home all but 2 notes and when i play it and get to those notes i whissle them with my mouth and it sounds prety good. father wont let me play when he is home becaus he says it sounds like thunder. that is jest the way. he dont seam to care ennything about my music. some day when he sees me marching in a band with a red coat and white britches and a horse tale in my hat he will feel prety big. i see Lizzie Tole today and she woodent speak to me. Fatty Melcher and Boog went out gunning with a pistal and when Boog fired the pistal it flew back and the cock of the pistal bit him over the eye and cut a hole and it bled all over his shert Boog is round with his head rapped up in a rag and all the girls are asking him if he is better. the best way to get along with girls is to get hurt and then they like you. remember that Beany

Wright soon

Yours very respectively, PLUPY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i met a girl you know yesterday and she asked me if i was mutch hurt when i got throwed from the horse at Fattys party. i told her it hurt me prety bad but i cood stand more than that. she said she see me when i fell and she thaugt i was dead. i asked her if she wood be sorry if i was dead and she said she gessed she wood be pretty sorry and then she ran of as hard as she cood and i started to follow her but i thaugt of my lamness and so i limped and coodent catch her. i tell you Beany it is funny how a feller feels when he knows a girl likes him. i felt as if i cood do ennything and i met Nipper and stumped him to fite and he dident dass to and then i went up to Pewts and Pewt wasent there and i gess i wood have fit Pewt if he had been there. so i went over to the school yard and met one of the twin Browns and i lammed him one in the eye and he run the other wasent there but Ed he said he wood lick me when Harry was there two. i bet they dassent try it both. then i walked by her house but i dident see her. some day perhaps i will tell you her name.

Wright soon

Yours very respectively, PLUPY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i have got my hair cut and have got a new box of paper collers down to Fel and Cuts and a box of blacking. i blacked my boots today. Keene begun to laff and make fun of me and said i was trying to be a dandy. i told her she had better shet up. i met that girl agen and i give her a little bag and i gess you wood like to know what was in it well Beany if you will hope to die never to tell, honest now Beany, i will tell you. they was 2 candy mottos in it one had on it you are my stary eyed goddess in red letters and the other had on it meat me by moonlite alone. then they was 2 juju paists and some gumdrops. then i run of and nocked Medo Thurstons hat of and rooted him agenst the fense. Medo he dident want to fite eether. i have a good mind to tell you her name but i dont dass to. you will tell. only you needent be afraid it aint your girl. i hope she will wright me a letter. i am going to ask father to buy me a new pair of britches. she goes to the congrigation church. i wish she went to the unitarial. then it wood be fun to go to church

Wright soon

Yours very respectively, PLUPY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, Pewt wanted me to go fishing with him today and was mad becaus i woodent. i have got something better to do than go fishing. i have waisted a good deal of time in going fishing. i think a feller had aught to keep looking as well as he can instead of getting all dirt in going fishing next winter i am going to dansing school if i can get some chink. Beany can you greece your hair with lard. i havent got enny hair oil becaus i spent all my chink. gess what i bougt with it. now Beany cross your throte not to tell. i bougt a string of blew beeds down to old Polly Colkets. i give them to her she says she likes me better than ennybody she ever knowed. I wish some of the fellers wood saw her so i cood lam time out of them. Mister Head let me take his horse

Acme Bolster Roll

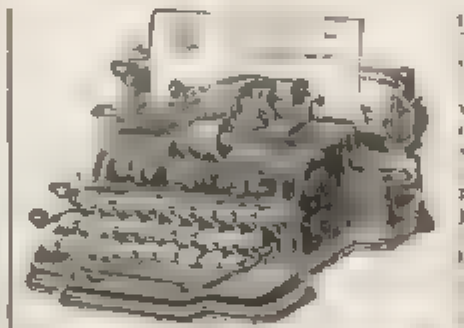
Only $2.00—Delivered at Your Home

To have your bed look stylish and well kept, dress it with an Acme Bolster Roll, covered to match the bed spread. Put away the wrinkled, untidy pillows during the day. The Acme Bolster Roll is always in good taste. It is made of strong jute board pressed into a *hollow* cylinder, and will last a lifetime. One style has oval openings in which to put the pillows. An Acme Bolster Roll weighs [illegible] or excelsior to attract dust, is clean and wholesome and is easy to [illegible] pillow shams and [illegible] holders are. Our Acme Bolster Roll [illegible] lay it across the head of the bed—that's all.

Our 68-Page Book Sent FREE

[illegible] tells all about Acme Bolster Rolls and [illegible] and decorating the [illegible] for $[illegible] we will ship an Acme Roll and pay charges [illegible] of the Mississippi [illegible]

H. & D. PAPER COMPANY, 844 Water Street, SANDUSKY, OHIO



Salesmen Wanted

[illegible] CHICAGO [illegible] $100 [illegible] $35 [illegible] CHICAGO [illegible]

$35 [illegible]

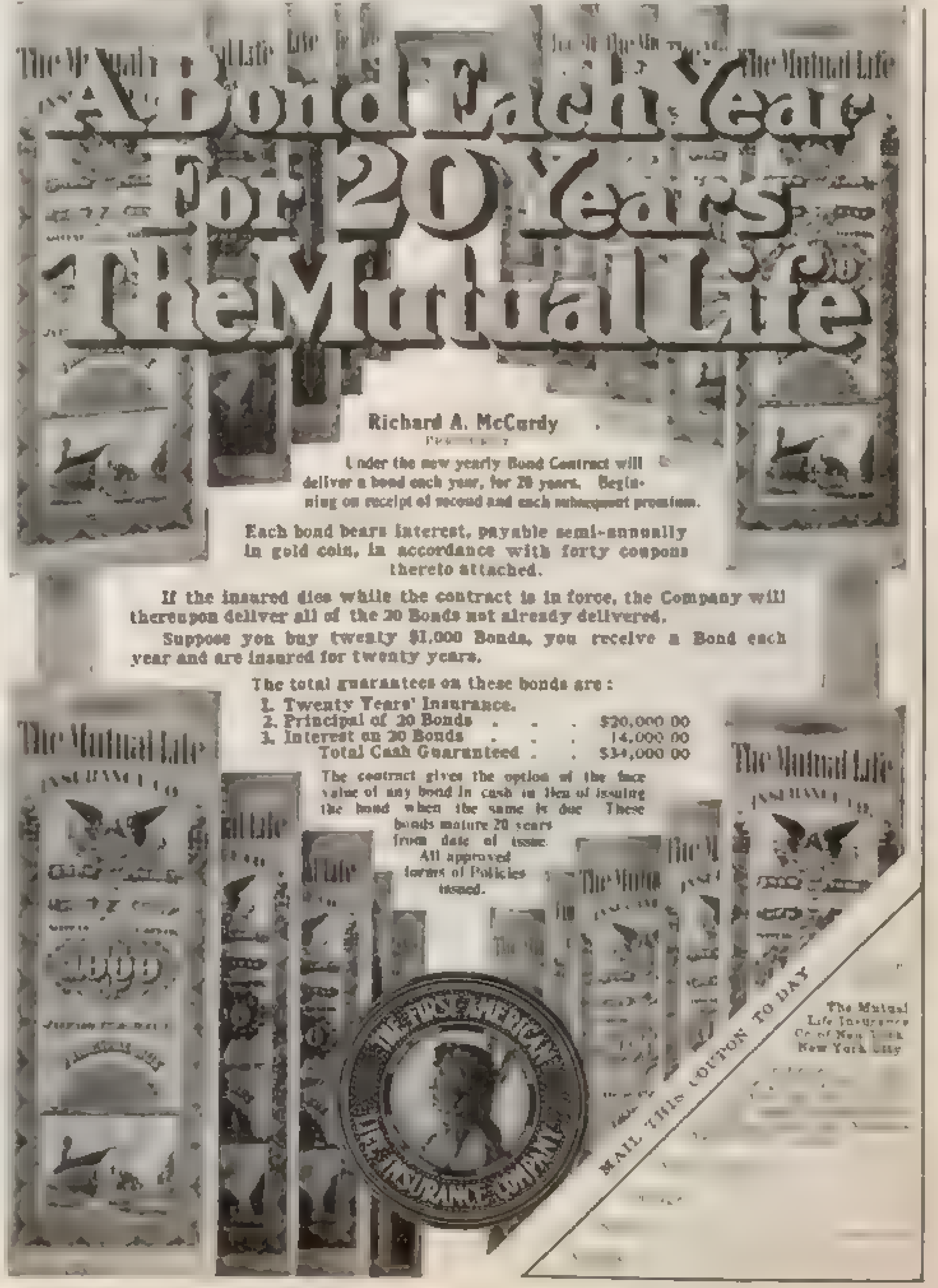
The CHICAGO WRITING MACHINE CO.
193 Wendell Street CHICAGO, ILL.

PERPETUAL PENCILS

[illegible] Firm [illegible]
PENCIL AND 33 LEADS 25c
[illegible] Sent Postpaid on Receipt
[illegible] proposition A4 on request
American Lead Pencil Co.
84 East Washington Square, New York

HOME STUDY You may deposit money in bank to be refunded if you take BY MAIL our Bookkeeping, Shorthand or Penmanship course and are not satisfied. We have $300,000.00 capital, and 17 bankers on Board of Directors, to back our claims. Diplomas issued and students aided in securing positions. Write us. MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Address DRAUGHON'S BUS. COL., Nashville Tenn., U. S. A.



OLDEST IN AMERICA LARGEST IN THE WORLD

A Bond Each Year For 20 Years The Mutual Life

Richard A. McCurdy
President

Under the new yearly Bond Contract will deliver a bond each year, for 20 years. Beginning on receipt of second and each subsequent premium.

Each bond bears interest, payable semi-annually in gold coin, in accordance with forty coupons thereto attached.

If the insured dies while the contract is in force, the Company will thereupon deliver all of the 20 Bonds not already delivered.

Suppose you buy twenty $1,000 Bonds, you receive a Bond each year and are insured for twenty years.

The total guarantees on these bonds are:

1. Twenty Years' Insurance.
2. Principal of 20 Bonds . . . $20,000.00
3. Interest on 20 Bonds . . . 14,000.00
Total Cash Guaranteed . . $34,000.00

The contract gives the option of the face value of any bond in cash in lieu of issuing the bond when the same is due. These bonds mature 20 years from date of issue. All approved forms of Policies issued.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO DAY

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, New York City

Advertising is the great business for young men and women.

No doubt about that.

Opportunities all over America await the ambitious who have common school educations, and are willing to work to win.

The real reason why my System of Correspondence Instruction has been so amazingly successful and why my graduates have been so successful, is because it is PRACTICAL.

I teach originality and care for each student as though he or she were the only one under my guidance. My personal letters of criticism are not "stock letters" or the work of youthful clerks or stenographers.

Add to this the fact that I have the practically unanimous endorsement of the advertising authorities, and you will realize why the Powell System is the "survival of the fittest" in a field where a dozen other instructors have tried to follow my success — and failed.

Printers' Ink, the greatest advertising journal in existence, endorsed my System after careful investigation, and great publishers everywhere will tell you that the Powell System is "the only one to take." Geo. A. McClellan, Gen'l Mgr. of the three great Indiana dailies, the Indianapolis Star, Terre Haute Star and Muncie Star, in reply to a letter asking advice, voices the sentiment of American publishers:

Dear Sir: — Replying to your fa[illegible] [illegible] George H. Powell [illegible]

I have subscribed for six scholarships, distributing them among advertising solicitors and in every instance great benefits have [illegible] therefrom. Yours truly, GEO. A. MCCLELLAN.

I will mail free my fine Prospectus and "Net Results" — the most instructive works of their kind — if you are interested. They indicate how you can increase your earning capacity, and how business men can increase their profits. Address me George H. Powell, 1472 Temple Court, New York.

Building
Up a
Large
Business

[illegible]

"where did you learn how?" [illegible] my name in any [illegible] desire. Sincerely, W. M. H. KETTLER, Camden.

agen today and i galoped him up and down in frunt of her house and made him danse. i dident get throwed of eether you bet. i am saving up my chink for some more mottos.

Wright soon

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i tell you i had a tuff time laitly. last Tuesday i had ten cents and i bougt some candy and a motto whitch had on it my love is like a red red rose, and i et a little of it and i forgot and put the motto in my mouth before i thaugt but i took it out and set it in the sun until it was dry and it looked as well as ever xcept that the red letters were a little blurred. so i give her the candy and she give me a horsehair ring well the next thing i got was a note whitch said what did i meen by insulting her. gosh Beany i dident know what to do, so i wrote her and said i dident know what she ment and if she wood go by the school yard at 4 oh clock i wood like to see her. so i went down at 4 oh clock and gess what the matter was. she said i give her a motto whitch said my love has got a red red nose, and she give me the motto back and i looked at it and it did look like that it was so blurred well i xplained and i made it all rite. i dident tell her i had it in my mouth you bet. so it is all rite

Wright soon

Yours very respectively, PLUPY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, can you lend me 25 cents. i have spent every cent i had for that girl and the last present i made her she dident like. she give it back to me becaus she said it was so smelly it was a chane made of a lobsters wigglers you take those long stems that grow out of a lobsters head and then take some sizzers and cut them up in little even beads and string them on a string and it makes as prety a chane as you ever see only it smells like salt fish and when it dries it tirns yellow. well ennyway it was all i cood give her becaus i dident have enny chink and i cant get a gob. i went up to Mager Blakes stable to see if i cood get a gob washing wagons but they said no. so Beany if you will lend me the 25 cents i will pay you back the ferst gob i can get. i dident think it cost so much to make a girl like you i supposed a girl cood like a feller without having him give her presents all the time. how is it Beany, this is the ferst girl i ever had and you have had a good many and so you know more about it than me. you must have spent a good deal of chink on girls. i like this girl without her giving me enny presents

Wright jest as soon as you can and send me the 25 cents

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, Why havent you wrote. if you cant lend me 25 cents lend me 15 or 10 only say whitch

Yours very respectively, PLUPY

* * *

Good-Natured Bees

BEES of a new kind are now being imported into this country by the Department of Agriculture, for the purpose of breeding. They are known as Caucasian bees, and come from the region between the Black and Caspian Seas, in Russian territory.

These bees are excellent honey getters and prolific breeders, but their most important recommendation is their amiability of disposition. So mild is their temper that they can hardly be induced to sting anybody, even though they be stirred up, shaken about in the hive and subjected to other maltreatment such as would drive ordinary bees to fury. In handling them it is not necessary to wear either gloves or a bee-veil, and the smoke ordinarily employed by the bee-master when engaged in manipulating comb-frames, etc., may be entirely dispensed with.

The Caucasian bees will be bred in a model apiary which is being established at the Arlington Experimental Farm, across the Potomac from Washington. This will be a breeding station for various types of bees. Queens, as well as workers, of Italian, Cyprian, Dalmatian and Carniolan races will be imported for breeding; and also, probably, bees of Oriental tribes — particularly the so-called giant bees, one species of which is found in the Philippines. These giant bees have very long tongues, and are able to gather nectar from flowers which have corollas so deep that ordinary bees get only a small part of the sweets.

YAE KICHI YABE
Late of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan

Have You Had My Free Lesson in Jiu-Jitsu?

IF YOU do not already know that Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense in the world to-day I invite you to write for my **FREE LESSON** and demonstrate this to your own satisfaction.

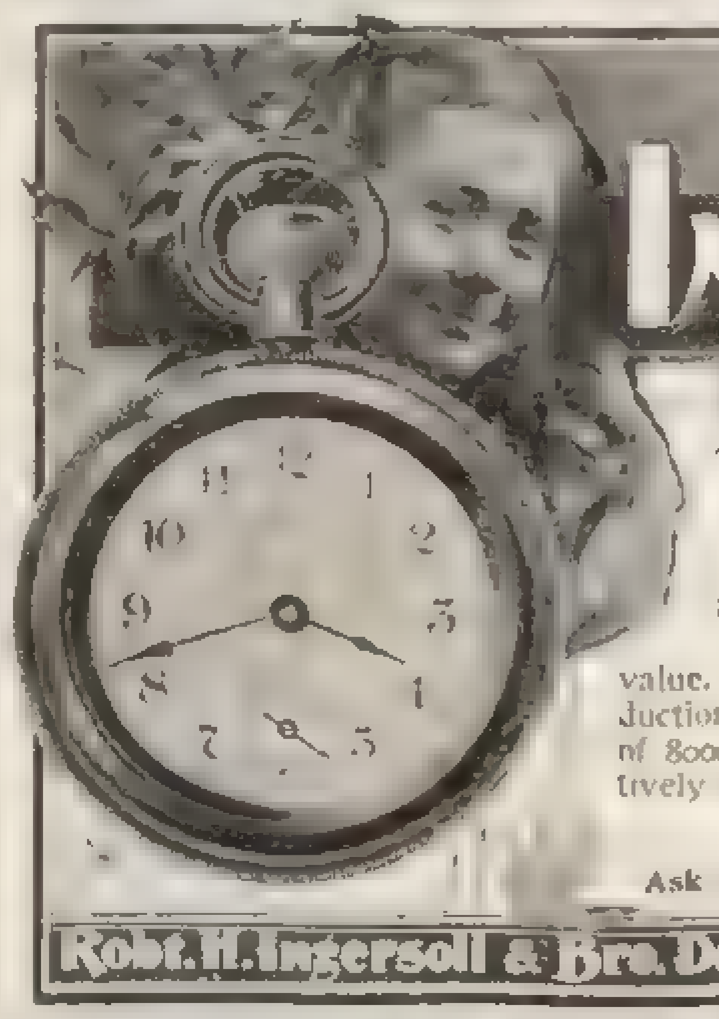
It is to the persistent practice of Jiu Jitsu that the Japanese owe their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman [illegible] and power of endurance, their low death rate and their material progress. Sur[illegible] a system of physical training which has do[illegible] much for the Island Nation will interest YOU. Jiu Jitsu not only embodies the ideal principles of [illegible] perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self defense it is as potent at short range as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.

JEALOUSLY GUARDED SECRETS REVEALED

For over two thousand years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been [illegible] Imperial edict the teaching of the system was [illegible] Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States [illegible] Jitsu in a manner w[illegible] [illegible] son is fully illustrated and teaches [illegible] of the most effective methods known for disposing [illegible]

If you desire to learn all the closely [illegible] secrets of th[illegible] send me your name and address, and you will receive the book an[illegible] lesson by return mail, postage paid. Address

YAE KICHI YABE, 380 K Realty Building, Rochester, N. Y.



YOU [illegible] BE [illegible] TIME IF YOU CARRY AN

INGERSOLL

Dollar Watch

The Ingersoll is a practical timekeeper.

It's not a boy's watch though admirable for a boy. It's a businessman's watch, a watch to trust.

The price in this case is no criterion of value. It happens to represent the cost of production, with a little profit added, in quantities of 8000 daily. But the watch is right and positively guaranteed.

Sold by dealers everywhere or postpaid by us. Booklet Free.

Ask for an INGERSOLL — see name on dial.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. Dept. 21, 51 Maiden Lane N.Y.

WHITELAW S[illegible]

Paper Blankets

SANITARY HEALTHFUL & WARM

Bed Clothing should be warm and light. Blankets and thick counterpanes should never be put upon the bed. The weight is depressing, retains perspiration, causes nightmare and is unhealthy. Paper Blankets are warmer than woolen and weigh only 8 ounces each. Made of strong sterilized paper, kid finish, will not slip or rustle. Cost less than washing Blankets. They are an application of **A Well-known Scientific Principle**. Every bed should have one between sheet and top cover. Price $3.00 a dozen full size, or we will send three full size for sample, express paid, for $1.00

Whitelaw Paper Goods Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

PATENT SECURED

[illegible]

EVANS, WILKENS & CO. 607 F St., Washington, D. C.

STALL'S BOOKS

SELF AND SEX SERIES

Sex facts that should be understood by every person and information properly given which should not be hidden by false or foolish modesty. Commended by highest medical authorities.

4 BOOKS TO MEN.

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know

4 BOOKS TO WOMEN

By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M. D.

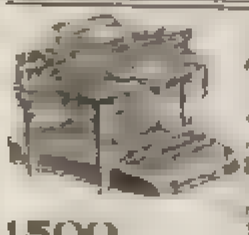
What a Young Girl Ought to Know.
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

$1 per copy, post free. Table of contents free

3 NEW BOOKS

(Conwell) A book of high [illegible] A golden gift book, $1, net
"Faces Towards the Light," devotional (Stall [illegible] for spiritual quickening, $1, net [illegible] Drake, 50c., net.

Vir Publishing Co., 744 Land Title Bldg, Philadelphia, Pa.



Bargains in Typewriters

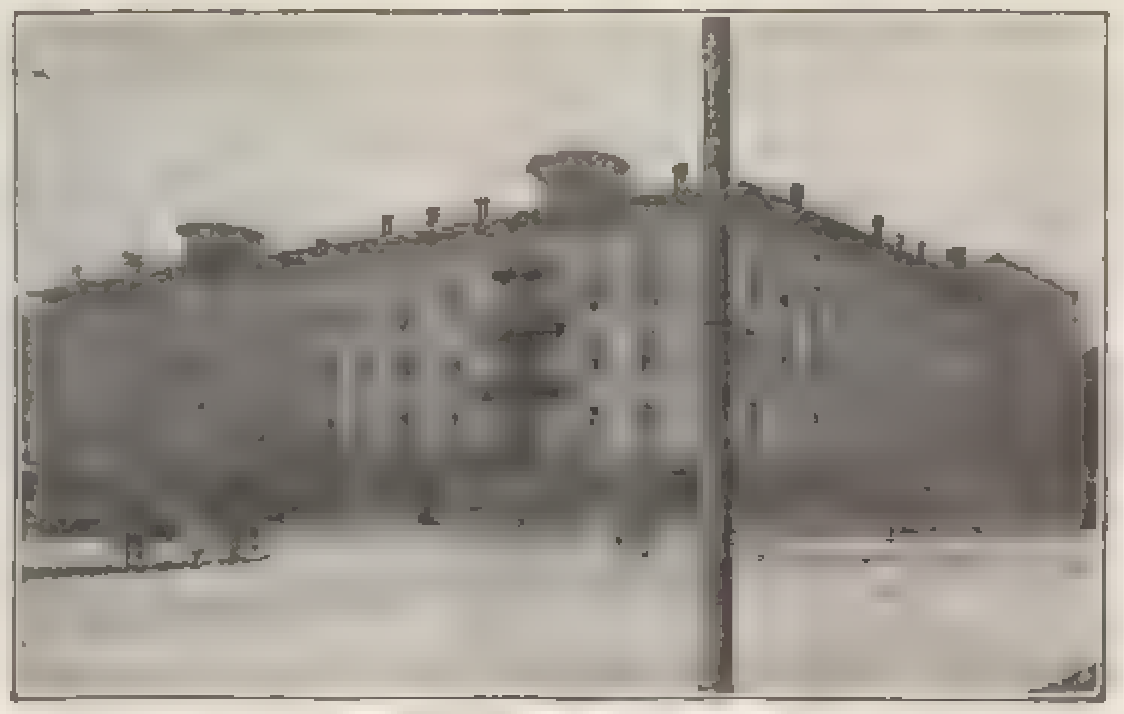
We offer without reserve our entire stock of slightly used typewriters [illegible] less than one half price. $10 [illegible] $45 [illegible]

[illegible] perfect adjustment of all parts. 1000 Visible Sholes machines built to sell for $75.00 — our price while they last $35.00 [illegible] of machines for [illegible] wonderful bargains free [illegible]

1500 Slightly Used Machines at ½ Price

ROCKWELL BARNES CO. 201 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

[illegible] MINNEAPOLIS
[illegible] Yields 9[illegible] on the investment



[illegible]

[illegible] FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN
Located on the principal business street between City Hall and [illegible] great department stores. Pays [illegible]

The United Cities Realty Corporation

WEST SUPERIOR ST., DULUTH, MINN.
Kalamazoo Block at left.
Annual income 7%.

[illegible] Produces [illegible]

Offers to the man who *expects to live* an investment far superior to that offered by any life insurance company in America. The Corporation invests only in the highest class of income-producing city real estate, insuring absolute protection of principal and accompanied by a steady and increasing income. Its directors and officers serve without salaries depending for their compensation upon one-half the surplus profits after the preferred shareholders have received cumulative dividends at the rate of five per cent. per annum. The remaining half of such surplus is paid to the holders of the preferred stock in addition to the regular five per cent. dividends. The only salaries paid are for management and clerical work, amounting the past year to less than $4500. The Corporation publishes the fullest reports regarding its business, and every shareholder is privileged to make a thorough investigation of its affairs. Provision has been made to loan ninety per cent. of the par value of shares should holders deem it necessary to borrow.

You can own an interest in these valuable revenue-producing business properties for $5 and upward a month.

The rental income of this group of buildings nets the United Cities Realty Corporation over nine per cent. on its investment. The funds used in the purchase of these buildings represent the small investments of thousands of people, among them many readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They are exactly the type of investment which created the great estates of the Astors, Goelets, Rhinelanders, Gerrys, etc., names known throughout the length and breadth of the United States as representing the very acme of conservatism and investment—success. Every building is a steady and continuous producer of revenue. Every building is so situated in the business district of its city as to insure an increase in value and therefore a constant increase of the value of each shareholder's interest. Shares, $120 each, are sold in blocks of five or more. Terms, $5 and upward a month.

160-174 MYRTLE AVENUE, BROOKLYN.
Strategically located near entrance to [illegible] Manhattan Bridge. Pays 10% per annum.

[illegible] FLATBUSH AVENUE, BROOKLYN
Almost opposite entrance to [illegible] and new Long Island Station. Nets 9%.

The Last Dividend Paid Was at the Rate of Six Per Cent. a Year

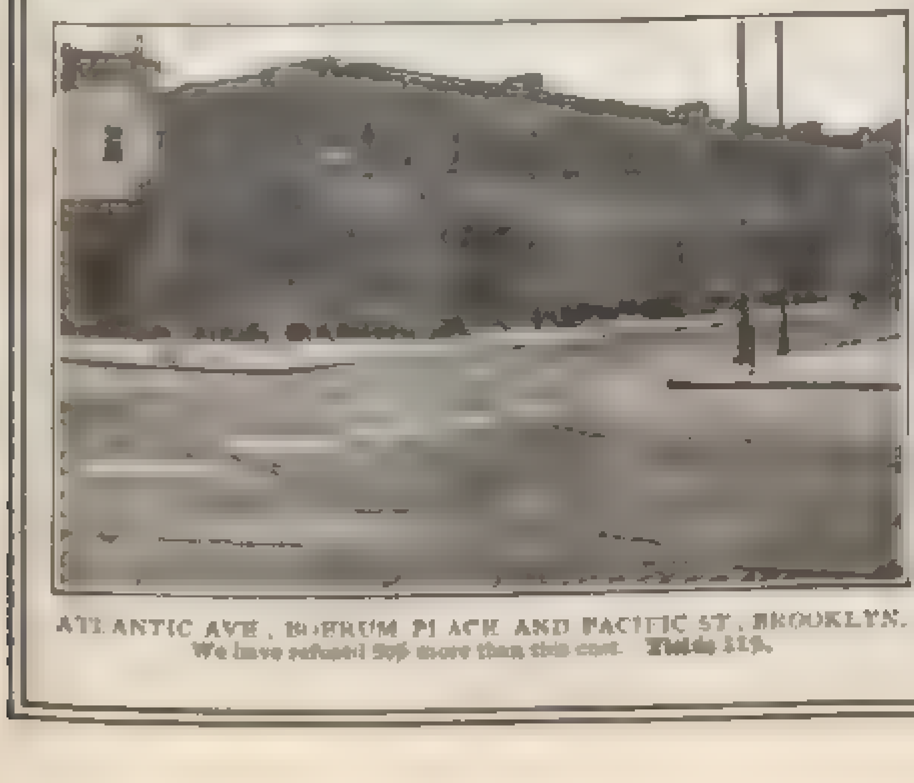
We invite the inquiry of all non-speculative investors.

WOOD, HARMON & CO.,

Exclusive Fiscal Agents for the United Cities Realty Corporation

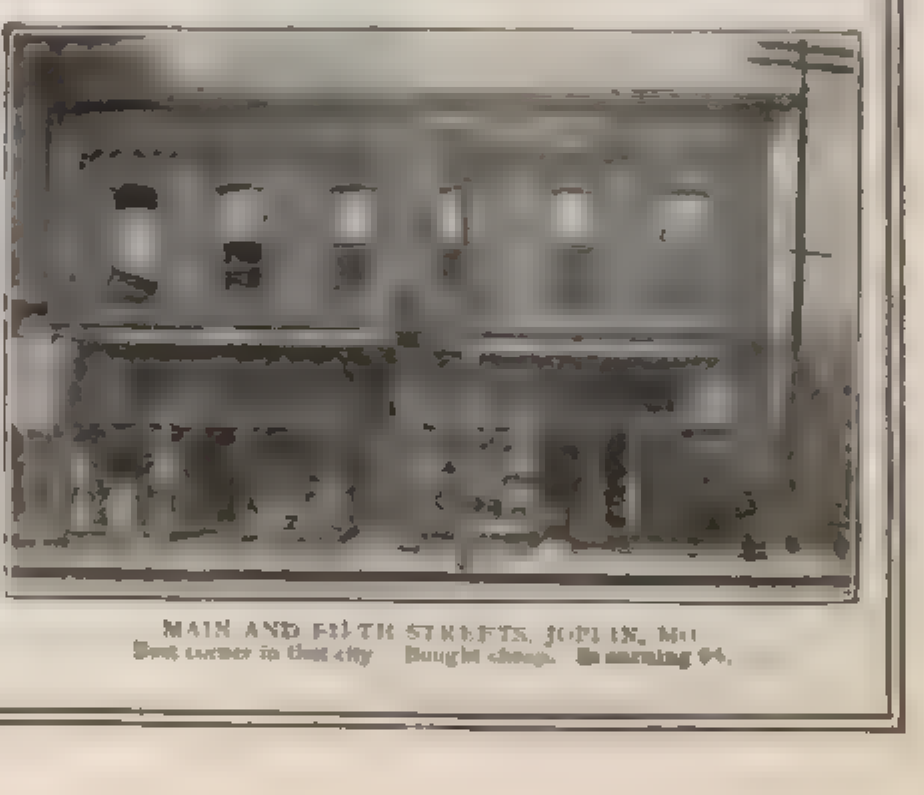
REFERENCES: Any Bank, Trust Company or Commercial Agency in the United States. **Dept. G 3, 256 Broadway, New York City.**

Unusual opportunities for a limited number of energetic men of unquestioned reputation to act as our permanent representatives in their own communities. Address Agency Department G 3 as above.



ATLANTIC AVE., BOERUM PLACE AND PACIFIC ST., BROOKLYN.
We have refused 50% more than this cost. **Yields 11%.**

FLATBUSH AVENUE, THIRD AND SCHERMERHORN STS., BROOKLYN.
Our most promising Brooklyn building. In the heart of the retail district, susceptible of improvement for large department store. **Could be resold at $40,000 profit.**



MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS, JOPLIN, MO.
Best corner in that city. Bought cheap. **Is earning 9%.**

A Busy Man's Brain Box

This is the most complete device ever invented for filing and classifying clippings, illustrations, manuscripts and all miscellaneous matters which some time or other you will want without a minute's delay.

It keeps your pockets and your desk clean [illegible] would otherwise be [illegible] It affords you instant access to everything [illegible] worth 47 scrap books and any number of pigeon holes. It consists of a number of specially made holders arranged in a sub[illegible] ets not only [illegible] is contained in it, but by an ingenious indexing system shows just where everything else [illegible] may be found. Espec[illegible] to business men. [illegible] It sits conveniently on your desk and takes care absolutely of all the papers and data that you might otherwise lose or forget — perhaps throw in a waste basket for want of a better place. [illegible]

Is a genuine Library Filing Cabinet never before [illegible] desk size and has sold from $15.00 to $50.00 [illegible] Is equal in every respect [illegible] size and the wonder [illegible]

FREE **With Your Name Stamped in Gold.** For a limited time we will give these Brain Boxes free with subscriptions to SYSTEM.

Through SYSTEM you can learn all that anyone can possibly tell you about system and business methods. It tells [illegible] ness tricks that [illegible] all the little office [illegible] that save worry [illegible] pages of ordi[illegible] sive informa[illegible] men. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your [illegible] perplexities [illegible] If you are [illegible] of SYSTEM [illegible] dollars a year. It is worth a great deal more than that to any alert business man with his eyes on the main chance.

Special

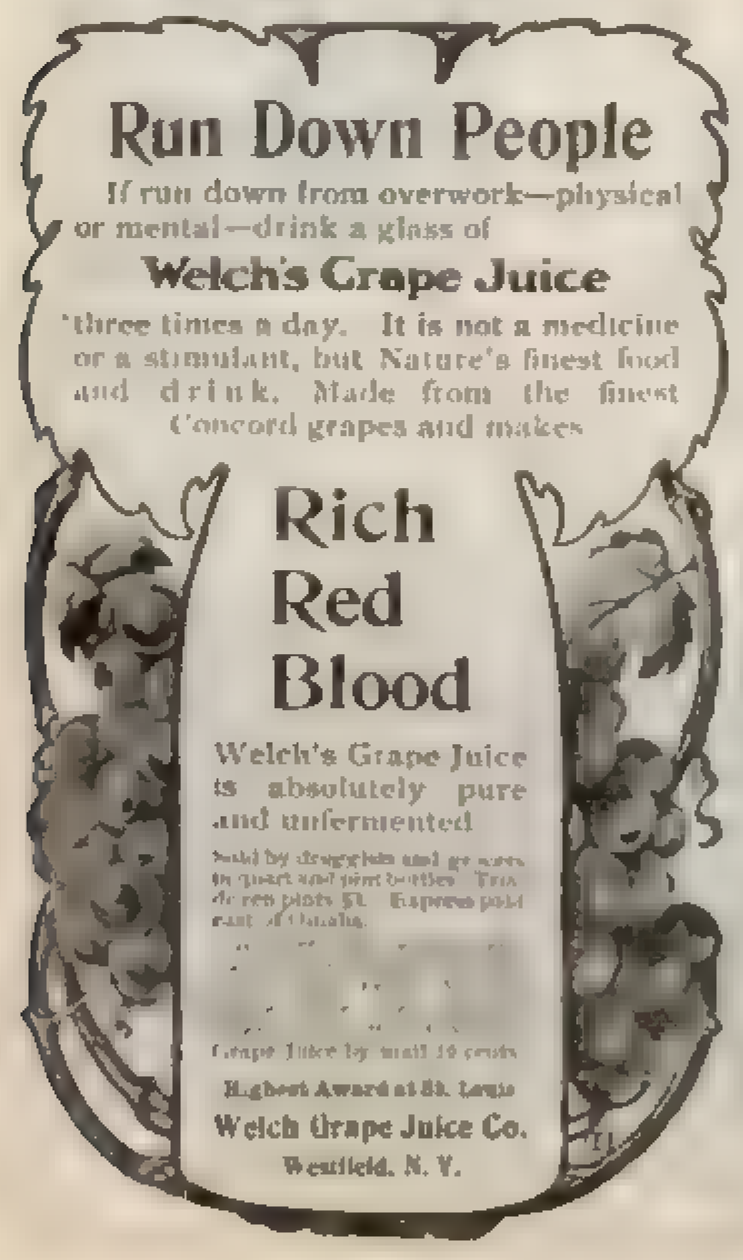
Send us two dollars for a year's subscription to SYSTEM and we will send you, every cost prepaid, a brain box with your [illegible] subscription has not yet expired, [illegible] tear out this advertise[illegible] it to us. [illegible] will enter your [illegible] ship you the box. Act at once. We have only a few boxes on hand and we believe they will be snapped up in a hurry. Send today. Address

Regular Departments in SYSTEM

- Building a Sales Force
- Organizing an Advertising Department
- Organizing a Factory
- Business Correspondence
- Credits and Collections
- Talks to Salesmen
- Systems in Banking
- System in Shipping
- Systems for the Retailer
- Real Estate and Insurance
- System in the Professions
- Short-Cuts that Save
- The Business Man's Review
- Successful through System (Biographical)
- Answered by Experts

THE SYSTEM COMPANY

New York For Desk O, CHICAGO London



Run Down People

If run down from overwork—physical or mental—drink a glass of

Welch's Grape Juice

three times a day. It is not a medicine or a stimulant, but Nature's finest food and drink. Made from the finest Concord grapes and makes

Rich Red Blood

Welch's Grape Juice is absolutely pure and unfermented.

Sold by druggists and grocers in quart and pint bottles. Trial dozen pints $3. Express paid east of Omaha. [illegible]

[illegible] Grape Juice by mail 10 cents.

Highest Award at St. Louis

Welch Grape Juice Co.

Westfield, N. Y.

MEDICAL MIRACLES

(Continued from Page 2)

itself more affectionate than usual. Or often it would run amuck for hours through the surrounding country and then return in all quietness to its own dooryard. Its human victim would feel no physical distress for weeks, sometimes for almost a year.

In rabies the most powerful microscope revealed no alteration in the blood, still less any form of bacilli; but to that Pasteur answered that as yet no man had seen the bacillus of smallpox. And the fact that the blood underwent no transformation was merely evidence that the change took place in the lymph or in the nervous system. Those who told him that the disease was mental simply taught him to look in the brain and spinal cord for the seeds of the infection.

There are some hard truths which are good for us to know. It was Louis Pasteur who first brought into systematic use the practice of vivisection. He had a heart the softness of which was almost a joke among his disciples. On this pretext or that he would postpone a painful operation for day after day. "He could," we are told by Doctor Roux, "look on at a simple operation, such as that of a subcutaneous inoculation, with tolerable firmness. Yet if the animal cried out ever so little he was immediately overcome with pity. He stopped the work, and lavished on the creature a wealth of encouragements and consolations such as would have been ludicrous if they had been less touching."

In the case of hydrophobia, to make himself absolutely certain that the disease centred in the brain and spinal cord, he had to perform a series of trepanning operations. More than that, he had practically to inject into the brain of sound animals cerebral matter from animals which had died of rabies. It was an inexplicable mercy that these operations proved to be painful only for the two or three seconds required to perform them; as it was, they made the experimenter miserable through his waking hours, and filled his nights with horrible dreams. But he had recently seen a child in the last awful agonies of hydrophobia at the Hospital Trousseau, and, holding himself together, he went on with his work.

His microscope found no bacteria. But for Pasteur it became evidence enough of their presence when he found he could transmit the disease by inoculation, exactly as in the case of all maladies proven to be of microbian origin. It was now a matter of deriving, in some way, a protecting vaccine.

He had begun the study of hydrophobia in 1881. By November, 1882, he had found—once more in the rabbit—an animal which took the disease in a form much more intense than that of the dog or of man. It became fatal in fifteen days. Fortunately, this did not mean that the rabbit underwent greater tortures; on the contrary, it passed rapidly into a state of dull, paralytic torpor. Pasteur desired, however, to attain a virus that would be still more intense, and of an intensity, too, that he could regard as standard. Applying his principle of repeated transmissions, he passed the disease through no fewer than ninety-two rabbits in succession. It was one continuous experiment which lasted for more than three years. And in the end he arrived at a virus which killed within the week.

But why, we ask immediately, should he have desired a virus of increased intensity? And how, since the virus was not to be found in either the blood or the lymph, could it be withdrawn and used as a vaccine at all? It is one of the great losses to human progress that Pasteur's span of activity did not give him time to take up the cure of tuberculosis. In the absolute clarity of mental vision which he displayed in the conquest of the much more insuperable difficulties of hydrophobia we have sufficient proof that he would almost certainly have given the law to the great white plague. For rabies he explained that he sought a virus of the very highest power, because it was here no matter of preventing infection, but of counteracting it—of fighting the devil with fire. As for making his vaccine, he could do that by taking the spinal cords of rabbits, immediately after their death by hydrophobia, crushing this nervous tissue, and injecting it diluted in the form of an emulsion. And finally, this vaccine would not kill, because he would begin with a preparation of it which had been attenuated by weeks of exposure to the air. He would vaccinate not once, but every twelve or

THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME

built of

Dykema Cement Stone

costs less than wood

considering maintenance

THE walls are hollow, perfectly dry, fireproof, cool in summer, warm in winter and need no painting or repairs. Hollow cement walls, built of Dykema Cement Stone, are ideal for any building.

Beautiful effects in color and texture — **honest cement finishes** — in unlimited variety are possible with no advance in cost.

Dykema Cement House Plans

represent design and construction especially suitable for cement stone and are drawn by specialists in cement architecture. The plan prices are low.

Send 25 cents coin and 8 cents stamps for our book of **cement house plans** containing much important information in reference to cement and its use.

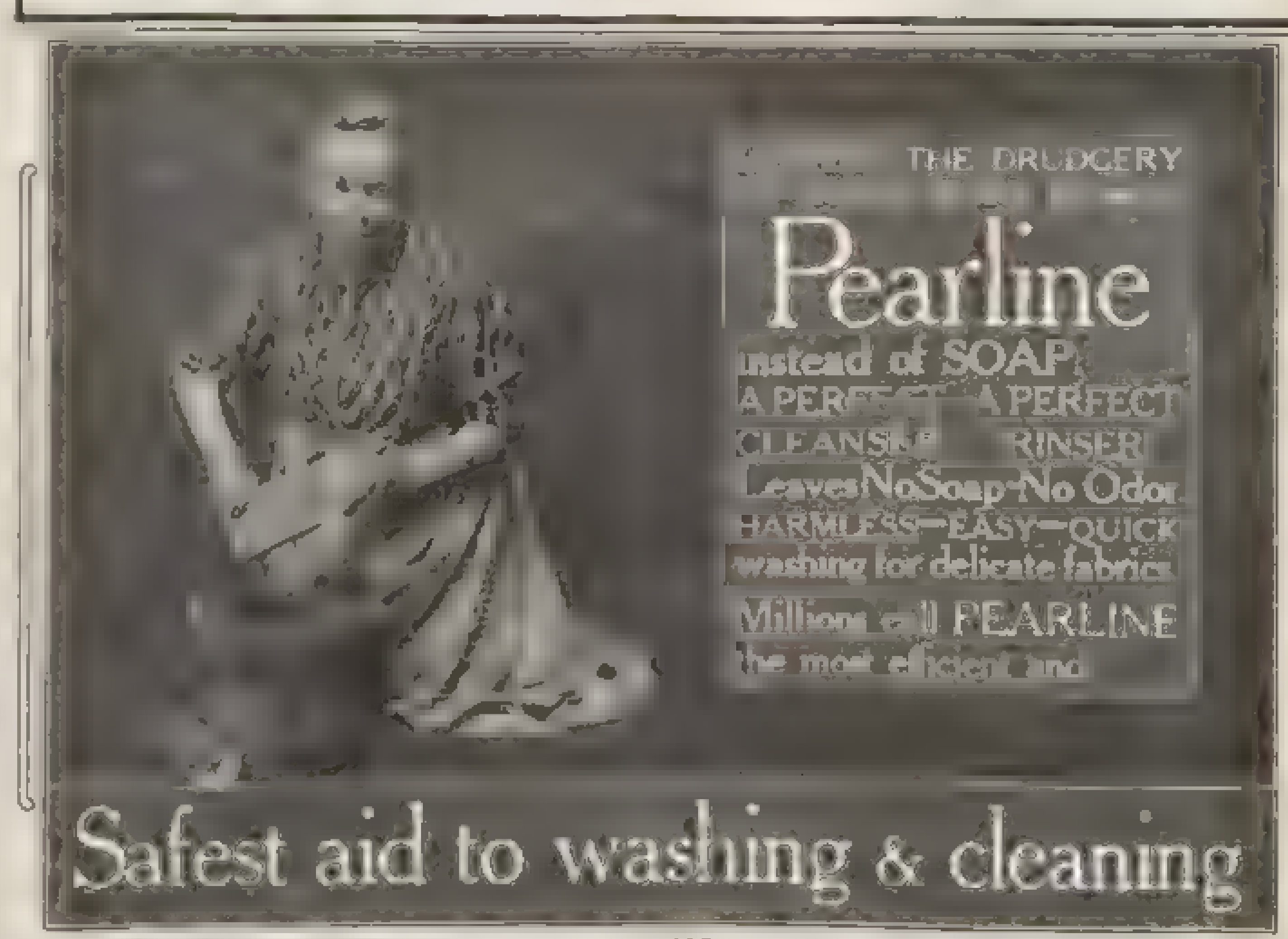
The manufacture of DYKEMA Cement Stone is a business which, for small investment, offers a large profit and unlimited development.

We equip the plant complete and **help get the business.** Let us tell you of our plan.

BOOKLET K 25 SENT FREE

K. DYKEMA & SON, 625 Pearl Street

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



How To Get An Orient Buckboard and Start An Automobile Business

The Orient Buckboard is a thoroughly practical motor-car, simple as a bicycle, yet having the [illegible] of an express train and the endurance of [illegible]

It costs only $375. Anyone can learn to run it in half an hour. Made in four styles, for two or four passengers. (See large ad. in last week's issue.) All you need to do is to get a letter from your Postmaster or Mayor, assuring us of your responsibility, and we will constitute you our agent, provided territory is not already taken.

This entitles you to the trade discount on your machine, and we supply a special system of advertising that sends the possible buyers right in to see you.

Part of your time will do. Don't delay—this is a rare chance to get a high grade, stylish, speedy motor-car, and make some money also. Write for details, to day. Address Dept. F

Waltham Manufacturing Company

Members of Association of Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

WALTHAM, MASS.

Agents Wanted to sell our unbreakable glass [illegible] [illegible] An unequalled opportunity to [illegible]

L. G. JENKS & CO., Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

69 CENTS POCKET ELECTRIC FLASH LIGHT

[illegible] extra, 1½. The best [illegible] the longest, gives most powerful light. It is always ready—simply press the button. Extra batteries 25c. each [illegible] Send for catalogue. The Vim Co. 45 E. Lake St., Chicago

To Gas Engine Operators

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

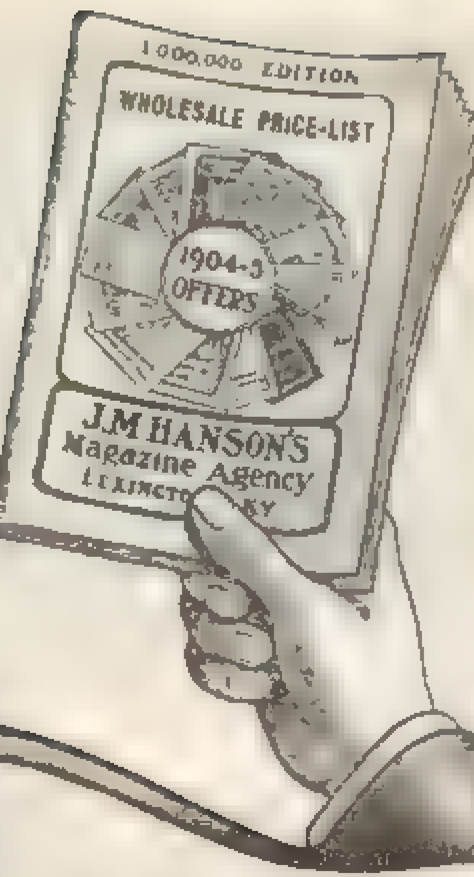
No battery to start or run. The original [illegible] weak and jump-spark system [illegible] [illegible] Fully Guaranteed

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.

14 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE of Standard bred poultry for 1905, printed in colors, fine chromo, suitable for framing, illustrates and describes 60 varieties [illegible] prices for stock and eggs [illegible] This book only 10 cents.

B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.



FREE

Our Large Catalogue

NEW EDITION of one million copies now ready. Embodies new ideas, new prices, new suggestions. Contains a list of over 2,500 magazines, periodicals and newspapers, quotes lowest obtainable prices, tells how our system saves you subscription money, and gives much valuable information that all magazine readers should have. You can

SAVE
Magazine Money

by writing us, as we furnish any magazine, periodical, or newspaper in the world at lowest prices—much lower, maybe, than you believe possible.

Ours is one of the largest subscription agencies in the world, and we are known everywhere. Your address on a postal secures the facts.

☞ WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE TODAY
IT IS SURE TO INTEREST YOU Address

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency
210 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

LISK'S

PATENT

Anti-Rusting
Tin Ware

GUARANTEED RUST PROOF

BEST FOR THE HOME AND FARM

3,000 Articles—30,000 Agents

GOLD MEDAL AT ST. LOUIS

Made by THE LISK MFG. CO., Limited
Canandaigua, N. Y.

[illegible] four hours for two weeks or even [illegible] days. Each vaccine would be newer, and therefore more virulent, than that which had preceded it; each in turn would prepare the system, and render it immune from the subsequent inoculation.

This became the method of treatment. After two weeks of daily injections the virus from the original dog bite, which in the course of unassisted nature required weeks to incubate, was outrun and overtaken by the vaccinating virus—so much more active than itself! The patient was at the same time doubly infected and wholly cured! Theory never had a greater triumph.

It was a year, however, before Pasteur could bring himself to try the treatment on a human being. It was only when a little Alsatian, Joseph Meister, was brought to him [illegible] mastiff that he took [illegible] "I fear," he said, "that my hand may tremble, or that I shall make some blunder." But Grancher, Nocard, Chantemesse—a whole company of his new disciples—were there to stand by and help him. During the fifteen days of the inoculations his horrible dreams came back again. He saw the child dying in mad paroxysms, as he had seen that other child, four years before, dying at the Hospital Trousseau. As for Joseph Meister, he fed the chickens in the Institute yard, daily christened new batches of rabbits and guinea-pigs, and enjoyed himself [illegible]. A month later he went back to [illegible] cured.

[illegible] was another memoir to read before the Academy of Medicine. And this time it acknowledged its master. Said Doctor Brouardel, its representative at the International Congress of Hygiene in 1889: "If the echoes of this meeting could be heard by our ancestors they would learn that a revolution which has shaken thirty centuries of medical practice to its foundations has been the work of a man foreign to the corporation. And yet that corporation no longer cries anathema upon him. It admires him utterly, and as utterly submits itself to his laws. All, all of us proclaim ourselves the disciples of Pasteur."

At the risk of falling into the dryness of the abstract, I have dwelt almost altogether upon the new principles and the new methods evolved by this extraordinary man. How far he carried his science from the old drug shop world of herbs and chemicals, of plasters, pills and boluses, can need no further exposition. Yet the power of his genius manifested itself in another, a more human but, if anything, a still rarer quality. He was able to gather about himself one of those "schools" which must always make the larger name of university seem cheap magniloquence. When, in 1886, a great national subscription established upon a fitting basis the Institute which bears his name, he entered it a man broken in health. His own labors were over, but he brought into that Institute a following such as certainly never joined itself to any man of science before. Some of those "pupils" were young, some were almost as gray as Pasteur was himself, but all alike were full of his teachings, his enthusiasm and his intrepidity. No psychologist has yet told us how the individual mind succeeds in sharing its genius with other minds. Possibly it goes far when it imparts its ideals, and with them, as tools, its methods of thought and work. In Napoleon and his marshals we have an example of this—but Napoleon's marshals lost their genius when they lost their master. How has it been with the marshals of Louis Pasteur?

It will be the business of the installments to follow this to observe in detail how they have been completing his work. And what a work it has been! The true explanation, as always, is a simple one. The wonder-working power came almost altogether from the brain of one man.

And yet, when all be thought upon, perhaps no theory, or hypothesis, or principle which Louis Pasteur imparted to his disciples in the laboratory dare measure itself beside a few broken syllables which he whispered over and over in his slumber when on his deathbed. His followers were watching about him in turn; and at his desire they brought their books and writings with them. "Where are you now?" he would ask, when he could no longer see. "Will you finish with it? And what will you take up next?" And when at last he was entering that sleep which was to be eternal they could hear him constantly murmuring, as he clutched tensely at the covers: "We must keep on working, keep on working!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles. The second will appear in an early number.

You Can Make Money from Chickens

in your back yard, on a city lot, on a farm—most anywhere, if you START RIGHT.
Let me help you START RIGHT.

I've been in the poultry business all my life. I own and operate the largest pure-bred poultry farm in the world. I tried for 15 years to find incubators and brooders that I could **depend upon every time** and then found that I'd have to build my own. The result is the

Ideal Incubators and Brooders

now used by thousands and giving better results, greater satisfaction, costing less and making more money for their users than any other simply because they are built on the right plan by a man who knows **from experience** what the chicken raiser needs. The fact is that the Ideal is the only incubator built today by a practical poultry man—one who has made his living by raising fowls. I'm so sure the Ideal will satisfy you that I'll send you one, freight prepaid, on

30 Days' Free Trial

If you don't find it perfectly satisfac[illegible] it, at my expense. That's a fair offer. Send today for full particulars and my "Poultry for Profit"—112 pages, 24 full [illegible]

FREE BOOK

[illegible] of poultry, and full [illegible] the famous [illegible] We supply [illegible] with pure [illegible] nothing to [illegible] Why not look into it?

POULTRY FOR PROFIT

SEND YOUR NAME TODAY

J. W. Miller Co.
Box 8 Freeport, Ill.

We Pay The Freight

30 Days Free Trial

Safe Money

We have, for safe keeping, the money of orphans, widows, struggling young men and women, and the small money of the poor.

A sacred trust—jealously guarded by some of the most prominent and successful business men of Cleveland.

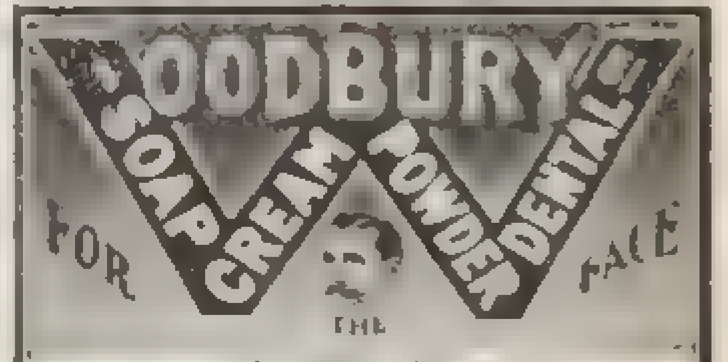
48,000 depositors
$25,000,000 assets
Dollar deposits welcome

Be Sure of Your Bank

Send for booklet A, which tells how you can Bank by Mail and why we pay 4 per cent.

The
Cleveland
Trust Company

CLEVELAND OHIO



The Flight of Time
whether reckoned from a watch, a calendar or a new wrinkle seems to hesitate on the face of the [illegible] Woodbury's Facial Soap.
Send [illegible] for samples of all four preparations.
The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Licensee, Cin. O.

DON'T SHOUT!

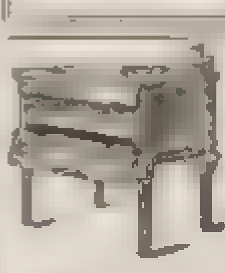
The "Morley"

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature **Telephone for the Ear**—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thou[illegible] **No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

Write for booklet and testimonials.

The Morley Company, Dept. T,
34 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

The William R. Compton Bond and Mortgage House
[illegible] 1904 [illegible] account. This represents [illegible] of careful invest[illegible] Savings Banks. [illegible] **Absolute Security** and fair interest. [illegible] enjoy their confidence and prove to you [illegible] Will **you** ask their [illegible] illustrated Brochure [illegible] safe. Do [illegible] My list of investments contains Municipal [illegible] Real Estate and [illegible] Lien County Bonds [illegible]
WILLIAM R. COMPTON
Macon, Missouri



The Wooden Hen

[illegible] pleasing and profitable business raising poultry. Hundreds of men and women make good money raising chicks for early market. Why not you? Write for free catalogue.

$12.80

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

STOP THE LEAKS AT HOME

[illegible]

Bradstreet's Practical Account Book for Home Expenses solves your expense problems in a simple and interesting way. It gives a complete classified record of your household and personal expenses, either in a general way or to a cent. Requires but two minutes per day. Book is full cloth bound, 150 pages, lasts three years. Write for **free sample page**, fully explaining details, or send $1.00 for book [illegible]

P. A. BRADSTREET & CO., Evanston, Ill.

HOW TO BREATHE

For Health, Strength and Endurance

Read **Lung and Muscle Culture**, the most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of

BREATHING AND EXERCISE

64 pages. Fully illustrated. 200,000 already sold. [illegible] correct and incorrect breathing [illegible] by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of 10 cents.

P. von BOECKMANN, R. S.
1150 Bristol Bldg., 5th Av. & 42d St., New York

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon [illegible] Map of California free.
Trans-Continental Freight Co., E-355 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

He's a Lightning Calculator

HE HANDLES FIGURES WITH MARVELOUS EASE AND RAPIDITY

Not a Calculating Prodigy, but Has Acquired His Faculty for Figures Through a New System Which Anyone Can Master

Mr. Daniel J. Sullivan, with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, of Fall River, Mass., is a young business man who can teach professional lightning calculators a great many things

they have never known about handling figures. He [illegible] subtracts, divides and multiplies any problem [illegible] multiply 890 and 4428 or [illegible] problem without writing any partial product. He can square, cube, divide, subtract and add large numbers, and in fact can make [illegible] any calculation mentally. He adds with [illegible] accuracy and it is seldom that [illegible] on a bill he requires paper [illegible] writes the product [illegible] any apparent effort.

Mr. Sullivan attributes his success and present position of trust and responsibility [illegible] to his ability to handle figures rapidly and accurately, which he acquired through a systematic study of short cuts in figures under a new system. He expresses the opinion that anyone can master it as he has done. In a recent communication he said: "I am using your system of rapid ca[illegible] out all my work, and find it so far ahead of prev[illegible] known methods that the result is astonishing [illegible] yet the processes are so simple that a schoolboy can learn them with a little effort. Indeed, if anyone could realize the accuracy and time-saving merits of this invaluable method, he would no longer plod away in the old slow manner, but would grasp the opportunity to lift himself to a higher rank of mental workers. I feel indebted to your institution for the knowledge imparted to me, and shall be glad to recommend your course at a[illegible]

If you [illegible] if you w[illegible] lation." It tells about a [illegible] old processes of calculating. The system is entirely [illegible] it has been adapted perfectly to the needs of [illegible] men. It may be mastered at your own home without loss of time.

A postal card sent to-day will bring the free book to your very door. Address **The Commercial Correspondence Schools, 380 H Commercial Building, Rochester, N.Y.**

Warner Water Motor

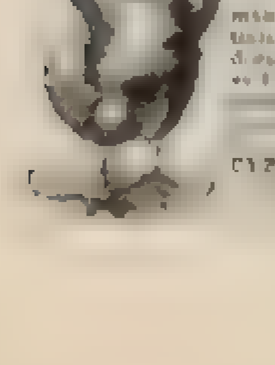
[illegible]

Warner Motor Co. Dept 16 Flatiron Bldg N Y City

EUROPE

Eight select conducted parties [illegible] Classic and [illegible] A pine Tour Mediterranean and Central Europe Tour Tour Norway and Sweden Russia [illegible] Tour Central Europe [illegible] Tour Ireland, Scotland and England [illegible] and Central Europe Tour; [illegible] Tour Spain and Southern France [illegible] Italy [illegible] Old World Tourist Guide [illegible] free [illegible]

A. De Potter, 45 Broadway, New York.



You Can Hatch

chicks at home and earn big profits.

CYPHERS INCUBATORS

make results certain. Automatic in all essentials. "The World's Standard Hatcher." [illegible] Experiment [illegible] used by most successful poultrymen. [illegible]

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO. BUFFALO N Y

A DIARY FROM DIXIE

(Concluded from Page 13)

obliged to go West—to Texas, I mean, for our own part of the country will be overrun

APRIL 19.—Just now, when Mr. Clay dashed upstairs, pale as a sheet, saying, "General Lee has capitulated," I saw it reflected in Mary Darby's face before I heard him speak. She staggered to the table, sat down, and wept aloud. Mr. Clay's eyes were not dry. Quite beside herself, Mary shrieked, "Now we belong to negroes and Yankees!" Buck said, "I do not believe it."

APRIL 22.—This yellow Confederate quire of paper, my journal, blotted by entries, has been buried three days with the silver sugar dish, teapot, milk-jug, and a few spoons and forks that follow my fortunes as I wander.

Colonel Cadwallader Jones came with a dispatch, a sealed, secret dispatch. It was for General Chesnut. I opened it. Lincoln, old Abe Lincoln, has been killed, murdered, and Seward wounded! Why? By whom? It is simply maddening, all this.

I sent off messenger after messenger for General Chesnut. I have not the faintest idea where he is, but I know this foul murder will bring upon us worse miseries. Mary Darby says, "But they murdered him themselves. No Confederates are in Washington." "But if they see fit to accuse us of instigating it?" "Who murdered him? Who knows?" "See if they don't take vengeance on us, now that we are ruined and cannot repel them any longer."

MAY 18.—A feeling of sadness hovers over me now, day and night, which no words of mine can express. There is a chance for plenty of character study in this Mulberry house, if one only had the heart for it. Colonel Chesnut, now ninety-three, blind and deaf, is apparently as strong as ever, and certainly as resolute of will. Partly patriarch, partly *grand seigneur*, this old man is of a species that we shall see no more—the last of a race of lordly planters who ruled this Southern world, but now a splendid wreck. His manners are unequaled still, but underneath this smooth exterior lies the grip of a tyrant whose will has never been crossed. I will not attempt what Lord Byron says he could not do, but must quote again: "Everybody knows a gentleman when he sees him. I have never met a man who could describe one."

African Scipio walks at his side. He is six feet two, a black Hercules, and as gentle as a dove in all his dealings with the blind old master, who boldly strides forward, striking with his stick to feel where he is going. The Yankees left Scipio unmolested. He told them he was absolutely essential to his old master, and they said, "If you want to stay so bad he must have been good to you always." Scip says he was silent, for it made them mad if you praised your master.

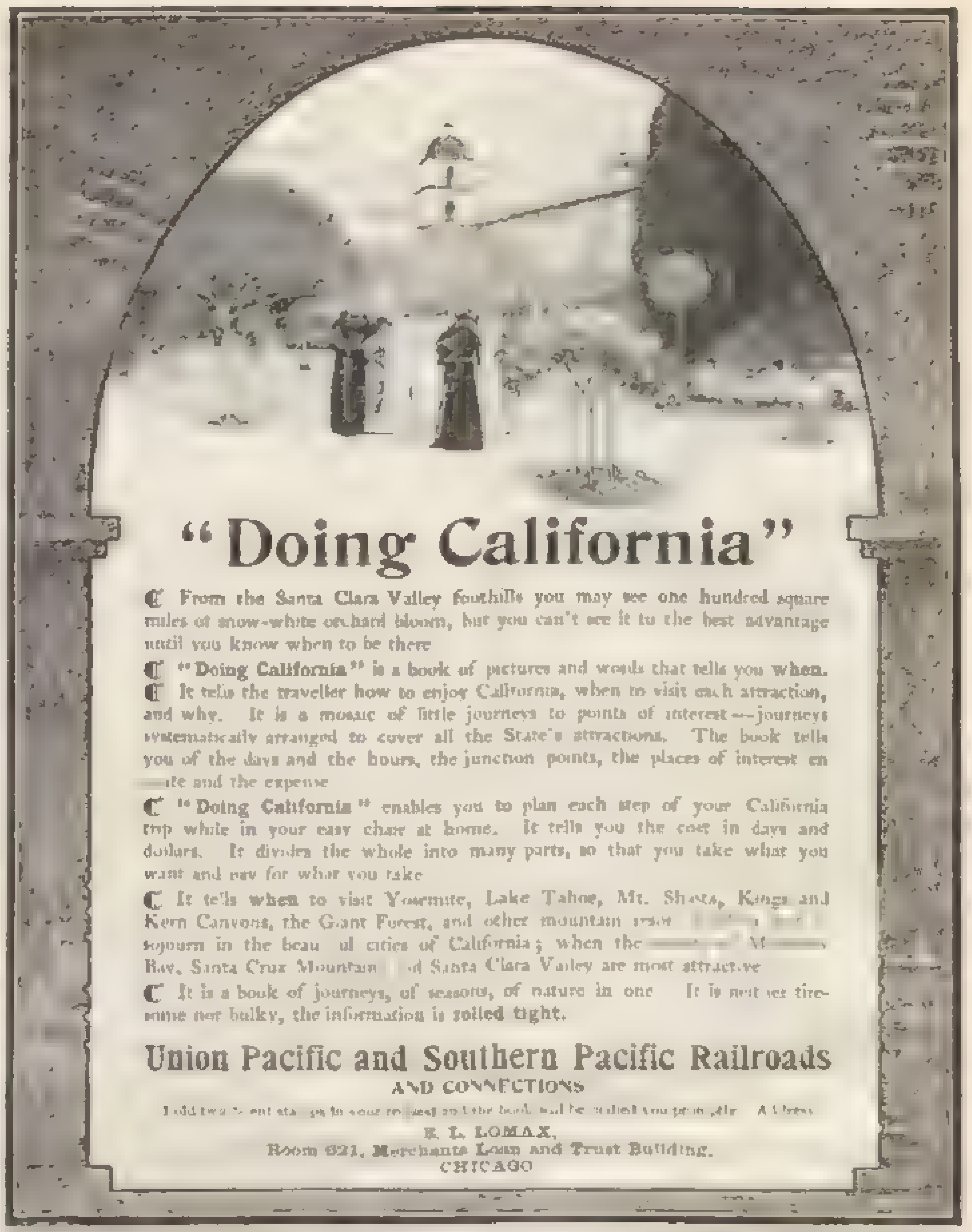
Sometimes this old man will stop himself, just as he is going off in a fury, because they try to prevent his attempting some impossible feat in his condition of lost faculties. He will ask gently, "I hope that I never say or do anything unseemly? Sometimes I think I am subject to mental aberrations." At every footfall he calls out, "Who goes there?" If a lady's name is given he uncovers and stands, with hat off, until she passes. He still has the old-world art of bowing low and gracefully.

JUNE 12.—There are two classes of vociferous sufferers in this community: 1. Those who say, "If people would only pay me what they owe me!" 2. Those who say, "If people would only let me alone. I cannot pay them. I could stand it if I had anything with which to pay debts."

Now we belong to both classes. Heavens! the sums people owe us, and will not, or cannot, pay, would settle all our debts ten times over and leave us in easy circumstances for life. But they will not pay. How can they?

We are shut in here, turned with our faces to a dead wall. No mails. A letter is sometimes brought by a man on horseback, traveling through the wilderness made by Sherman. All railroads have been destroyed, and the bridges are gone. We are cut off from the world, here to eat out our hearts.

(THE END)



"Doing California"

From the Santa Clara Valley foothills you may see one hundred square miles of snow-white orchard bloom, but you can't see it to the best advantage until you know when to be there.

"Doing California" is a book of pictures and words that tells you when.

It tells the traveller how to enjoy California, when to visit each attraction, and why. It is a mosaic of little journeys to points of interest—journeys systematically arranged to cover all the State's attractions. The book tells you of the days and the hours, the junction points, the places of interest en route and the expense.

"Doing California" enables you to plan each step of your California trip while in your easy chair at home. It tells you the cost in days and dollars. It divides the whole into many parts, so that you take what you want and pay for what you take.

It tells when to visit Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, Mt. Shasta, Kings and Kern Canyons, the Giant Forest, and other mountain resorts [illegible] sojourn in the beautiful cities of California; when the [illegible] Monterey Bay, Santa Cruz Mountains and Santa Clara Valley are most attractive.

It is a book of journeys, of seasons, of nature in one. It is neither tiresome nor bulky, the information is rolled tight.

Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads
AND CONNECTIONS

Add two [illegible] cent stamps to your request and the book will be mailed you promptly. Address

E. L. LOMAX,
Room 621, Merchants Loan and Trust Building,
CHICAGO

During the year 1904 we used the product of more than ten thousand (10,000) acres of land, requiring upwards of twenty [illegible] packages of various sizes and kinds to carry the finished product from factory to consumer.

Ask your grocer for goods bearing our name—

Bartlett Pears and Crawford Peaches

from the "Gardens of the Genesee"

flavor and texture equalled by none

Baked Beans, with Tomato Sauce

a fine luncheon dish

Blue Label Soups

20 Varieties

ready for use after heating, and each a good dinner starter

All our goods are prepared with extreme care and cleanliness in kitchens that are models for completeness. Inspection cordially invited.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N.Y.

[illegible] Booklet of Original Recipes, [illegible] products. May we send it to you?

Royal TRADE MARK

THE "WHITEST" COLLAR MADE

LINEN

15c EACH

ADRIAN

IF YOUR DEALER WON'T SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US

EMIGH & STRAUB, Dept. C.C., Troy, N.Y.

A Whitewashing and Painting Machine

DOES THE WORK OF 20 MEN—AND DOES IT BETTER

Send for catalogue which is free.

J. A. del SOLAR
108 Fulton Street New York, N Y

SAFE SIDE

Don't invite failure by buying untried machines. For many years

Successful

Incubators and Brooders

have been the standard. Best results with least care. Send for free Incubator Catalogue. Poultry book four cents. Poultry paper one year ten cents.

Des Moines Incubator Co., Dept. 548, Des Moines, Ia.

ROTOGRAPH — SOUVENIR — POST CARDS

[illegible] that we would like to send Samples and Information [illegible] the very latest developments in the Souvenir Post Card business.

ROTOGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK.

VALUABLE
CIGAR BOOK
FREE

You need it if you smoke

It tells you what you want to know about cigars.
It brings one of our stores to your door.
It tells you about all kinds of cigars.
It makes it easy for you to find the cigar you like best.
It tells you how we deliver cigars and smokers' supplies prepaid to all parts of the United States.
It is security for satisfactory cigars.
It tells you ***how*** and ***why*** we can guarantee at least one-third BETTER CIGARS for the money.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY
DROP A POSTAL TO

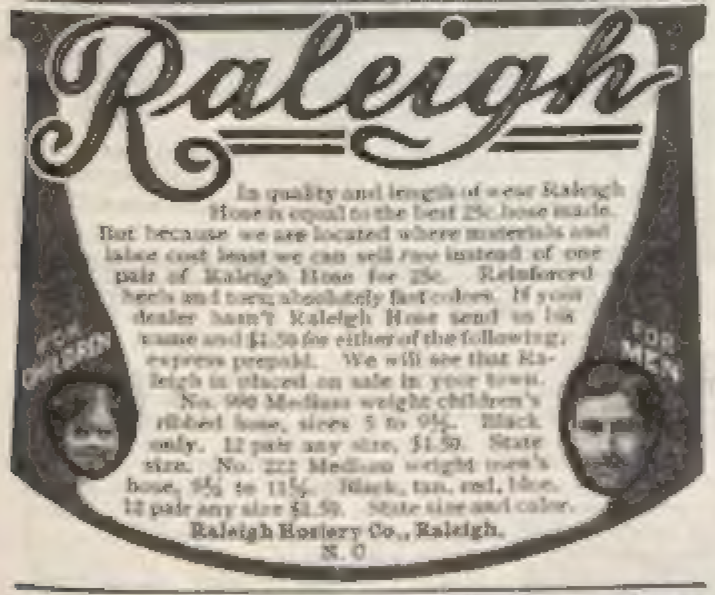
CIGARS
UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY
304 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City
Over 300 stores in operation.
Capital $2,000,000.

PURE WHITE LEAD

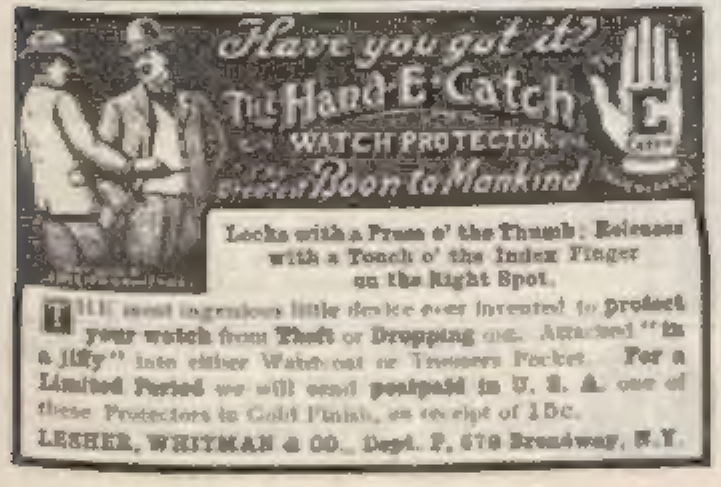
On your house adds money value and dignity. Pure White Lead will preserve a good fresh appearance longer than any other paint—it is impervious to sudden weather changes, wears evenly and smoothly and retains a good appearance for several years longer than any substitute.

Our Booklet "What Paint and Why" tells this and names the brands of White Lead that are purest and best. Sent free from any of our branches.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Largest makers of White Lead in the world.
New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland.
National Lead & Oil Co. Pittsburg.
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co. Philadelphia.


Raleigh
For Children
For Men

In quality and length of wear Raleigh Hose is equal to the best 25c hose made. But because we are located where materials and labor cost least we can sell *two* instead of one pair of Raleigh Hose for 25c. Reinforced heels and toes; absolutely fast colors. If your dealer hasn't Raleigh Hose send us his name and $1.50 for either of the following, express prepaid. We will see that Raleigh is placed on sale in your town.
No. 900 Medium weight children's ribbed hose, sizes 5 to 9½. Black only. 12 pair any size, $1.50. State size. No. 222 Medium weight men's hose, 9½ to 11½. Black, tan, red, blue. 12 pair any size $1.50. State size and color.
Raleigh Hosiery Co., Raleigh, N. C.


Have you got it?
The Hand-E-Catch
WATCH PROTECTOR
Greatest Boon to Mankind

Locks with a Press o' the Thumb; Releases with a Touch o' the Index Finger on the Right Spot.

THE most ingenious little device ever invented to **protect your watch** from **Theft** or **Dropping** out. Attached "**in a jiffy**" into either Watch-coat or Trousers Pocket. **For a Limited Period** we will send **postpaid in U. S. A.** one of these Protectors in Gold Finish, on receipt of 15c.
LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., Dept. P, 670 Broadway, N.Y.

Fair Railroad Regulation

(Concluded from Page 7)

action should not be made to wait upon the filing of the complaint. The great body of the people, who, in the aggregate, suffer the burdens and wrongs of excessive transportation charges, cannot appear before the commission to make complaints. The consumers of coal and merchandise and special commodities are the ones who really pay the freight. They do not deal directly with the railroads and do not pay freight to the railway company at all. The dealer who sells to the consumer pays the freight in the first instance, but charges it against his customer. Thus, to limit the action of any commission to cases where complaint is made is practically to destroy the value of railway regulation at all for the great body of the people.

The commission should be clothed with power to enforce publicity in respect to all matters pertaining to the public interests. Invested with this power, necessity for prosecution would much less frequently arise. Full knowledge on the part of the commission respecting the earnings and expenses in the operation of railroads is essential as a basis of rate-making. No rates established by the commission can be maintained in the courts, if attacked, unless such rates are reasonable and just to the railway companies.

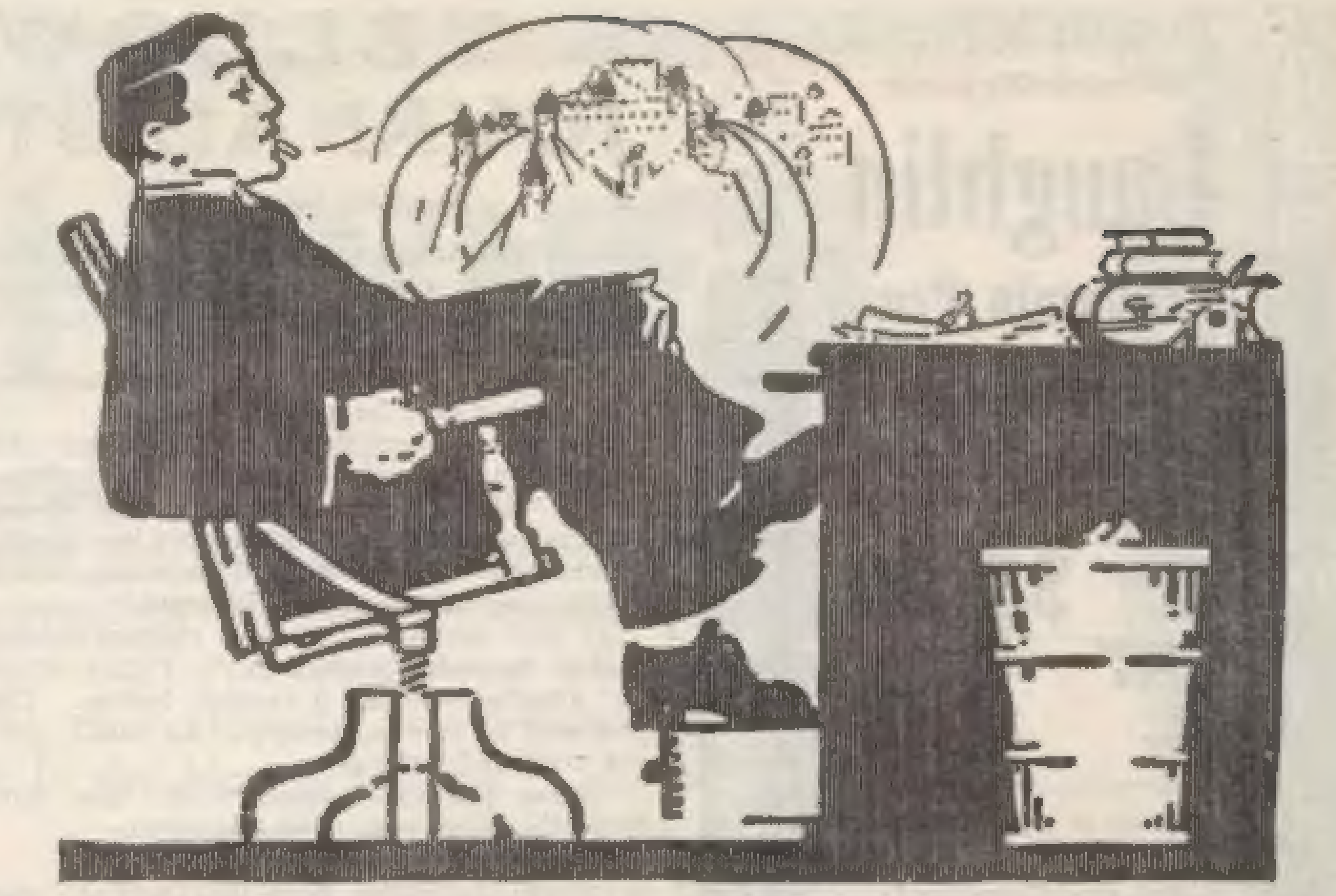
One of the most important duties of a commission should be to protect the public from the wrongs inflicted upon it by overcapitalization on the part of the corporation. The State should know the value of its railroad properties, and it should be unlawful for railroad companies to issue stocks and bonds without first having established, to the satisfaction of the commission or other authority representing the State, that there is full value back of every dollar of the obligation represented by the stock and bond issue.

However perfect any State law for the regulation and control of commerce, it will fail unless it be strongly enforced. Hence, its success in operation will depend entirely upon the commission charged with its administration. The method of selecting the commissioners, therefore, becomes of the highest importance. Upon this subject there is wide difference of opinion. Personally, I favor appointment rather than election.

The work of the commission in fixing rates must stand or fall as it meets the tests which will be applied in a court of appeals, where such work is very certain to go for review. To be sustained, rates must be just and reasonable to the railway corporations. In fixing the rate, therefore, if the commission is to do justice to the public, it must reduce the rate as much as possible, and still make it fairly and justly remunerative and profitable to the railway companies. This requires a technical and expert knowledge of traffic conditions and of the cost of railway construction, maintenance and operation. Whenever test is made in court of the work of railway commissioners they will find themselves confronted by the ablest traffic experts in the employ of the great railway companies. These they should be fitted to combat.

The selection of men having such qualifications can be more certainly made by appointment than by popular election in the midst of partisan feeling and excitement due to a political campaign. Indeed, it might very easily happen that one wholly unqualified, as to the possession of training or experience, or the qualities of mind to acquire expertness in this important work, but with popular elements of character and experience in campaigning, would be more likely to secure election than one whose experience and talent had fitted him especially for this line of work.

Upon the necessity of establishing a commission to protect the interests of the people of each State there would seem to be no need of argument. The conditions themselves existing in the States where the control is wholly in the hands of the railway companies, in comparison with the benefits realized in States which have thoroughgoing, well-administered statutes for such regulation, would seem to be conclusive. Every Commonwealth must, sooner or later, provide such regulation. It will be defeated from time to time by the corporations. This should simply inspire its advocates to press forward with a determination to insure success. The cause is a just one. It cannot fail. The work should begin at once in every State with a weak or imperfect statute, and in every State which has failed wholly to adopt such legislation as will control railway rates.



MURAD CIGARETTES give the ultimate perfection of Turkish tobacco, a perfect blending of the rarest growths. Mr. Allan Ramsay, in his sixteen years' service as Turkey's government expert, has led his skill up to

MURAD
CIGARETTES

Try them when business skies are darkly blue. They scatter sunbeams and lighten up the gloomy recesses of disturbing problems.

10 for 15 cents

$33 TO California

From Chicago, every day, March 1 to May 15, 1905, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and many other points on the Pacific Coast. Tickets good in tourist sleeping cars. Rate for double berth, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara or Portland, $7. Through train service from Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 10.25 p. m. daily, via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Choice of routes to California via Omaha or via Kansas City. To North Pacific Coast via St. Paul and Minneapolis or via Omaha. Handsome book descriptive of California sent for six cents' postage.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent,
1245 Railway Exchange,
CHICAGO.

or,

W. S. HOWELL,
General Eastern Agent,
381 Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY.

Complete information will be sent free on receipt of this coupon with blank lines filled.

Name____________________
Street Address____________________
City__________ State__________
Probable Destination____________________
P

Sent on Approval
to responsible people

Laughlin
Fountain Pen
Guaranteed finest grade 14k
SOLID GOLD PEN

To test the merits of this publication as an advertising medium we offer you your choice of

These Two Popular Styles For Only $1.00 Postpaid to any address

(By registered mail 8c. extra.)

Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade large size 14k. gold pen, any flexibility desired — ink-feeding device perfect.

You may try the pen a week; if you do not find it as represented, a better value than you can secure for three times the price in any other make, if not entirely satisfactory in every respect, return it, and **we will send you $1.10 for it, the extra 10 cents being for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen** —(Not one customer in 5,000 has asked for his money back).

Either style — **Richly Gold Mounted,** including a handsome extra fine leather case for presentation purposes, $1.50 extra.

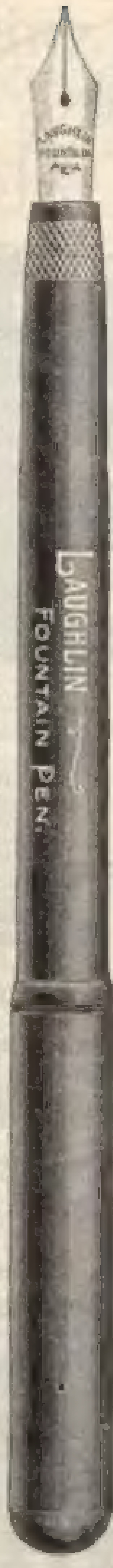
Grand Special Offer

For an investment of $2.50 we send you a Fountain Pen Outfit, including richly gold mounted fountain pen and extra fine leather case, that you cannot duplicate elsewhere for $10.00 — and refund your money if you are not enthusiastic with your purchase.

Lay this "Publication" down and write NOW

Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each pen.

ADDRESS
LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.
820 Griswold Street
DETROIT, MICH.


LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN.

NEW-SKIN
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER.
ANTISEPTIC. ASEPTIC.
WILL HEAL ANY CUT OR SCRAPE.
DOUGLAS MFG CO.
NEW YORK.

NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER

For Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

Mechanics, Sportsmen, Bicyclists, Golfers, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch, or scrape their skin. **"New-Skin"** will relieve these injuries, will **not wash off,** and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as **"New-Skin"** makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

	EACH
Pocket Size (Size of illustration)	10c
Family Size	25c
2-oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals)	50c

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

DOUGLAS MFG. CO., Dept. R, 96 to 102 Church St., New York

We pay the Freight

RUNS ITSELF!
You strike a light and the
PETALUMA INCUBATOR
does the rest. No more worry over hatching. No more loss of eggs. The Petaluma regulates perfectly and hatches every fertile egg. 4 sizes. Catalogue free.

Petaluma Incubator Co., Box 82, PETALUMA, CAL., or Box 82, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A YELLOW JOURNALIST

(Concluded from Page 11)

pitiless ignoring of the other woman; the Mrs. Muriel who dwelt on cold, inaccessible heights, where humanity's cries couldn't reach her.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Dilworth," I stammered, "this paper may be a forgery, too."

She shook her head. "That was Mr. Dilworth's writing. I know it. I'm positive. . . . Oh!" Suddenly her voice broke, and the tears rolled unbidden down her cheeks. "Do you realize what I am enduring, how I am groping helplessly for the truth?"

At that moment the door opened behind us and the judge walked in.

"They've reached a verdict, ladies. The jury will be in in a moment," he said.

I jumped for the door.

"Miss Massey — please!" It was Mrs. Muriel's voice, appealing, insistent.

"But the jury ——"

"What difference does that make?" she cried. "I don't want the money — I want the truth!"

"Here comes Mr. Hewlitt," I put in eagerly. "Mr. Brockinton must have sent him for you."

She wrung her hands. "You cruel girl!"

"All right, then," I capitulated. I spoke in a whisper, for Brockinton's young partner was nearly upon us. "This is what the paper says: 'I commend the child known as Jim Dilworth to my wife, Muriel. He is . . . *not* — my son!'"

I couldn't help it. Up to the instant before I reached the last two words it hadn't occurred to me; but, with that quivering woman standing before me, I fell down like the miserable little coward I am.

When I got to the door of the courtroom I found it so crowded that, instead of making for the reporters' desk, I let the bailiff make way for me to the first empty seat. From where I sat I couldn't hear the words in which the foreman mumbled his verdict, but I caught a glimpse of poor Mrs. Jim's face, white, drawn, incredulous and agonized, before she fell defeated into Mammy's arms.

It was just then that Mrs. Muriel entered. She passed her lawyers' table and came swiftly toward the spot where Mammy sat chafing Mrs. Jim's hands and holding her heavy head to her breast.

"Belle" — Mrs. Muriel's voice was shaken still, but it was whispered music, and it thrilled with the humility of utter happiness. "Forgive me, Belle. The boy shall have all this and more. He'll be my son as well as yours. Whatever the verdict is ——"

"The verdict is already in, Mrs. Dilworth," Hewlitt broke in; he had followed her. "We have won; let me be first to congratulate you."

But she hardly heard him.

"Belle!" she pleaded.

"Go 'way — yo'!" Mammy's eyes blazed furiously up at her. "Yo've half killed her."

Instinctively, Mrs. Muriel fell back before the savage ferocity of the black woman's face. She might have yielded then to the pressure of her lawyer's hand, but suddenly she felt a tug at her dress. It was Jim, lost, forgotten in the excitement of the moment, yet suffering intuitively, feeling and fearing the crisis.

"Take," he cried with a trembling lip, lifting his arms to her — "take Jim!"

She bent down and lifted him, holding his sobbing little body with a tenderness and yet a yielding strength that transfigured her.

Through the crowd Cochrane made his way with a glass of whisky. Mammy put it to Mrs. Jim's blue lips, then let it fall crashing to the floor.

"She's daid, my Gawd! Miss Belle!"

Her black hand crept to Mrs. Jim's heart — then in a second it lifted, knotted and threatening, over Muriel Dilworth's head.

"Yo' — yo' ——" the old woman stammered thickly.

But Baby Jim, his blond head curled into the lady's neck, turned his wet, blue eyes wonderingly upon Mammy, and lifting a hand like a dimpled snowflake he touched the black woman's lips with a pleading caress.

That same little tender hand still holds back the real, the awful vengeance Mammy Sinnott might take if she would. It holds me back, too — though the office would fire me in a minute if it suspected, and serve me right, too. But since Mrs. Muriel has legally adopted the boy, what good on earth would be served by wrecking a live woman's faith and dragging a dead woman's name out from under the sheltering benefit of the doubt?

NORTHERN PACIFIC
WONDERLAND
1905
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

WONDERLAND —— 1905

not only is full of miscellaneous information regarding the NORTHERN PACIFIC Country, but tells a new story of YELLOWSTONE PARK and the recent improvements there — including new and unique hotels; the LEWIS and CLARK EXPOSITION to be held at Portland, Oregon, June 1st - October 15th and the SHASTA-NORTHERN PACIFIC route to and from California.

There are stories of historical interest, of adventure, of new pleasure resorts.

Don't hesitate to send for WONDERLAND, it costs but the postage, Six Cents. We want everybody to have it and everybody needs it.

For Four Cents we will send our LEWIS and CLARK Exposition Booklet.
For Fifty Cents, our Yellowstone Park Flower Book.

A. M. CLELAND, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

SAVE $8

on this raincoat. You cannot buy it in your town for less than $20. We will express it to you from our WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT for $12, saving you the jobber's and retailer's profit of $8.

Hand made throughout, the cloth of tightly woven long wool, thoroughly waterproofed by our special process, this coat wears like wire and we guarantee it to be absolutely rain and moth proof.

In this coat the newest ideas of the Smart Set are embodied. Long, loose, with sweeping skirts, it falls straight from the shoulders with a graceful swing.

Cut on the swagger lines that you will see on Fifth Avenue — New York's most fashionable street — light and dressy with broad, square shoulders and snug fitting collar, it is a gentleman's coat for any season or occasion. Equally serviceable and proper, rain or shine. With or without belted backs.

Write for samples of cloth, self-measurement blanks, and copies of letters from enthusiastic customers — some of whom you may know. We prepay expressage to any part of the United States.

ATLAS CLOTHING MFG. CO.
725 Broadway, New York

ORIOLE GO-BASKET
The Baby Hansom

Combines usefulness, economy, comfort and common sense. Use it Winter and Summer. Wheel it or carry it. Babies enjoy it. Parents praise it. Physicians endorse it. Cumbersome four-wheelers are giving way to it. A patron writes: "I consider it invaluable, and think it as necessary as Baby's clothes." *Write to-day for FREE BOOKLET. Tells how we ship you an Oriole Go-Basket on approval.*

WITHROW MFG. CO., 31 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

STARK FRUIT BOOK
shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**

R.A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
LUCKY STRIKE
RICH'D. VA.

LUCKY STRIKE
has
A Larger Sale
than
All Other Brands
of Sliced Plug
Combined

A Pipe Tobacco Always Mild, Fragrant and Delicious, 10 cents per box.
R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO COMPANY, Richmond, Va.
Leading Independent Manufacturers. Est. 1856.

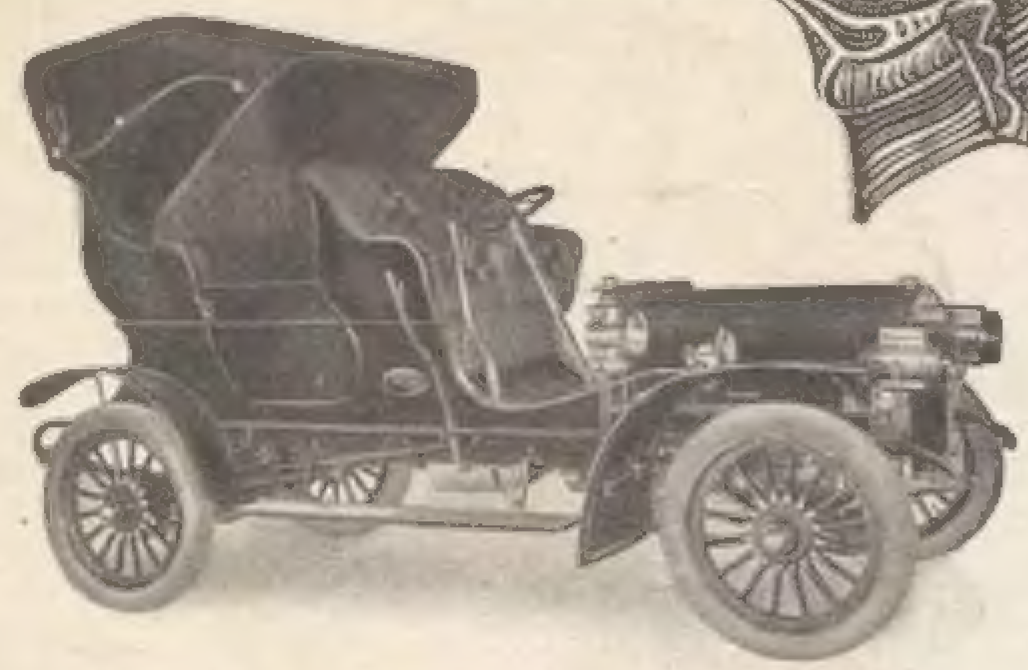
THE SIMPLE LIFE

By PASTOR WAGNER. This is one of the greatest books of the present day and President Roosevelt says of it: "I am preaching your books to my countrymen." We have just published two other books — "The Busy Life" and "The Voice of Nature" — by the same author. Price of each book, in cloth, 60 cents; paper cover, 30 cents. The three books will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Send for one of them at least. Address all orders to J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 58 Rose St., New York.

WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?

and Show-card writing. Only field not overworked. Thorough and comprehensive instruction by mail at your own home by a teacher with national reputation. Easy terms. Write today for large illustrated catalog of particulars.
THE DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its kind."

ESTABROOK'S VISITING CARDS
"THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE"
100 with name 50c. Best quality, latest styles. Fashionable sizes. Send for samples. Highest grade wedding invitations and announcements.
The Estabrook Press, 133 S. Tremont St., Boston.



HAYNES

In Automobile buying you want everything just right—correct.

In buying the **HAYNES** you'll get just what you pay to get—correctness in every detail from Top to Tire.

The price isn't everything—yet when buying you don't want to pay more than the actual worth of the Car.

Worth in the **HAYNES** is measured by the thoroughness of manufacture—the actual value given.

Let our catalog prove this, it's brimful of instructive information—Get it.

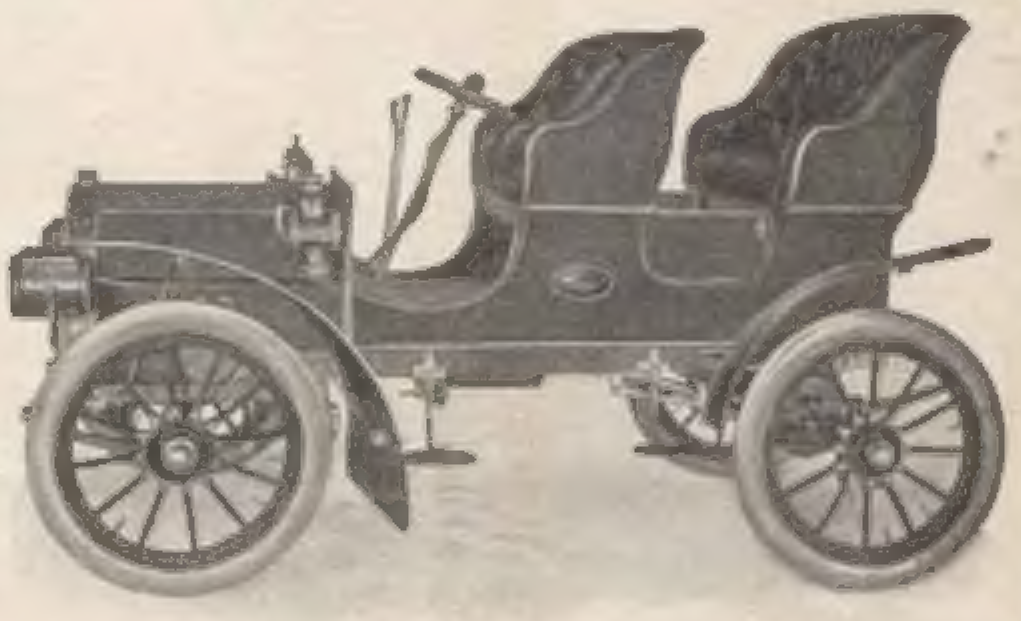
SYNOPSIS

Model K—35-40 H. P. 4 cylinder, 108 in. Wheel Base, 34 in. wheel, 4½ in. tires . . . **$3,000**
Victoria or Folding Extension Top, $200 extra.

Model M—16-18 H. P. 2 cylinder, double side entrance Tonneau, 81 in. wheel base, 32 in. wheels, 3½ in. tires **$1,500**

Model L—16-18 H. P. 2 cylinder (two passenger, with folding front seat), 81 in. wheel base, 32 in. wheels, 3½ in. tires **$1,350**

Regular **HAYNES** Three Speeds forward and reverse controlled by one lever, used in **all models.**



THE HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Ind.
Oldest Makers of Gasoline Cars in America
Member A. L. A. M.

NEW YORK BRANCH
1713 Broadway

CHICAGO BRANCH
1420 Michigan Ave.

THE BEST PERFORMANCE EVER MADE BY AN AMERICAN CAR

Was that of the Pope-Toledo in the Vanderbilt Cup Race—Defeated 15 Competitors of Double and Treble Horsepower

If any evidence were lacking of the complete stability, reliability, power and speed of the 24 H. P. Quiet "Mile-a-Minute" Pope-Toledo Touring Car, its phenomenal record in the great Vanderbilt Road Race has supplied it in overwhelming quantity and quality.

SOME COMMENTS OF THE PRESS:

THE AUTOMOBILE—"Ran the most uniform race of the day and was third when the race was officially declared off."

BOSTON TRAVELER—"A Pope-Toledo 24 H. P. car taken from stock, took third place in the Vanderbilt Cup Race. The machine averaged more than 45 miles an hour for the entire distance of 300 miles. The Pope-Toledo beat out all the American cars. This is a great triumph for the Pope Motor Car Company and shows the true quality of this powerful and reliable American machine."

As the 24 H. P. Regular Stock Model Touring Car appeared in Race.

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE—"The performance of the little 24 H. P. Pope-Toledo, the converted touring car, seems to many to be the most remarkable feature of the Vanderbilt Cup Race. Lyttle with this car made an average of 37 minutes for every round of 30 miles, exclusive of time, control and distance. His different rounds did not vary two minutes except one in which he lost twenty-five minutes through a punctured tire."

BOSTON POST—"Colonel Pope's car, under the guidance of Lyttle, was the first American car to finish the race. It came in third, being defeated only by Heath and Clement of France. The car he drove was a regular stock model 24 H. P. Pope-Toledo."

BOSTON NEWS BUREAU—"The chief business interest in the Vanderbilt Cup Race of Saturday was centered naturally on the showing made by the American cars. The little 24 H. P. Pope-Toledo made the best American run. It was third in the race. A remarkable thing about the 24 H. P. American machine was the regularity of its runs. Except for the one round in which he had tire trouble, every thirty mile circuit was made in the range of between 37 minutes 26 seconds, and 38 minutes 48 seconds, an extreme variation of only one minute 22 seconds in the entire 30 mile circuit. This was certainly a great triumph for Colonel Pope and the Pope Motor Car Company. It was proven, beyond question, that this was the regular 24 H. P. standard machine as turned out by this Company. This American machine was easily third in the race; but the remarkable feature from a business point of view was the stability of its machinery as shown by the steadiness of its record. Colonel Pope's prediction that America would lead the world in automobile construction, seems about to be realized."

NOTE—The Pope Motor Car Company had one of the most complete and beautiful exhibits at the Annual Automobile Show Paris, France, in December.

NEW YORK WORLD—"Herbert Lyttle, in his 24 H. P. Pope-Toledo, finished third in the 300 mile run, although it has been generally predicted that this small machine would be one of the first to drop out. Lyttle had a great deal of tire trouble. Had he been as fortunate as Heath, who lost only a few minutes in the whole course, he would surely have been close behind the winner. As it was he was the only other entrant to make the entire journey."

NEW YORK TRIBUNE—"The fine showing of the Pope-Toledo was one of the features of the race. The little 24 H. P. machine was driven by Lyttle."

THE NEW YORK TELEGRAPH—"The behavior of both American machines which remained to the finish was distinctly creditable. The Pope-Toledo was improving all the time, and was holding its own with Tarte in his 90 H. P. Panhard, and with Campbell and Wormser in their huge Mercedes. It was the best performance ever made by an American car."

The Same Car, Fully Equipped for Touring, Price, $3,300. Victoria or Canopy Top, $250 Extra.

Send for beautifully illustrated and interesting book of The Great Vanderbilt Road Race.

POPE-MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 141 Central Ave., TOLEDO, OHIO
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Let us send you our 64-page FREE 'Book X'

Awarded Grand Prize, the highest and only such award for upholstered furniture, St. Louis Exposition.

KARPEN Genuine Leather Furniture

"*Book X*" shows over 400 designs of most attractive Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Davenports, Lounges, Three-Piece Suits and other pieces for every conceivable use. Prices are within the reach of modest purses, ranging from $7.00 up to the most luxurious pieces at $200.00. "Book X" is the only book printed on the subject of leather furniture. It is the greatest help to you in selecting. Get it, examine the 400 designs, make your selection. Write us. We will see that you are supplied through some dealer in your town. We sell only through dealers, but not even the largest dealers could show you as many designs as our "Book X." It's really a World's Exposition of Leather Furniture designs. "Book X" also tells you how to distinguish the *best real* leather from *cheap split grades* and imitations of leather. There is nothing so shoddy as shoddy leather furniture and some stores are full of it. Karpen Sterling Leather, the *best genuine natural grain* leather in the world, is what we use.

Karpen spring construction is a feature of our furniture. The U. S. Government specifies this same springwork in all its upholstered furniture,—which alone is the highest compliment to strength and comfort. Dealers will refund money if Karpen Furniture fails to satisfy you. Insist on seeing these two trade-marks on all the leather furniture you buy. They are your protection against cheats in leather. Send for "Book X" today.

Karpen Leather Furniture
(TRADE MARK)

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture CHICAGO
(TRADE-MARK)

S. KARPEN & BROS., Karpen Bldg., Chicago
St. James Bldg., New York

Largest makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture in the World.

PROPERTY OF S.E.P. SOCIETY

MORE THAN 400 SHAVES

WITHOUT STROPPING

AT LESS THAN ¼ CENT A SHAVE

Think what this meant to the man who tortured himself for years with the old style razors before he wrote us.

The Secret is in the wafer-blades, double-edged, and tempered in a manner not possible with the forged blade used in ordinary and other safety razors. Every blade—ground with diamond dust—will give an average of 10 to 40 perfect velvet shaves, according to the beard, without bother of stropping devices. **Twelve of these double-edged blades go with each set.** We uniformly exchange one new blade for two old blades returned. This plan of repeated exchange is equivalent to twenty-two blades with every outfit. After these are all used, **new ones,** by this exchange plan, **cost you less than five cents each.**

The razor as shown (*cut 3*) is separated into its three solid parts with the blade ready to be clamped into position for shaving.

Note the concave effect of the double-edged wafer-blade when ready to shave (*cut 6*) and compare this **one feature** with any other razor. Whole outfit sent in velvet-lined case (*cut 7*).

Now Let The Gillette Prove Itself to You

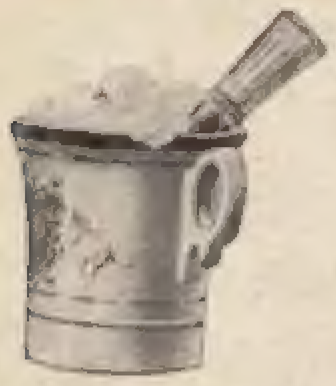
every day for a month on our 30 day free trial plan. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't we will. **Then,** if for **any reason** you'd rather have your money than the razor, return the razor. **Your money back and welcome.**

Awarded Gold Medal for MERIT
At St. Louis Exposition, 1904

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor. If he doesn't sell it he can procure it for you. At any rate, write for our interesting booklet. Mailed free.

Remember The Name **Gillette**

The Gillette Sales Company,
1650 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
REFERENCES: Continental National Bank, Chicago, or

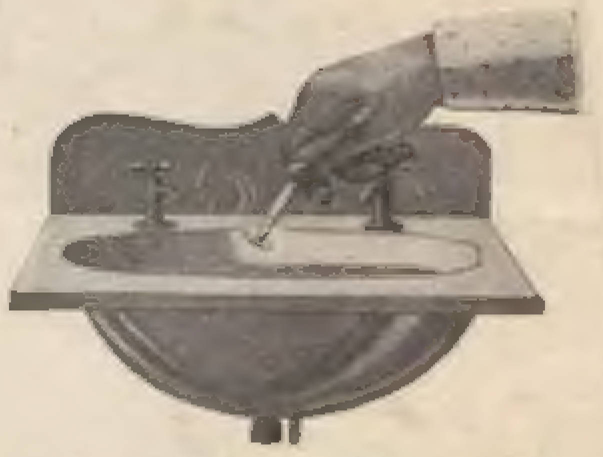


1st. Get the best soap money will buy. If the mug or stick is used, have lather in either case rich in soap.

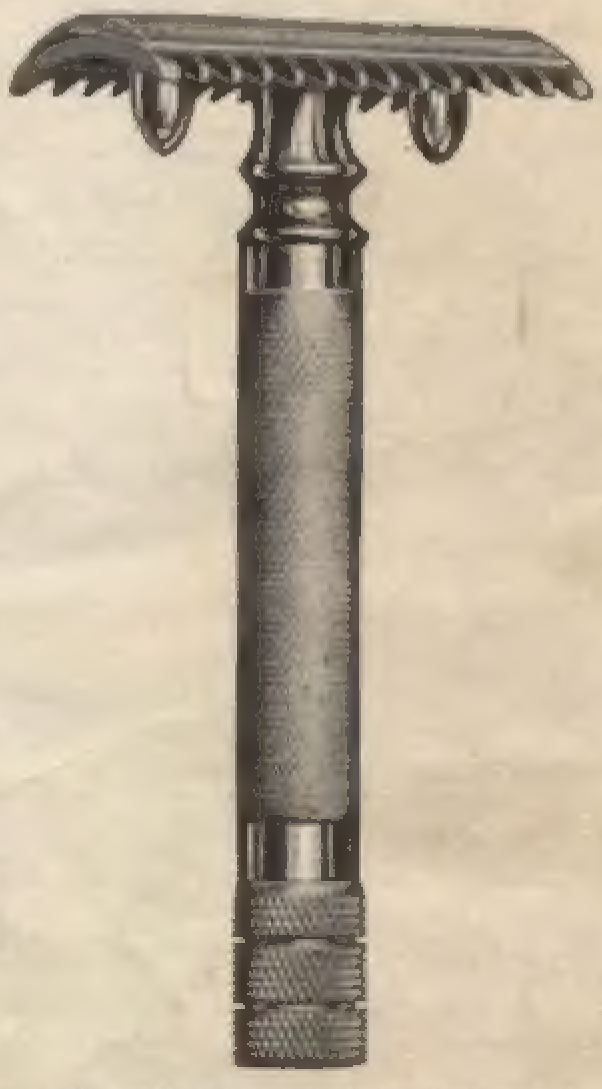
2nd. Thoroughly soften the beard by rubbing in the lather with the hand and brush. Hot or warm water causes the lather to act more quickly.

3rd. Instantly adjusted for close or light shaving. Screw the blade tight to the guard for light shaving. For closer shaving loosen the nut at the end of the handle a trifle and allow the blade to spring away from the guard slightly. The blade may be placed in the handle either side up, or either end to.

4th. Draw the blade at a more or less acute angle with the line of motion, and sidewise as it advances, to get best results. This is a diagonal draw cut, impossible to use with old style razor.



5th. When as much lather has accumulated on the guard as can adhere readily, hold the head of the razor under running hot water or rinse in mug or bowl, to free it from accumulations of soap and beard.

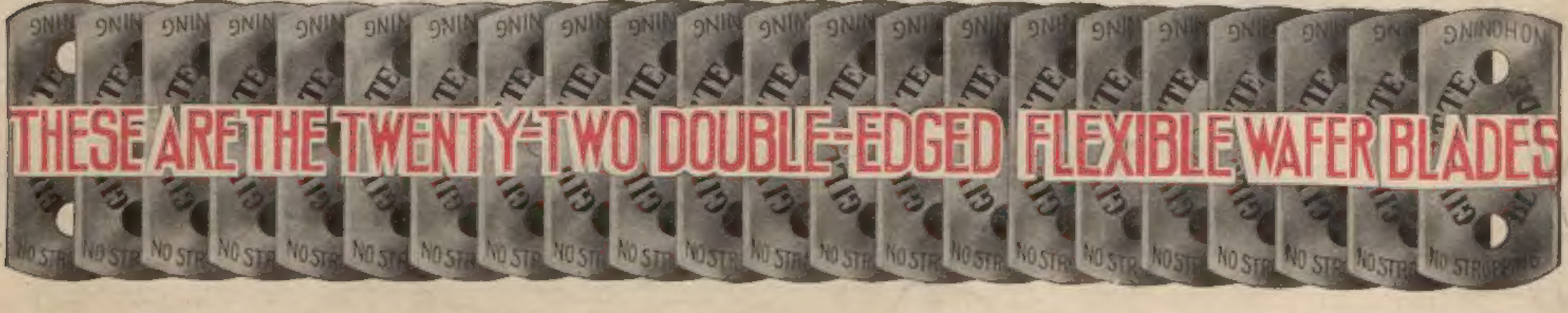


6th. This is the actual size of the Triple Silver Plate Gillette Safety Razor. It is cleaned as easily as a silver teaspoon. All others resemble a complicated lawn-mower beside it.

GILLETTE SALES CO
CHICAGO
ILL.

7th. Place your razor in the box after cleaning and drying thoroughly. Your whole outfit is now ready for tomorrow's shaving.

Any one of our 68,141 satisfied users to January 1, 1905, our first year in the market.


THESE ARE THE TWENTY-TWO DOUBLE-EDGED FLEXIBLE WAFER BLADES
GILLETTE
NO STROPPING